NATIONAL DEFENSE NUMBER

25 CENTS

P.D.C.

MAY 1941

The RING

Gene Tunney
Lieut. Commander U. S. Navy

The Ring Book Shop

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARCADE, 307 W. 49th St. Corner 8th Avenue, New York City.

Books for the Boxer, Trainer, Promoter, Second, Boxing, Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu Fan.

BIOGRAPHY, FICTION, HISTORY

The Flaming Ben Hogan. Champion bare-knuckle pugilist, soldier, spy, acrobat, oil magnate and evangelist. A thrilling story of his career by Nat Fleischer. Limited to 900 copies. Price ..... 50 cents

Black Dynamite—The History of the Negro Race in the Prize Ring from 1782 to 1938.

First Volume, from the Molineauxs to Peter Jackson. Price $1.50.

Volume II—Life story of Joe Louis and Henry Armstrong. Price $1.50.

Volume III—The Three Black Aces—George Dixon, Joe Gans and Joe Walcott and several contemporaries. Price $1.50.

Volume IV—The Fighting Furies—Jack Johnson, Sam Langford and their contemporaries. $1.50.

Galento the Great. By Joseph J. Donovan. Price, $1.00.

From Milo to Londos. The story of wrestling from 2000 B.C. to 1936. By Nat Fleischer. Price, $3.25. De Luxe Edition.

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana—The story of the greatest fighter of recent years. Revised Edition to 1936.—By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.25

Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana. De Luxe Edition, autographed by Dempsey. Price $6.00

"Round by Round"—An Autobiography. By Jack Dempsey. The story of his life as told by himself. Price $2.50

"Relief to Royalty." The story of the career of Jimmy Braddock. By "LUD."—Price $1.25.

Amazing Story of James J. Braddock, by James Lambert Harte. Price $1.00

"Ruby Robert." The life of Bob Fitzsimmons. By Bob Davis. Price $1.00

The Solid Man of Sport—The Life of William Muldoon. By Ed Van Every. Price $2.00.

Joe Louis, Man and Superman. By Ed Van Every. Price $1.00

Life of Battling Nelson—written by himself. (Covers slightly soiled.) Price $1.00

The Roar of the Crowd. By James J. Corbett $1.25

Gene Tunney, The Enigma of the Prize Ring—by Nat Fleischer. Cloth bound, many photographs. Price..... 75 cents

Ten and Out—(A History of Boxing)—By Alexander Johnston. Regular $3.50—Our price, $2.50.

Ring Lardner's 5 Volumes of Unparalleled Fiction. Regular Price $15.00. Our Special Price 5 Vols. for $3.00.

In and Out the Ring (Life of Jack Johnson). By Jack Johnson. Regular Price $2.00. Our Special Price..... $1.00

Black Prince Peter, the life of the great Peter Jackson. By A. G. Hales. Price..... $1.50

Bohun Lynch's Prize Ring—De Luxe, Limited Edition. Each numbered. Regular Price $30.00. Our price $7.00 and 50 cents for postage.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE RING

Only one copy, 1927 left..... Price $15.00. 1928, $13.00; 1929, $12.00; 1930, $12.00; 1931, 1932, 1933, $11.00; 1934, $10.00; 1935, 1936, 1937, $8.00; 1938, $7.00; 1939, 1940, $7.00.

BOOKS ON WRESTLING

Revised—New Second Edition—Modern Wrestling, Its Methods and Its Holds. By Jack Curley and Nat Fleischer. With special chapters on "Training Hints by George Bothner" and Frank Gotch's Famous Holds illustrated and Explained. Price..... $1.00

Wrestling, Intercollegiate and Olympic. By Henry A. Stone. Price $3.00.

Complete Science of Wrestling. By George Hackenschmidt. 70 full-page illustrations. $1.65

Scientific Wrestling. By George Bothner. Price ..... 50 cents

The Text Book of Jiu Jitsu, as practiced in Japan. By S. K. Uyenishi ..... Price $1.75

Jiu Jitsu and other methods of self-defense. By Percy Longhurst..... Price 75 cents

Judo—30 lessons in Modern Science of Jiu Jitsu. by Shozo Kuwashima $2.50

The Art of Ju Jitsu. Scientific Defense for everybody. By E. J. Harrison. Endorsed by Prof. Yukio Tani ..... Price 50 cents

BOOKS ON BODY BUILDING

Weight Lifting—By Bob Hoffman. 208 pages. Heaps of illustrations..... Price $2.00

The Way to Live in Health and Physical Fitness—By George Hackenschmidt..... $1.15

Thomas Inch's Book on Strength with special Chapters on Weight Lifting..... Price $1.40

Endurance. By Earle Liederman. Regular Price, $2.00. Our Price..... $1.25

Super Physique, Body Building Bar-bell Course. By Siegmund Klein. Highly illustrated.... $1.00

Maxick's Muscle Control. Price..... $1.50

Weight Lifting. By W. A. Pullum..... $1.50

BOXING BOOKS

Training for Boxers—New 4th Revised Edition With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey. By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00

Scientific Blocking and Hitting and Other Methods of Defense. By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00

How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer. By Nat Fleischer. Price..... $1.00

How to Box—With a Foreword by James J. Corbett. By Nat Fleischer. Price..... $1.00

How to Referee and How to Judge a Fight. By Nat Fleischer $1.00

The Technique on How to Become Scientific in Boxing. By Eddie Toy Price 75c

Favorite Ring Tricks of Freddy Welsh. Bombardier Wells and Jem Driscoll..... $1.00

Ring Strategy and Tactics..... $1.00

Scientific Boxing. By Tommy Burns $1.00

Boxing Through the Slow Motion Film. By C. Rose. Price $1.15

The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It. By Jem Driscoll. Price $1.00

Modern Boxing. A Guide to Present-Day Methods. By Bombardier Billy Wells $1.00

Hitting and Stopping. By Jimmy Wilde. Price $1.00

The Art of In-Fighting. By Frank Klaus. Revised by Jim Kenrick. Price $1.00

Text Book of Boxing. By Jem Driscoll.... $1.40

Out-Fighting. By Jem Driscoll..... $1.00

Ringcraft. By Jem Driscoll..... $1.00

Prof. Attila's 5-pound Dumb-Bell Exercises. Price ..... 15 cents

My Methods. By Georges Carpentier..... $1.15

Spaulding's Boxing. "The book for amateur boxers." Price 75 cents in U. S.; 80 cents in foreign countries.

No Books Sent C.O.D.
Don't send cash. Send money order.

The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published

Endorsed by the greatest critics of boxing, the stars of the roped square, men who know all there is to be known about boxing, training and seconding.

The New "TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

With a foreword by the greatest of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey

Containing the following chapters not in the old training book: 1—Your body and how to care for it. 2—Muscle tensing. 3—How to Gain Weight. 4—What a Trainer should know. 5—Sound advice to the beginner. 6—What a boxer should do on the day of a fight. What he should eat before a fight. 7—How to strengthen the skin of the hands and face. 8—How to overcome heart stitches, pains in the groin. 9—How to build up endurance. 10—How to punch the bag. 11—How to skip the rope. 12—Rubdowns. All for only $1.00.

"HOW TO BOX"

(With a Foreword by James J. Corbett)

New—Revised 4th Edition

Latest, revised Fourth Edition. Several new features. The Beginner's Daily Workout, showing just what you should do at various times of the day when in training and Things A Beginner Should Know. Invaluable information which you should know. **Price $1.00.**

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON:

The Ring Book Shop, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York, N.Y.

Enclosed please find { $3 / $1 } Money Order for { } for which send me Nat Fleischer's

"How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer"
"How to Box" "Training for Boxers"

{ Please mark books desired. **No books sent C.O.D.** }

Name .....
(Print)

Street Number .....

City ..... State.....

REVISED EDITION

"How to Second a Boxer and How to Manage a Boxer"

(The American Way) with a foreword by William A. Brady, is making a hit with fight managers and promoters and boxers. Every manager and second should have a copy and study its contents.

Nothing like it ever published. Contains heaps of valuable information for boxer, trainer and second. The chapter devoted to the medical end, the first-aid department of a second's job, is worth ten times the cost of this book. Only $1.00 for a book that teaches you all a handler of a boxer, amateur or professional, need know. Also all a fight manager should know.

Subscribe to The Ring

Give your boy in the Service a Treat. Make a Gift of a Subscription to a Soldier or Sailor.

Boxing is the sport of the Soldier, Sailor and Marine.

No branch of athletics carries more of an appeal to the boys in the service than the grand old sport of pugilism.

Those who don't actively participate in boxing, like to watch others and enjoy reading about fights and fighters, past and present.

That's where THE RING Magazine comes in.

It is the magazine that carries the news from all parts of the world, covers every nook and corner of this country.

Thousands of boys have joined the National Guard, the Marines, the Navy and the Coast Guard, while other thousands have been conscripted for one year's service. They are the lads who enjoy reading about their favorite pastime.

You who are ardent followers of the fistic sport, can help these boys, your own son or your friends, to keep abreast of boxing throughout the world, to have several hours of enjoyable reading matter in camp, by sending them a copy of this magazine, THE RING, monthly.

Make the boys at camp happy by sending to them a year's subscription to the magazine you know they will appreciate while away from home.

THE RING MAGAZINE had its birth in February, 1922 and since then, it has developed into the staunchest supporter of boxing in the world. Its eyes have swept the universe in search of news, photographs and the unearthing of worth-while talent that made it possible for boxing to have its international contests.

THE RING brings to its readers each month that which it is difficult to obtain through the daily papers. THE RING will offer to the service men relaxation during recreation periods.

We know that you enjoy THE RING. Now let the boys in camp share that pleasure with you.

THE RING is the Boxers' Bible—nowhere in the world is there a magazine like it. Our Editor and his staff are recognized for their knowledge of boxing. That's why you get the best.

Fill out the coupon on this page. Send it with $2.50 to Nat Fleischer, THE RING, 307 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y., and he will see that your son or friend will receive THE RING for one year at his camp.

If you want to subscribe for someone who is not in a camp, fill in below the name, address, city and state in the place of the camp and company.

NAME OF BOY IN SERVICE .....

CAMP WHERE HE IS STATIONED.....

COMPANY OR OUTFIT .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office) (Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1941—All Rights Reserved)

Vol. XX MAY, 1941 No. 4

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Cable Address—"NATRING"—New York

CONTENTS

TUNNEY BOOSTS BOXING FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE	Gene Tunney	3
RING RALLIES FOR SERVICE TO U. S.	Daniel M. Daniel	4
AMBERS' LAST STAND	The Publisher	6
"NO SURRENDER" WAS THEIR BATTLE CRY	Arthur Thompson	8
ALL LOOK ALIKE TO JOE	Nat Fleischer	11
THE BATTLING McCOYS	T. W. McNiel	12
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS (Editorial Comment)		14
FITZ'S DREAMS	Frank Warrington	18
MAKING THE GRADE	Fred Eisenstadt	19
THE ART OF TRAINING	Ted Carroll	20
FIRESIDE CHAT	Robert Edgren	23
BATTLE THRILLS OF WALKER LAW ERA	"The Ring" Editor	24
LETTERS FROM OUR READERS		27
NEW FACES	Right Cross	30
SOCKING THE REFEREE	George T. Pardy	32
THE RING BOXING RECORDS	"Stanley"	34
WRESTLERS IN THE SPOTLIGHT	Al Mayer	36
NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD	Eddie Merrill	38

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Eddie Borden	40
HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN		41
CONNECTICUT NEWS	Don Hamill	42
WISCONSIN NEWS AND HOLYOKE GOSSIP		46
BUFFALO, N. Y., ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES; IN SYRACUSE RINGS; BOXING IN PANAMA CAMPS		47
BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK	Eddie Borden	48
IN THE COAL FIELDS; PHILADELPHIA NOTES; CLEVELAND CHATTER		49
UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES AND IN SOUTHERN U. S. TRAINING CAMPS	Tom Ephrem	50
KENTUCKY NEWS, IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS; NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS, ARKANSAS AND NEAR-BY FLASHES		51
IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA	Harry E. Winkler	52
IN CHICAGO, FANFARE FROM MISSOURI, IN HAMMOND, IND.		53
TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN	John S. Sharpe	54
CANADIAN TOPICS, ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS		55
IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO, IN THE NORTHWEST		56
HOOKS FROM HULA LAND, NORTHERN ONTARIO NEWS		57
RHODE ISLAND NEWS, BOXING IN MAINE, IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER		58
COVERING NEW ENGLAND, IN WATERBURY, CONN.		59
BOXING IN CUBA, GUANTANAMO BAY NEWS		61
SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH, MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON		62
SOUTHERN OHIO JABS, KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY		63
IN MINNESOTA RINGS	Darwin Gomer	64

In Our Next Issue

One of the best fighting champions the Navy ever had was "Heinie" Miller, who in later years became the president of the National Boxing Association and now is head of the Fifth Battalion of the United States Marines at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where he is a Lieutenant Colonel in the Marines Reserves. Lieut. Col. Miller, following up the articles of Spike Webb and Lieut. Commander Gene Tunney, will continue THE RING'S series on boxing and the national defense, with a timely article in our next number. A splendid writer and a great boxing enthusiast, you'll like to read what the former head of the N. B. A. has to say.

Playboys of the ring have been many. There was Harry Greb, Maxie Rosenbloom and Battling Siki, among others. But each of them was a good fighter. Hype Igoe, dean of New York boxing scribes, will tell you about another playboy who has held the world heavyweight title, retired, then came back and hasn't much longer to go. His name—you guessed it—Max Baer. Let Hype tell you about this boxing character.

The heavyweight craze is on. Here, there and everywhere, there is a search on for boys who might be developed into good heavyweight prospects. The present crop of heavies among the pros is the worst in years. That's why the search for new material is being made among the amateurs.

Nat Fleischer, who helped to stage the huge amateur tournament in Wichita, Kansas, where he refereed for four days and awarded a RING belt to the heavyweight winner, among many other prizes, will tell you what he saw by way of prospects. With Les Showers, famed Western promoter, as director, THE RING Editor is staging similar tournaments in other parts of the country. Let Nat acquaint you with the big fellows in all walks of life who are seeking fistic fame through these tournaments.

Daniel M. Daniel, George T. Pardy, Eddie Borden and other RING regulars will have their usual timely articles in this number.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

Our readers are earnestly requested to forwárd changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Europe is 30 cents. All subscriptions should be mailed to THE RING, Madison Square Garden 307 W. 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass.
Subscription Editorial and Executive Offices—Madison Square Garden 307 W. 49th Street, New York City—Telephone Circle 7-3845
Send subscriptions to The Ring, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Sole British Distributors of The Ring Magazine, Atlas Pub. and Distributing Co., Ltd., 18. Bride Lane. Fleet Street. London. E. C. 4. England.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
Daniel M. Daniel, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States, and in Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; Cuba, Panama and Mexico, $3.25; Canada, $3.50. Other countries, $4.00 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1933, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by PHELPS PUBLISHING CO., Springfield, Mass.

Tunney Boosts Boxing For National Defense

By GENE TUNNEY

Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.R.
(Retired undefeated heavyweight champion of the world)

The champion and his pupils. Gene Tunney drilling future naval aviators at Pensacola.

BOXING has at last come into its own again. It seems to take a National Emergency or a mustering of all available young men for military duty for boxing to get the opportunity to show its real value as a conditioner of fighting men.

Boxing, while it is the oldest sport in the world, is, in my opinion, the most effective in tempering soldiers and in developing that keen fighting edge.

In the Fourth Century, B.C., Plato, the great Greek philosopher and teacher, said, "It is the duty of all patriots to go to the Palestra and learn to box"—for in one of his dialogues it was determined that boxing enabled a warrior to defeat any two enemies untrained in the art of boxing. All Greek noblemen learned to box as a patriotic duty. So did the Romans, later.

Instruction in boxing. Here Gene Tunney, retired champion heavyweight, imparts his knowledge of boxing to Naval Aviation recruits at Pensacola.

Of course, we all know that boxing has been a required sport in the British Army and Navy Academies for the last 150 years. In addition to the military people practicing boxing, all private and public schools in England have boxing as a required sport.

In the last war every army cantonment and naval base had its boxing instructors and boxing tournaments. Many fine boxers were developed because of this opportunity. As a matter of fact, had it not been for my military service, which included boxing as a part of the training, the world would never have heard of Gene Tunney.

It was the ruggedness that I developed and the confidence that was built up during my military career that encouraged me to go into the professional ring after my discharge from the U. S. Marine Corps in 1919.

There is nothing like boxing to build self-reliance and self-confidence. Boxing develops the habit of deciding quickly, fast thinking. A boxer can be depended upon to be alert in all emergencies. It is the shortest route to the accomplishment of self-discipline, and the benefits that come with self-discipline.

It is the greatest and most exciting of the competitive sports for both the participant and the audience. Skill in boxing becomes an army general as well as it does a buck private. It breeds democracy and creates sportsmanship and fairness. Boxing will make the most timid man aggressive and the over-aggressive, gentle and quiet. It develops gameness in the quitter and courage in the coward.

(Continued on page 45)

Ring Rallies For Service to U.S.

Famous Fighters Follow Tunney Into National Defense Training All Over Country

DANIEL M. DANIEL

IT is fitting that this issue of THE RING be dedicated to Gene Tunney, the first man of outstanding rank in American boxing to go into national defense work. There are many other boxing folks in the Army and Navy, the Air Corps and the Marines. But Tunney, retired unbeaten heavyweight champion of the world, set the example. He volunteered his services to the Navy and Air Force, and he was snapped up, with a commission as a Lieutenant Commander in the U. S. Naval Reserve.

Tunney ranges over a wide expanse of territory in his new work. His article for this issue of THE RING Magazine was written at Corpus Christi, Texas, His headquarters are at Pensacola, Fla., over in the western corner of that state.

While Tunney was champion, the boys had a lot of fun with him. They thought the Shakesperian quotations of the one-time dock-checker from Barrow Street, Greenwich Village, New York, incongruous. They figured his literary aspirations a pose. But Gene climbed in life as he had climbed in the ring. His article for this magazine is quite to the point. It hits straight from the shoulder as he always hit.

The main thing is this—it was written by him, not by a Ghost Writer. Just as Tunney saw his duty in national defense at once, so did he immediately glimpse the necessity of backing up his work with an appeal to the young men of this country who are leaving offices, schools and factories to go into our national uniform.

Tunney did not need the publicity. No emolument was offered or expected. Gene felt that here was a grand opportunity to arouse the young men of national defense—and those who will be called in the future—to the tremendous qualities inherent in boxing as a sport; as an exercise; as a builder of quick reactions, fast thinking. He knows how much the boys in the service think of THE RING, and he is appealing to them through this publication.

Lieut. Colonel Harvey Miller, former president of the N.B.A., whose Fifth Battalion of Marines at Guantanamo Bay have taken to boxing like a duck to water. The former champion of the Navy is an ardent boxing enthusiast.

* * *

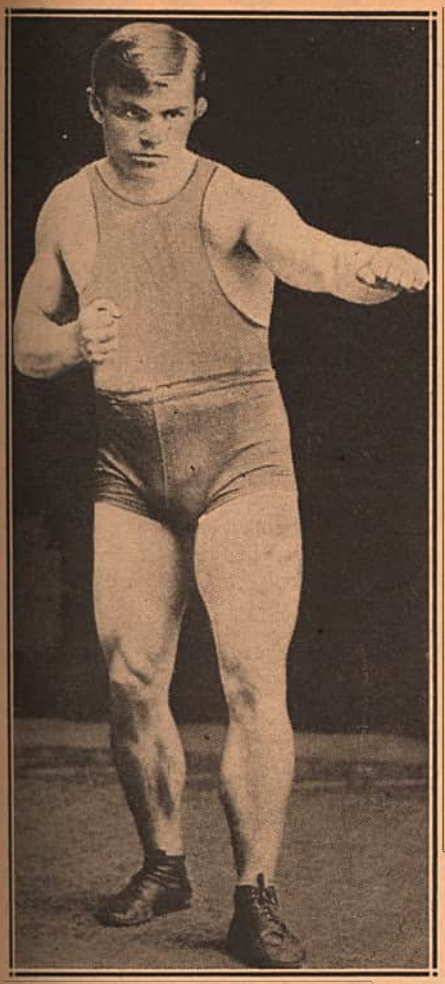
TUNNEY rightly points out that if the Marines had not fostered boxing, he would not have been in a position to go from the service to a professional career in 1918. There was little for the young man mustered out of the army after the World War. Jobs were scarce. The stodgy pursuits seemed all the stodgier to men who had fired rifles, thrown grenades, set off the big guns over in France, and gone over the top with bayonets fixed.

You may recollect what happened after that World War. There were some lads who, having got into the habit of shooting, kept right on shooting. We had an epidemic of crime all over the United States—hold-ups, booze running, kidnappings.

But the boys who had gone in for boxing discovered that the instincts fostered by that sport kept them on the straight line. Just how vital this ring training was for the good of the United States simply cannot be estimated. With that in mind, our army officers today—and our Navy, Air Corps and Marine heads, as well—are concentrating on boxing for the trainees.

In 1917 and 1918, the War Department relied a great deal on private sources to help equip the soldiers for sports. There were civilian drives for cigarettes, and by the same token there were

A scene at one of the Southern camps where boxing instruction forms part of the physical training exercises. About 2000 soldiers are on the field getting a drill in the rudiments of the manly art of self defense.



Bob Moha, former middleweight champion claimant, now an instructor of boxing at Camp Beauregard where he is popular with the soldiers.

THE War Department has set up the camps. It is rushing young men into them. These men have a definite job in training for national defense. But all work and no play makes Jack a boob. Boxing presents a double benefit. It can help the trainee be a fine soldier. And it can assist in recreation, exercise—something different for most of them. The equipment is being furnished. Now for the teaching manpower. It is hoped to recruit the instructors from among the service men. No outsiders are being hired.

Paul V. McNutt is head of the Federal Security Administration, which is working with the War and Navy officials. Under McNutt is Mark McCloskey, who has been loaned to him by the Board of Education of New York. It is their work to spot the men coming into service who could be used to instruct the boys.

George Abrams, fifth in the ranking of all the middleweights, will move into a job as instructor—under Tunney, we understand—as soon as he gets into the service.

As a matter of fact, Tunney is building the greatest squad of teachers in the country. He has Eddie Mahan, one-time Harvard football hero, and by many rated the greatest gridiron player with the exception of the Indian, Jim Thorpe. Mahan is a lieutenant commander, but will have little, if anything, to do with boxing.

Along with Abrams on the Tunney ring staff will be Tommy Tucker, a ranking light-heavyweight.

Steve Belloise, another outstanding ring performer, will become a teacher, too. Belloise, Tucker and Abrams expect to join before summer. And then there is Lew Jenkins, the lightweight champion. Jenkins is not in the draft. He did a three-year hitch with the U. S. cavalry. But he wants to do his bit and is waiting for an assignment.

civilian drives for boxing gloves, for baseball paraphernalia, for football equipment.

This time the federal authorities have not missed a trick. They have authorized the spending of $3,000,000 for sports equipment for the trainees, and of this, thousands are being disbursed for boxing gloves, for rings, for training gloves, training dummies and all manner of materials for the development of the ringster.

Pete Sarron, assistant to Recreational Officer at Camp Blanding. Pete also is a boxing instructor.

Petey Sarron, former featherweight king, is hard at work with the boys at Camp Blanding, where he has been appointed assistant to the Regimental Recreation Officer.

* * *

OUR friend, Lieutenant Colonel Harvey Miller, former secretary of the Washington (D. C.) Boxing Commission and president of the National Boxing Association, has quite an aggregation of fine boxers with his division. "Heinie," as he is affectionately called by his pals, is head of the Fifth Battalion of Marines at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

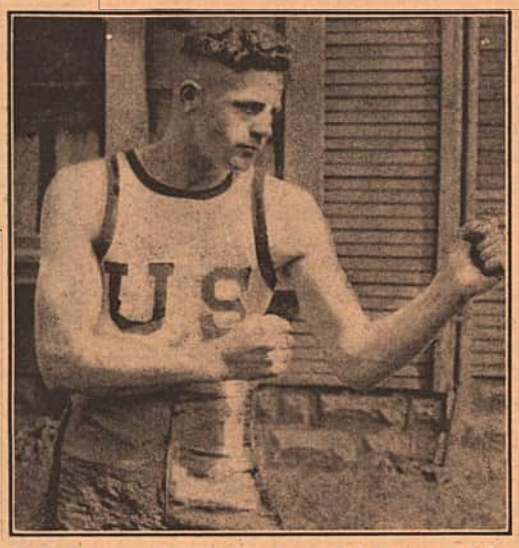
With him at camp are three fine boxers who are acting as instructors in boxing and physical training, in addition to the regular work of the Marines. They are Baby Manuel, the southpaw featherweight, who was a nifty performer in the professional ranks; Maynard Daniels, the former Washington, D. C., heavyweight, and Lieutenant Rex Williams, brother of Kid Williams, former bantam king. With these three as a nucleus, Harvey Miller will give Gene Tunney a hot tussle for the leading boxing center at army camps.

One of the best h avyweights in the entire service is Tommy Gomez, who is at Tampa with the National Guard. Jack Dempsey watched him recently and informed me that he thinks Gomez the best of the present day prospects.

Remember Danny Kramer, the former Philadelphia lightweight, who fought the best a few years ago? He was a splendid fighter and now is just as fine an instructor of aviation at the Navy base at Pensacola. Danny hopes to give boxing instruction in addition, if his time will permit it.

Baby Carlos de Grasse is one of the boys at Galveston, Texas. He is doing fine work as an instructor. Pete de Grasse, who is well known around New York circles, is helping in boxing instruction at Camp Blanding, where Sarron is stationed.

Steve Casey, one of the three famed Casey brothers, noted wrestlers and all-around athletes, is at Camp Constitution, Portsmouth, N. H., where he will shortly be made an instructor of physical training. Steve Mamakos, star middleweight, is with the Washington, D. C., National Guard, with which outfit he will work as a boxing instructor. Kid Monty, a sturdy battler, is with Co. B, 151st Medical Battalion, Fort McClellan, where he is going to help direct in boxing.



Bob Martin, winner of the A.E.F. heavyweight championship in France in 1918.

* * *

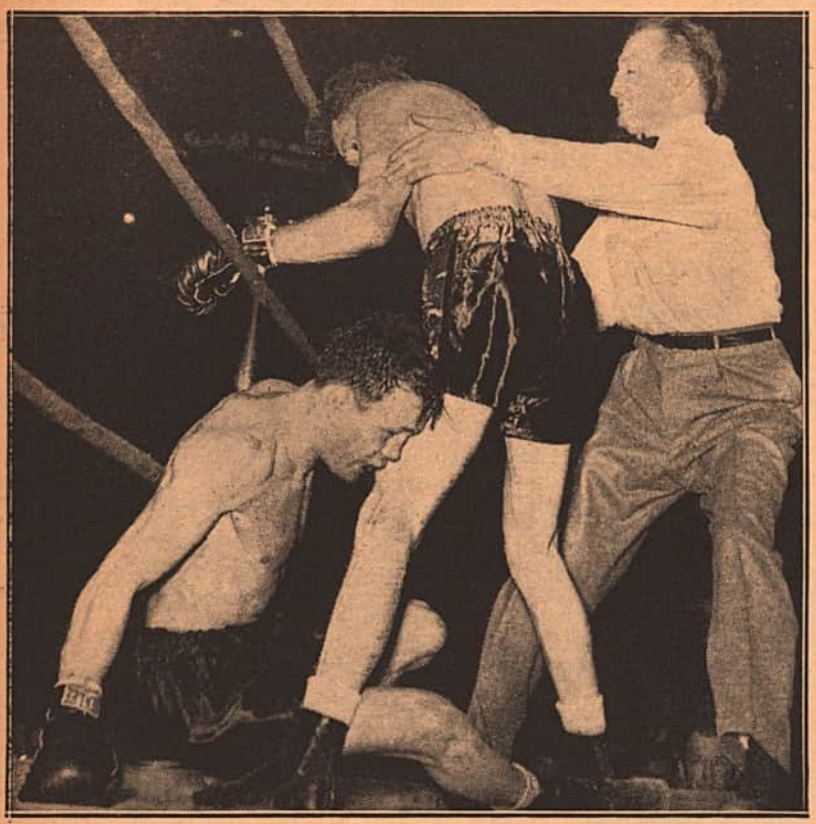
THE RING has good reports on the work being done by Bob Moha, once claimant to the middleweight title, who is an instructor at Camp Beauregard in Louisiana. One by one, the old boys appear on the lists. It is not that they do not want to help. Hundreds would like to get the work. Some of them need it. It is a matter of placing these old

(Continued on page 42)

Ambers' Last Stand

Former Lightweight King, Stopped by Jenkins, Hangs Up Gloves— Gives Best Exhibition of His Career Before Downfall

By THE PUBLISHER



Referee Arthur Donovan pulls Lew Jenkins from his prostrate opponent after the lightweight king had dropped the former champion for the first time in the seventh round. It was the beginning of the end for Ambers.

THE second version of "The Kid's Last Fight," was enacted before a huge gathering in the historic Madison Square Garden arena on the night of February 28, when Lew Jenkins, world lightweight champion, ended the fighting career of his gallant foe, Lou Ambers, via the knockout route. Herkimer Lou, from whom Jenkins had won the crown, had decided on a comeback, and in an effort to work his way to a welterweight championship match, he faced the Texas cowboy in an over-the-weight contest.

A gathering of 15,402 fans, who had paid $46,443 to see the former king face his conqueror in the return engagement, watched the Texas cowboy duplicate his feat of last May, by scoring his second kayo over the New Yorker, this time in seven rounds as against three in their first mill, and in those seven sessions the fans were treated to a brand of fighting that only champions can display.

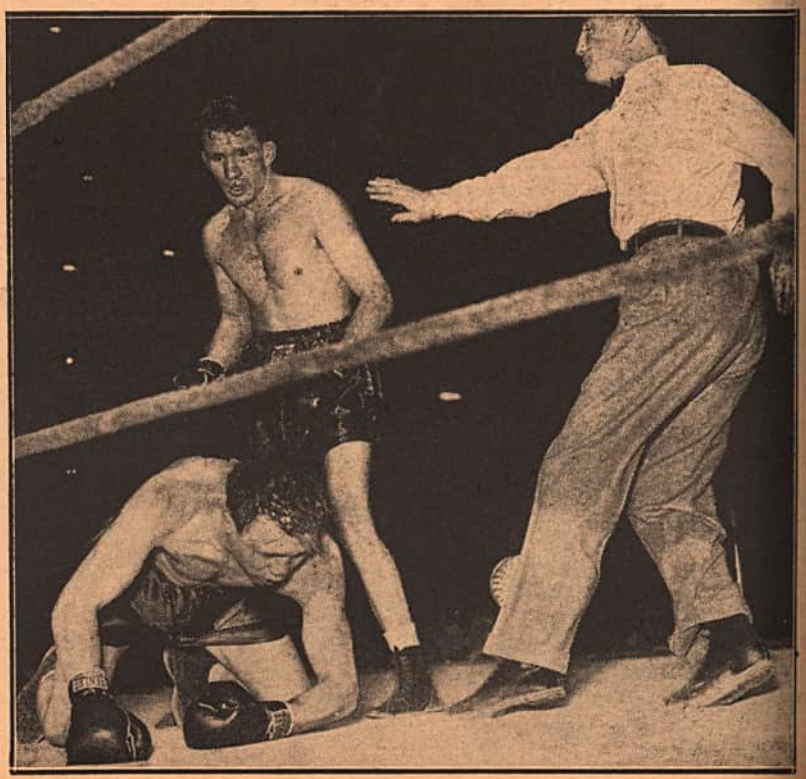
On the verge of a knockout in the second round in which he was unmercifully beaten, Ambers, who refused to permit Referee Arthur Donovan to halt the bout, came out for the third with an amazing amount of courage to take the play away from the titleholder and to turn the tables on him in a manner that brought the crowd to its feet. Bedlam reigned as the Ambers followers cheered him on to what looked like a sure victory.

WITHOUT a semblance of defense in the second canto, Ambers not only outmaneuvered his opponent in the third, but crashed many effective punches to body and jaw that had Jenkins reeling. The Texan was forced to miss often and to take jabs and uppercuts in a manner that was unbelievable.

Ambers peppered Lew with a stinging left; he worked in close and knocked Jenkins' head back repeatedly with jarring uppercuts; he opened a cut under Lew's right eye; he cut the bridge of the Texan's nose and slashed the champ without getting much in return.

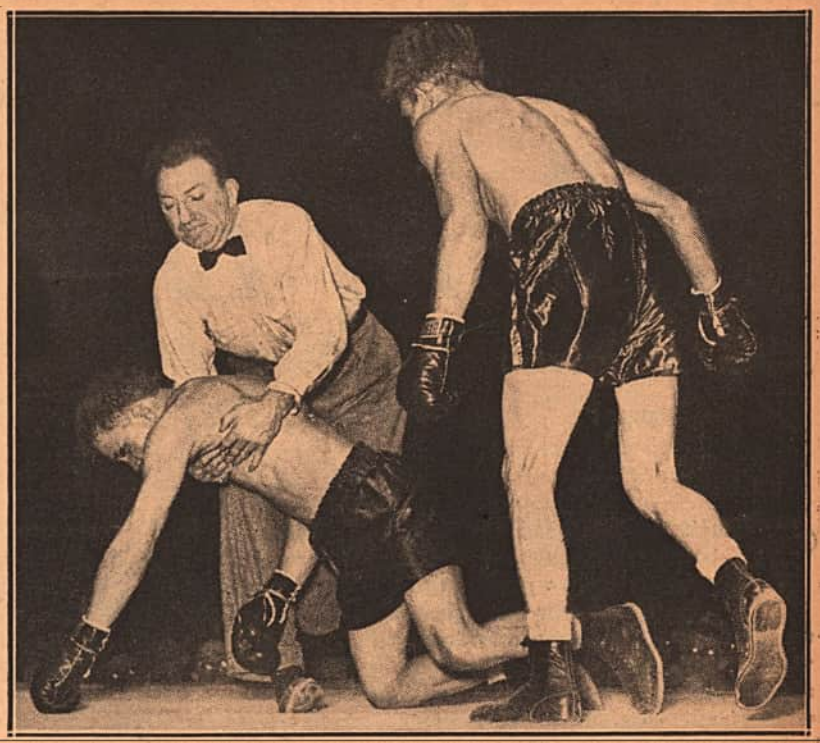
It was a complete reversal of the previous round when Ambers floundered about the ring, hands dangling at his sides and eyes glassy. Lou had Jenkins so confused that bewilderment was spread all over the Texan's map. He simply couldn't understand the change, no more than could the amazed spectators, who kept up one rapid fire of shouts and applause.

That round was the start of a new lease of life for Ambers. As he piled up points in the fourth, fifth and sixth sessions, it seemed that nothing could halt the upstate New Yorker from winning. He had come from behind to win those four rounds in a row and when the seventh got under way, he was out in front by a slight margin. Herkimer Lou was chuck full of confidence as he rushed from his corner. The crowd had seen Lou at his best in the four preceding sessions and was with him, almost to a man, judging by the wild acclaim that greeted him.



Herkimer Lou down for a count of eight in the fatal seventh. Note the expression on his opponent's face.

Lou Ambers who has followed Henry Armstrong into retirement. This photo of Lou was taken the day he won the lightweight crown.



The swan song. Referee Donovan helps raise Ambers from the canvas and halts the contest in 2:26 of the seventh session.

BUT that confidence proved Lou's undoing. He forgot for a moment that he was facing the hardest hitting lightweight in the world in his Sweetwater, Texas, rival. Suddenly the power that lurks in Lew's slight, skinny and deceptive frame, struck! A lightning left hook caught him flush on the mouth. Ambers went down.

Still smiling with confidence, he leaped up as Knockdown Timer Walsh shouted "one," but before Ambers could get set, a fusillade of lefts and rights crashed against body and jaw. The killing instinct had been aroused in the champion and he fired away at his helpless opponent. Nothing could stop Jenkins now! He had sensed the kill and in true army spirit, he leaped forth to take full advantage of his opportunity.

In a jiffy, Ambers went limp. He could not straighten himself up to get out of range of the fierce attack. He seemed to place his chin forward as he stood clumsily facing his rival, and many a hot shot bounced off that chin before the fight was over.

With both hands flying, he caught Lou with staggering blows. A beautiful right under the heart made Ambers wince. The pain was terrific, for he complained to the referee that he had been hit low, but Donovan correctly nodded "no," and motioned the boys to fire away.

* * *

AS Ambers tried to back away, Jenkins sneaked over a powerful left to the jaw. It staggered Lou. His legs became wobbly. Quick as a flash, out lashed Jenkins' right and as it landed on the chin, down went Lou. This time he took a count of eight.

He dragged himself up with the aid of the ropes, but it was apparent to that throng of his admirers, who were yelling all kinds of advice, that their boy was doomed. Nothing could save him now. That short rest period was not sufficient for Ambers.

Jenkins swarmed all over his man. He shoved Donovan aside as Arthur tried to get between them and again lashed out, lefts and right. Three blows, the last one a right, put Ambers down again, and this time Referee Donovan rushed in and decided to call a halt. Ambers fell on all fours as he hit the deck for the final time. The end came in 2:26.

Just before the knockout, Ambers' chief of staff, Al Weill, shouted to the third man to stop the bout, and many in that big gathering did likewise. They hated to see the former champion take more punishment than was necessary.

Like Henry Armstrong, the man from whom he had regained the lightweight crown, Ambers went down fighting and passed out of the fistic picture as a true champion wants to end his fighting career. Herkimer Lou's performance endeared him to the hearts of the Garden fans. They will always remember him, as they will Armstrong, as a title holder who always gave his best, and was the personification of sportsmanship.

* * *

"I'VE had my fling," said Ambers to the scribes in his dressing room. "Now let the youngsters have theirs. I've enjoyed my many years in the game, have made an army of friends, have saved much of my earnings and have my health. I have my bearings and intend to keep them. *(Continued on page 44)*

"No Surrender" Was Their Battle Cry

World's Greatest Fistic Heroes Went Down Fighting to the Final Ditch—Armstrong's "Last Stand", Recalls Thrilling Finishes of Other Ringmen

By ARTHUR THOMPSON

THE last stand and final collapse of Henry Armstrong before the relentless attack of welter king Fritzie Zivic takes an honored place in the red registry of heroic ring epics. That tenth round, in which, blood-spattered, battered, exhausted, the ever-game colored lad goaded his fast-failing vital energies to one more vain, desperate rally and whirlwind assault, will linger long in the memories of the massed spectators whose frantic cheers re-echoed through Madison Square Garden.

It was only a flash-in-the-pan, a magnificent do-or-die effort fading to a pathetic close in the eleventh session, when Referee Donovan mercifully stepped in and rescued the splendid little gamester from the torment of Zivic's hammering bombardment. Another great champion had passed, but nothing he ever accomplished between the ropes redounded more to his credit than his passing from the arena.

Henry will never again try the hazards of fortune in the ring, and this is as it should be. He retires in a blaze of unsullied glory, a fitting climax to an amazingly spectacular fistic career. There was just enough left of the erstwhile invincible Armstrong to provide a display of gorgeous pugilistic fireworks. Many other great fighters, mere shadows of their old lusty selves, weren't so favored by Fate when they answered the clang of the gong for the last time.

There was the downfall of heavyweight champion Jim Jeffries, for example. What a sad contrast to Armstrong's gallant finish was the melancholy, mediocre showing made by the giant white idol of fistiana when he succumbed to the methodical, scientific pounding of Jack Johnson at Reno in 1910!

* * *

HENRY ARMSTRONG'S entry into the professional pugilistic field dates back to 1932, and during that period his rise to fame established the remarkable feat of being the only man in ring history to win and hold three titles simultaneously. He wrested the featherweight crown from Pete Sarron, won the welter championship from Barney Ross, and took the lightweight title from Lou Ambers. So much has been chronicled regarding Armstrong's sensational victories, that his triumphs are still fresh in the public mind, and it would be superfluous to discuss his battles in detail.

Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING Magazine, conferred upon Henry the timely sobriquet of "Homicide Hank," and in chapter twelve, volume two, of his "Black Dynamite" series, his books covering the life histories of great colored boxers, Nat wrote in part as follows:

"Armstrong stands out among present-day fighters in the featherweight, lightweight and welterweight classes as did Dixon, Terry McGovern and Abe Attell in their days. His energy is tireless; his strength abnormal for a boy his weight and inches, and his hitting power is greater than that seen in forty years in any of the divisions in which he fights.

"His is not endurance gained by inheritance. It was hard work which gave him his greatest fighting qualities. Undoubtedly the most striking characteristic of Henry Armstrong's relentless, all-conquering style of fist-fighting is his apparent lack of any outward evidence of pain or discomfiture caused by his opponent's blows . . . . However, his uncanny ability to withstand physical shock seems not so unusual when the story of Armstrong's rise to fame is told, for the ring's Human Hurricane came up the hard way.

"Henry Armstrong is a child of adversity. His early life was a succession of bitter struggles, disappointments and frustrations, but through it all the tan-skinned St. Louisan kept marching on, chin up, never stepping back, even as he does in the ring today.

"A windmill fighter, unlike others of that class, his punches pack plenty of power, as may be judged from his long string of knockouts. Most of the good colored boxers patterned their styles after those of such masters of the art of self-defense as Peter Jackson and Joe Gans, but Armstrong patterned his after McGovern . . . . Armstrong disregards cleverness for punching power.

"When McGovern was in his prime, it was his whirlwind attack, his everlasting aggressiveness, his tearing-in, two-fisted body attack that caused the fans to dub him the Brooklyn Terror. In Armstrong the fighting game has the nearest approach to this demon of the ring in forty years.

"Wearing the triple crown of the ring is something no other pugilist has been able to do. Tony Canzoneri gained four crowns, if we are to recognize the junior lightweight championship, which at the time was an authorized division, but he, like Fitzsimmons, held the titles at different times. That's what makes the achievement of Henry Armstrong the greatest in the history of pugilism."

* * *

THE foregoing estimate of Armstrong's ability does him no more than plain justice, and nobody will deny that Henry lived up to the editor's opinion in every particular. No ballyhoo was ever needed to cast a glamour around Armstrong, the truth sufficed for publicity purposes, and his exit from the scene of hostilities was as appealingly dramatic as might have been expected of him.

There was plenty of red-hot drama in the first Zivic-Armstrong encounter at the Garden last October, in which Henry was dethroned as welter monarch. It lasted the scheduled fifteen rounds,

Hearts Invincible

The men who went down fighting
Were gamesters to the core,
And kept unchanged the lustre
Of laurels that they wore;
Each passed with pride unbroken
From out a champion's place,
True to the Prize Ring's slogan—
"Defeat is not disgrace!"

So from time immemorial
Men fell on stricken fields,
Red with the blood of heroes
The strain that never yields;
So Rome's fierce gladiators
Shrilling their battle-cry,
Made grim salute to Caesar
Content to do or die!

but Henry was lying prone on the canvas, dropped by an uppercut to the chin, when the final frame ended, and only saved by the bell from a count-out. Still, chance had it that he wasn't stopped, and so great was the confidence of his numerous admirers in him that he went to the post a betting favorite in the second battle.

And there was something about that second trial which will probably make it the one by which the loser will be best remembered. It isn't only fight history that works out that way. Napoleon's Old Guard were the proud victors in many a hard-fought battle. But they are best remembered for the last stand made on Waterloo's fatal field, and Commander Cambronne's scornful reply to the British summons to yield: "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders!"

There's an undeniable fascination for the onlookers in a battle where the beaten man carries on grimly to the absolute limit of his physical powers, although he doesn't succeed in going the advertised number of rounds. That's why one temporarily forgets gallantly fought glove contests where decisions on points were rendered, but retains vivid recollections of desperate bruising mills winding up in a technical or actual kayo.

* * *

MANY veterans who watched Henry Armstrong lose gloriously in the second Zivic combat must have recalled the terrific fight made by another wonderful little champion, Jimmy Wilde of England, before a New York club on June 18, 1923. Seventeen odd years is a long way back, but not long enough to blot out the memory of how the tiny Briton stood gamely to his guns in a hurricane battle with the deadly Oriental puncher, Pancho Villa.

In his prime, Wilde, as has been truthfully said of Armstrong, was one of the best scrappers, inch for inch and pound for pound, that the ring has ever known. The bout for Villa was for the world's flyweight title, then held by the English lad. Jimmy was of frail build in appearance, yet possessed of extraordinary hitting powers, and a scientist of the highest order.

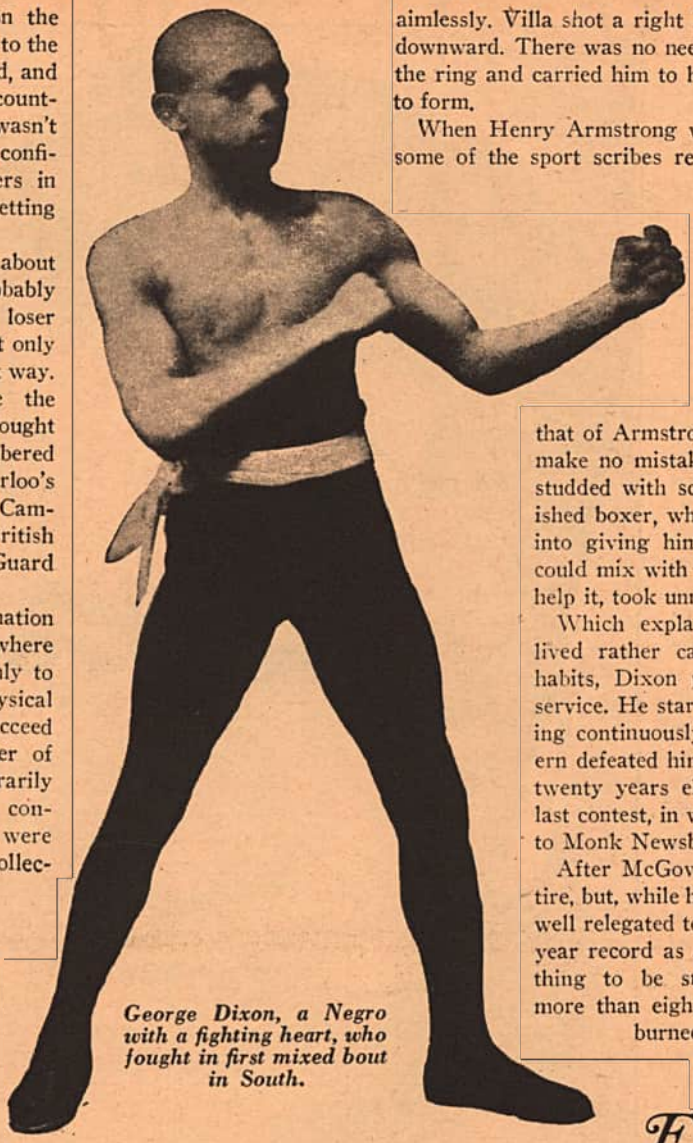
Wilde thought nothing of giving away pounds of weight and winning, when he was in top-notch form. But he was slipping fast when he tackled Villa, a fact which became obvious before the bout was two rounds old. Villa, a dynamic combination of speed and strength, took all Wilde could hand out, and came back for more. Surely and steadily the American wore down the British boy.

In the fourth and fifth rounds the sting had gone out of Jimmy's punches and Villa was battering him mercilessly. Both of Wilde's eyes were closing and his face was a crimson mask, yet like a badly gaffed bantam rooster he staggered toward Villa, still striking forth feebly. In the sixth round, Referee Patsy Haley stepped over to Wilde's corner and suggested that their man ought to quit.

Wilde looked up at Patsy as his seconds sponged his bleeding face, and shook his head. Jimmy's chief second answered:

"He won't quit. He's a champion, and must go down like one!"

So in the seventh round Wilde staggered forward to meet his foe. Villa cut loose with a volley of wallops, Jimmy pawing back aimlessly. Villa shot a right hook to the jaw and Wilde fell face downward. There was no need to count. His handlers leaped into the ring and carried him to his corner. A champion had run true to form.



George Dixon, a Negro with a fighting heart, who fought in first mixed bout in South.

When Henry Armstrong won the featherweight championship some of the sport scribes referred to him as a "second George Dixon." That was complimentary and in a sense true insofar as his being a real champ went. But, as pointed out by Nat Fleischer, Henry's cyclonic style and disregard of punishment put him in the McGovern category.

No two fighters ever lived whose ring strategy differed more than that of Armstrong and Dixon. George could punch, make no mistake about that. His long record was studded with scored knockouts. But he was a polished boxer, who sparred craftily, lured his foemen into giving him desired openings, and though he could mix with the best of them, never, if he could help it, took unnecessary punishment.

Which explains why, despite the fact that he lived rather carelessly and was convivial in his habits, Dixon put in such a long period of ring service. He started fighting in 1886, had been fighting continuously for fourteen years when McGovern defeated him for the feather championship, and twenty years elapsed before he quit the ring, his last contest, in which he lost a fifteen-round decision to Monk Newsboy, taking place December 10, 1906.

After McGovern took his title, Dixon didn't retire, but, while he won a few decisions, he was pretty well relegated to the has-been class. But a fourteen-year record as a top-notcher in pugilism isn't anything to be sneered at. Armstrong, with little more than eight professional years behind him, is burned out and through!

* * *

FIGHTERS who absorb punishment as Armstrong was wont to do, and are willing to stand toe-to-toe slugging it out with opponents, cannot expect to last as long as scrappers who don't habitually resort to that sort of milling.

However Armstrong and Dixon may have differed in some respects, they were alike in one—Dixon in losing his title, and Henry in an attempt to regain his, were heroes of unforgettable battles. Each was "stopped," neither was kayoed cold. Armstrong was rescued from being finished off by Referee Arthur Donovan. In Dixon's case, his manager, Tom O'Rourke, intervened, when George was toppling on disaster's verge in the eighth round.

O'Rourke seconded Dixon, as was his invariable custom. Pilot and fighter were exceedingly close friends. It was O'Rourke who discovered Dixon in Boston. The later-to-be colored marvel was then a skinny youngster just over the 100-pound mark.

Tom O'Rourke always had an unerring eye for latent possibilities in a boxer and spotted Dixon as good material from the first time he saw the lithe, slender kid fooling around a gym. He took charge of the colored lad, helped develop him. O'Rourke himself was a fine boxer, all-around athlete and star oarsman—and worked George along systematically until the Boston discovery became bantam champ of America by whipping Cal McCarthy.

A trip to England and victory over England's title-holder, Nunce Wallace, resulted in the crowning of Dixon as world's bantam champion. In later years he was to relinquish the bantam for the featherweight throne, with O'Rourke still his watchful mentor.

O'Rourke managed successfully many prominent fighters, among them the celebrated Joe Walcott, welter champ and giant-killer. But Dixon was his bright and particular star, and frankly, it was by his association with and building up of Dixon that O'Rourke's managerial fortunes were founded, so that he ultimately became

an international figure in the pugilistic game.

Dixon won high public popularity at a time when racial prejudice made things a bit difficult for colored boxers. Not the least significant proof of the esteem accorded fighter and manager was the fact that the combination, to speak in political phrasing—"broke the solid South!"

* * *

IN plain words, George Dixon was the first colored athlete allowed to box a white opponent below the Mason-Dixon line. That was when he defended his featherweight title at New Orleans in 1892 by kayoing Jack Skelly in eight rounds. The bout was an all-star boxing carnival during which Jim Corbett deprived John L. Sullivan of the heavyweight crown, and Jack McAuliffe maintained his right to the world's lightweight throne by putting Billy Myers to sleep.

That O'Rourke's warm interest in Dixon far exceeded that of the average manager for a boxer goes without saying. The relations between them were very close indeed, until near the end, and the pilot often said that he could never bear to see George badly beaten and hammered down for a full count.

He kept his word. When Dixon was defeated by the terrific onslaughts of "Terrible" Terry McGovern, the colored lad strove against the inevitable with all the resources of his fine science and long experience in the ring. Like Armstrong against Zivic, Dixon made a magnificent "last-stand."

Battered, bleeding and exhausted, he fought on with unflinching courage. The end was nearly in sight, with McGovern charging in furiously for the kill, when O'Rourke made good on his promise by throwing up the sponge, and the world hailed a new featherweight champion in the person of the famous young slugger from Brooklyn.

Twice whipped by Young Corbett, first in one round at Hartford, Conn., in 1901, and again in eleven at San Francisco in 1903, McGovern's initial defeat came as almost as big a shock-surprise to ring followers as did the encounter in which Gene Tunney annexed Jack Dempsey's heavyweight crown.

As in Dempsey's case, most fight fans had come to look upon "Terrible Terry" as practically invincible in his class. It has always been, and always will be that way where a really great fighter is concerned. On each occasion Corbett knocked him out, but McGovern fought to the bitter end with the bulldog fury and gameness which had always distinguished him in the ring.

* * *

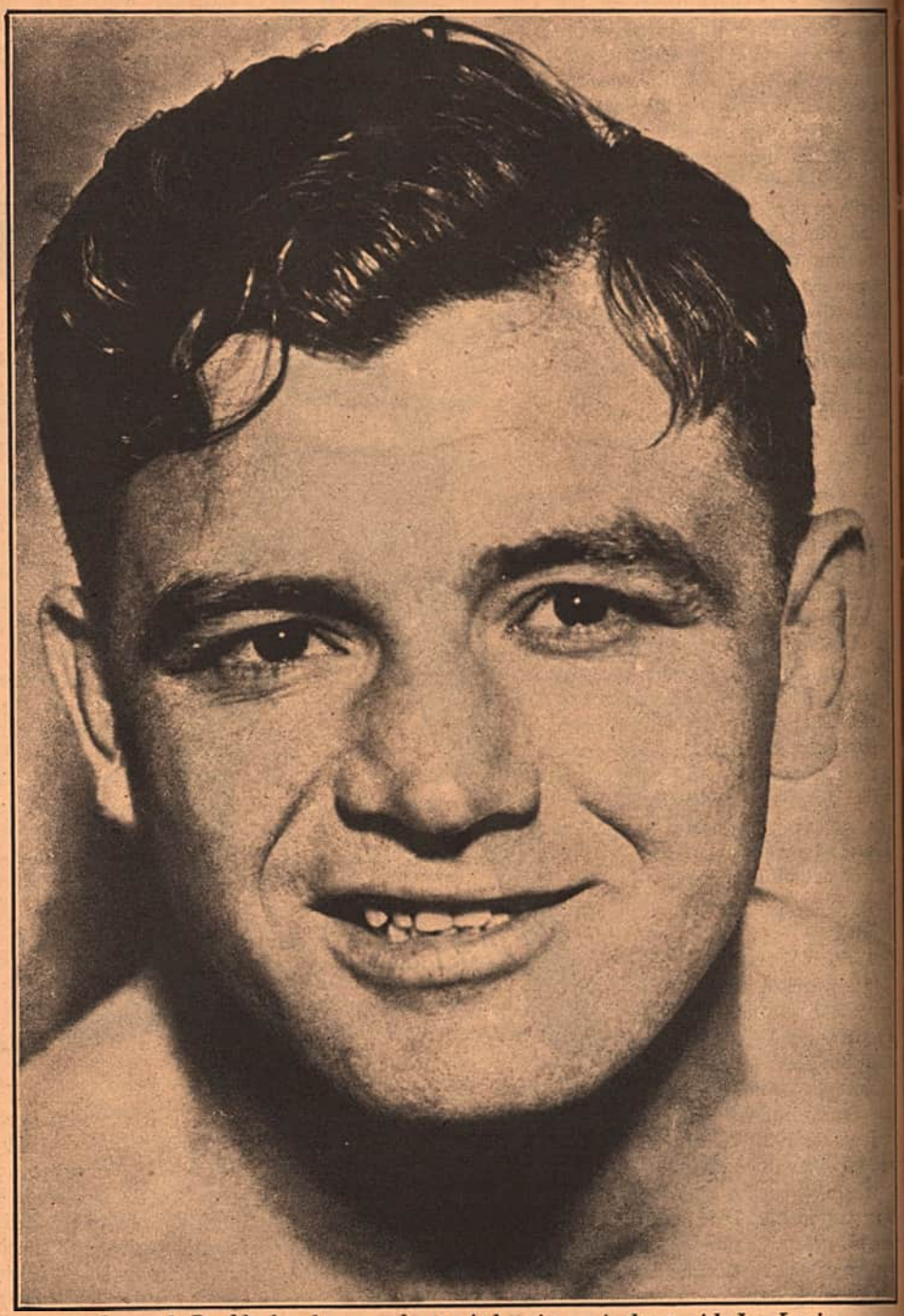
BLACK tragedy loomed in the background for Joe Gans when he lost the lightweight title to Battling Nelson by a clean kayo at San Francisco on July 4, 1908. The colored champion took the count in the seventeenth round, after a battle in which the Battler's iron endurance and insensibility to punishment offset the rare skill and generalship of his talented opponent.

Gans wasn't satisfied that Nelson was his superior, any more than was Armstrong that Zivic held the whip-hand over him. Joe tried again a few months later, at Colma, and the Dane repeated, kayoing Gans in twenty-one rounds. This fight was remarkable for the almost superhuman efforts made by Gans to turn the tide of defeat. It was a heroic "last-stand" performance on the colored man's part which deserves an imperishable place in fistic annals.

Its tragedy lies in the fact that in training down to meet the demands of that astute bargainer, Billy Nolan, manager of Nelson, the terrific strain sapped Joe's constitution to such an extent that he contracted tuberculosis, from the effects of which he finally died in 1910, at Phoenix, Arizona.

In their first battle, at Goldfield, Nevada, in 1906, Nolan insisted that Gans must scale at 133 pounds, ringside. Nelson could make that weight without trouble, Gans had literally to train himself to skin and bone. He did it, but always said that the Goldfield grind took something out of him that he never regained. The contest lasted into the forty-second round, when Referee George Siler, who had repeatedly warned Nelson for dirty work, called a halt and gave Gans the verdict on a foul.

The historic "last stand" of John L. *(Continued on page 44)*



James J. Braddock, who passed out of the picture in bout with Joe Louis in traditional die-hard style.

All Look Alike to Joe

Louis' Right Shot Ends Gus Dorazio's Hopes in 1:30 of Second Round—Charge of Collusion, Brought by Senator Haluska, Former Fighter, Brings Ridicule—Fourteenth Successful Defense of Crown

By NAT FLEISCHER

Referee Kutcher assisting Dorazio after the fatal ten had been counted over the Philadelphia challenger.

JOE LOUIS, like other great champions of the past, will not receive his just reward until after he hangs up his gloves in retirement. If the Brown Bomber knocks out an opponent in a jiffy, the fight is termed a "frame-up." If the bout goes half the distance, then the cry goes up, "Joe is slipping." When an opponent back pedals or creeps along the floor to avoid punishment and lasts the route with Joe, the scribes tell how soon Jack Dempsey and other stars of the past would have taken Louis into camp.

What must the world heavyweight king do to gain the recognition due him as a great, fighting champion? I was amazed to read in the Philadelphia papers the day following the knockout of Dorazio in 1.30 of the second round that Senator John J. Haluska and two Philadelphia colleagues in the Senate asked for an investigation of the bout with the statement: "It was a disgrace to take the people's money. We should investigate who was responsible for such a farce." Then Senator Haluska went on to characterize the fight as a complete frame-up!

And with that statement, Senator Haluska called to the attention of the public the fact that he should know what he saw, as he was a fighter for upwards of ten years. Were I the Senator, I wouldn't brag about my knowledge of boxing, because if what he says he saw is taken as a criterion, I think he knows very little.

* * *

THE folly of it! To think that a State Senator, a man who should guard his words as a representative of the public, can besmirch the character of an honest, fearless, upright champion.

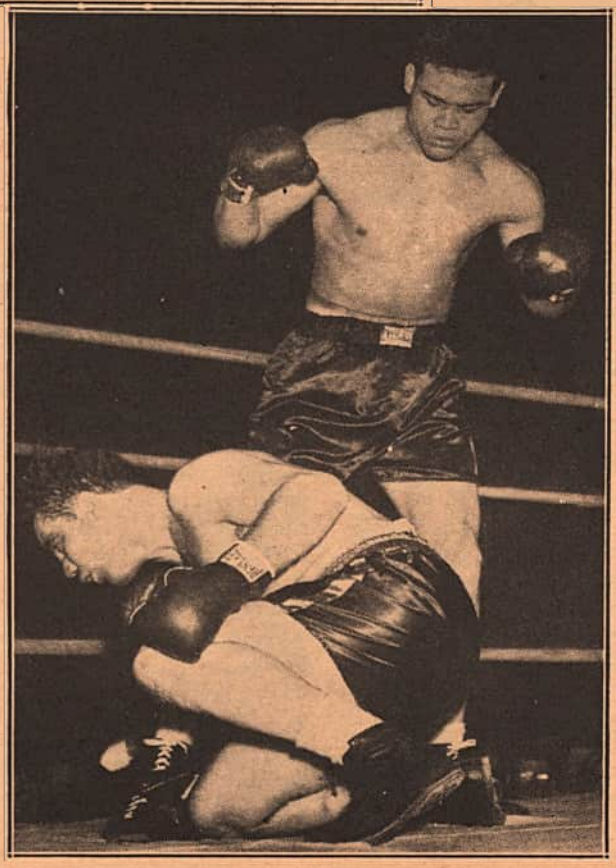
Senator Haluska may have been too far from the ringside to see what I witnessed when Dorazio was knocked cold. He might not have seen the terrific right-hand wallop that laid Gus low. Had he followed the two punches that ended the fight, I feel confident that the Senator, a good fighter in his youth, one who saw about ten years of service, would never have placed the stigma of crookedness on Joe Louis as he did when he characterized the fight as a frame-up.

Louis knocked out Dorazio for the fourteenth successful defense of his crown, in as fair a ring battle as I have witnessed during my thirty-six years of association with the sport. That the knockout came too soon to please Senator Haluska is unfortunate, but the Senator should remember that there isn't a fighter of note among the heavyweights today who can stand and trade punches with the Brown Bomber as did Dorazio before he was put to sleep.

It takes two to make a fight and Dorazio furnished the second half of the opposition. He gave Louis as much as Joe handed out in the first session, even though the Bomber won that round by a safe margin because of harder hitting. Had Dorazio gone into the ring with the intention of "laying down," as Senator Haluska says he did, Gus would never have taken some of those heart-breaking wallops that Louis shot at him with effectiveness in the opening session.

Dorazio was made to order for Louis, because he decided to mix it. Had he elected to back pedal, he would have lasted longer and given Senator Haluska an opportunity to

(Continued on page 44)



Joe drops Gus with a jolting right. Note the helpless condition of the challenger.

The Battling McCoys

By T. W. MCNIEL

Oh, the Hatfields and McCoys,
They were reckless mountain boys,
And a-feudin' was their game.

THUS starts the first lines of an old ballad of the hill country. Now, we don't know much about the fighting qualities of the Hatfield clan, but we do know that the McCoys' contemporaries in the knuckle-dusting game have been every bit as proficient as were their brethren of the squirrel-gun era of Kentucky's feudin' days.

There have been very, very few years of the many since the Marquis of Queensberry drew up his famous set of padded glove rules, but what some member of the McCoy clan has been making headlines on the world's sport sheets.

The latest member is that dazzling young Detroit welterweight who made such an impressive showing in his Garden debut on the Fritzie Zivic-Lew Jenkins non-title brawl. We refer to Young Kid McCoy, the good-looking kid who handed out a neat lathering to Aaron "Al" Smith of California in the semi-windup of the aforementioned show.

This latest edition of the fighting McCoys, like the whole tribe before him, really isn't named McCoy at all. But there seems to be a vague bit of something about this name of "McCoy" that lends a spark of dash and glamour to those adopting it for prize-ring purposes. Before adopting the name of Young Kid McCoy, this boy, Adam Pianga, was just another ambitious box-fighter trying to get along in the automobile metropolis of Detroit. Young Pianga, an American-born German, was employed in the Ford Motor Company during his working hours and took boxing lessons at the company gym during the evenings. It was here that he came under the eagle eye of another and more famous McCoy—the illustrious "Kid" McCoy, one-time world's welter and middleweight title-holder. The elder McCoy, after a career that had run the gamut of human attainments, had secured a job as physical director at the Ford plant.

Young Kid McCoy, the latest to adopt that famous monicker.

Here he detected the spark of genius in young Pianga, and prevailed upon him to adopt the monicker of "Young Kid McCoy." The youngster did so, and almost immediately began to go places. Already he has beaten such boys as Billy Marquart, K. O. Morgan, Gene Spence, Larry Cisneros and Tommy Speigal, in addition to the aforementioned Al Smith.

Already there are many critics willing to concede that the young Detroiter will be wearing Fritzie Zivic's welter title before another twelve months roll around. And in view of the fast pace he is setting right now, it wouldn't be surprising. Too bad old Kid McCoy didn't live long enough to witness the upward surge of his young protege.

* * *

CONTRARY to general belief, Kid McCoy wasn't the first of boxing's fighting McCoys. That honor belongs to an old Irish bare-knuckle ringman of the 1880's. His real name was Tom Harrigan, but he discarded it in favor of Pete McCoy soon after he began earning his keep with his maulies. That he was a competent scrapper is well attested by the fact that on two occasions he fought the one-time middleweight king, George Le Blanche, to draw decisions. He also fought Jack "Nonpariel" Dempsey a thrilling, though losing battle.

So here we have the original of the long line of pugnacious McCoys. With Pete McCoy soon slipping into obscurity, the next of the clan to put in his appearance was the already mentioned Kid McCoy. His family name was Selby. It soon dawned upon him that he needed another monicker for ring purposes. Accordingly, he became Kid McCoy. There seems to be some dispute as to why he adopted this name. Some say he took it out of admiration for the Pete McCoy before him; others say he took it from the name of a noted bandit of the day. Regardless of which, Norman Selby lost little time in making the name of Kid McCoy one of the most feared in fistic circles for a period of nearly twenty years.

He knocked out Tommy Ryan in fifteen rounds in 1896 to win the world's 158-pound title. Eventually he relinquished the title when he decided to confine his endeavors to fighting heavyweights.

By present-day standards, the Kid wasn't even a full-fledged light-heavy. He never weighed more than 170 pounds. But despite his weight—or lack of it—he beat such competent stars as Nick Burley, Gus Ruhlin, Joe Goddard, Joe Choynski, Steve O'Donnell and Peter Maher. Not bad for a fat middleweight.

* * *

IT was he who brought to the ring wars the deadly "corkscrew" wallop, and the Kid could shoot it through the eye of a needle. Once it landed, the evening's festivities were over, as far as the receiver was concerned.

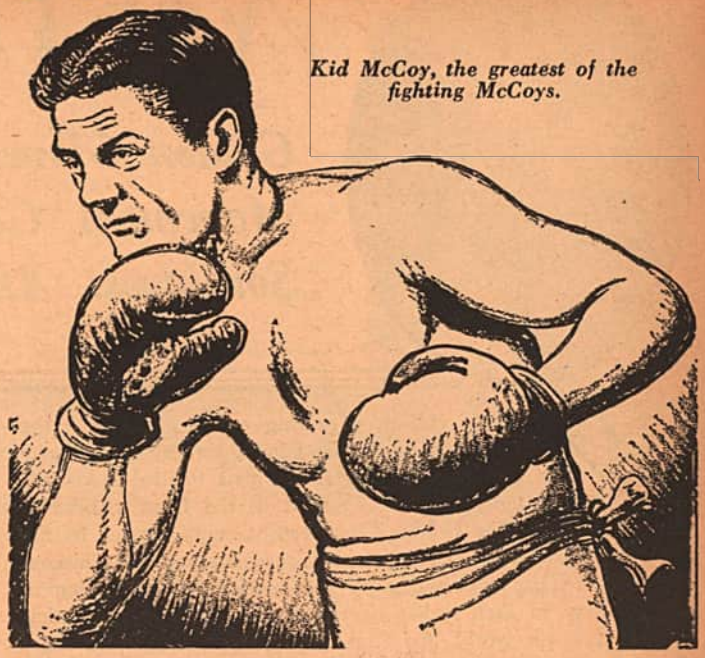
Nor was the famous Kid a mere flash in the pan either. We find him as late as 1911, then in his thirty-eighth year, scoring knockouts over such "white hope" stars as Bob Day, Kid Ely and Jim Savage. Eventually, he went into the movies and during the old "silent" days was one of filmdom's best known characters. Later came days of adversity and he became involved in a shooting incident that sent him to San Quentin prison for a long term. Upon being released, he went to work for the Ford Motor Company in the already mentioned capacity of physical director. He committed suicide in Chicago last year.

When Kid McCoy went to the sidelines back in 1911, it remained for a sparkling young Australian welterweight, Herbert Wilson, to carry the McCoy standard. With this in mind, he dropped his family monicker and became known as Herb "Kid" McCoy.

And don't let them tell you that this iron-hearted youngster from the land of the kangaroo was a fizzle. He wasn't, by any stretch of imagination. Fighting in the old "twenty round" days, he beat such top-flighters as Dick Cullen, Hock Keyes, Pal Brown, Harry Stone, Matt Wells and Ted Kid Lewis.

Sure, he lost a few brawls. Nor did he ever win a championship of anything but his own country. But Herb Kid McCoy was one

Al McCoy, who held the world middleweight title.



Kid McCoy, the greatest of the fighting McCoys.

Al McCoy, who recently was knocked out by Joe Louis.

of the toughest cookies in the business, and that in an era that produced toughies in abundance. Milburn Saylor knocked him out in eighteen rounds in 1914; Young Shugrue repeated the kayo win in fifteen, and Hugh Mehegan turned the trick in seventeen. That will give you an idea of how this kid could take them.

He richly deserves the credit of being Australia's "Battling Nelson."

During the same era that Herb McCoy was setting durability records in the land Down Under, another McCoy was campaigning here in the States. He was a Jewish middleweight, known to the trade as Al McCoy. His correct name was Rudolph.

This edition of the McCoys was a southpaw of the mauling type. He had begun fighting about 1908 and in the succeeding half a dozen years had accomplished little more than being just a fair journeyman scrapper. Then one night Lady Opportunity slipped up to his corner and introduced herself. Over in the other corner George Chip, world's middleweight king, was shuffling his feet in the resin, anxious to polish off this awkward Al McCoy and get on about his business. Chip couldn't figure out why in the blazes a promoter wanted him to fight a third-rater like McCoy anyhow, what with the woods full of good middleweights. So at the bell he stifled a yawn and shuffled out to slap the guy's ears down. But the round was little more than just under way when a thunderbolt exploded in Chip's head. Some way, somehow, Al McCoy had slipped a tremendous left-hand wallop through his guard. When they finally brought Chip back to the land of realization, the despised Al McCoy was dancing gaily in his dressing room and proudly wearing the crown of world's middleweight champion!

* * *

LIKE many other fighters who suddenly come into possession of a boxing title, McCoy almost overnight became one of the toughest guys in the business. He prized that championship. In no-decision battles that flourished at that time, he repelled the efforts of the world's greatest ringmen to lift his newly won honors. Mike Gibbons tried it; Soldier Bartfield tried it; so did Zulu Kid and Jimmy Clabby. George Chip was sure he could reverse his recent defeat, but he, too, failed, as did his brother Joe.

Al McCoy wasn't a popular champion. Fans didn't like his safey-first tactics, but they did turn out in droves when he fought, on the chance that they might see him licked—and Al McCoy prospered as a result.

Eventually Al ventured into water beyond his depth and he was shorn of his championship by Mike O'Dowd, a rough, tough Irishman from St. Paul, Minn.

At the present time Al McCoy is in California, lending his battered phiz to the movie industry and keeping an eagle eye open for a likely-looking youngster to groom for a shot at Joe Louis' heavyweight crown. He thought he had the boy he was looking for in Ralph Gwartney, a bull-shouldered kid from the Colorado Rockies, but the youngster fizzled when given the acid test.

With Al McCoy's passing from the top ranks, the name McCoy went into an eclipse for a few years, broken only for a short time immediately after the World War, when another middleweight, correct name Albert Thiel, turned in a few unimpressive battles as Al McCoy II.

* * *

THEN about 1933, tales of the fighting prowess of another Al McCoy began to drift down from New England. He was a heavyweight, whose real name of Alfred Florin Le Brasseur made it mandatory that he change names lest the nation's linotype operators go on a strike. So he became Al McCoy, out of respect for the old middleweight king.

In and around Boston, this French-Canadian belter compiled an amazing string of ring victories. Bud Mignault, Jack Renault, Al Gainer, Bob Olin, Joe Knight, Billy Jones and Tommy Loughran all suffered defeats at the hands of the sharp-shooting son of the big woods. For once it looked as though one of the fighting McCoys might actually bag the richest *(Continued on page 43)*

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Golden Gloves Tournaments a Huge Success
Movement Gains Strength With Each Year
Southwest Amateurs Receive RING *Awards*

WITH the coming of spring comes an end to the four months of Golden Gloves activity in all parts of the country, competition that thrilled thousands of fight fans and brought to the front many fine young prospects. The Golden Glove tournaments, started by the *Daily News* of New York City and its associate paper in Chicago, *The Tribune*, has done much for the development of boxing in this country. In fact, it has developed into the biggest boxing movement in the world, and from the tourneys have come some of our greatest world champions in the past decade.

In New York City alone, under the direction of the Daily News Welfare Association, with William Fritzinger at the helm, catered to a total of 37,000 patrons who paid almost $100,000 to see the simon-pures in action. They witnessed a total of 104 action-filled bouts, featuring raw novices, local and state champions, boys in every division and in all walks. Schoolboys, collegians, a young divinity student, porters, soldiers, sailors, clerks, accountants, members of the police department, form only a small portion of the great variety of work carried on by those who gave their best in order that they might compete in the final inter-city matches.

To Jimmy Powers, Sports Editor of the New York *Daily News* and Arch Ward, Sports Editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, headquarters for the mid-west contingent, are extended the thanks of boxing fans for their fine work on behalf of the sport. In New York City, 18,000 persons saw the finals, while almost 30,000 attended the three days inter-city tourney in which boys from Buffalo, Charlotte, S. C., Jersey City, Hudson County, Newark, Connecticut, Miami, Philadelphia, Syracuse, Trenton and Atlanta, Ga., competed. The finals, bringing together the winners of the New York sector, comprising the Middle Atlantic and South Atlantic division, competed for national laurels against the Southwest, West and Southern winners who showed their wares before 22,000 fans in the Chicago Stadium.

* * *

THE growth of the Golden Gloves movement has been terrific. From a New York and Chicago affair, newspapers in many parts of this country and Central America now stage these amateur shows, and from among the winners have come talent that could not possibly have been developed through other channels. The reason? Because the Welfare Associations of the New York *Daily News* and Chicago *Tribune* see to it that every youngster who wants a chance and can prove his right to recognition, is cared for. Free training, free medical care, close observation by a competent staff of trainers, plenty of wholesome food while in training—these necessities are given each lad while he remains in the competition. Boys like Bob Olin, Joe Louis, Barney Ross, Lou Salica, Melio Bettina, Ray Robinson, Buddy Moore, Johnny Withers, Bob Pastor and Tami Mauriello, among many other stars, have come from the ranks of these to become world champions.

In Puerto Rico and in Cuba, the Golden Gloves tournaments have caught on with a bang. In Cuba, under the able guidance of Major Jaime Marino, Chief of the Recreation Department of the Government, almost 2000 boys compete annually. The proceeds of the Cuban tourneys are used to care for the poor boys. Clothes, food and even schooling are given those in need.

In New York and in Chicago, the Welfare Boards that carry on this work for their newspapers furnish two weeks' summer camping to thousands of youngsters. That's why these shows are so well patronized. Not a cent goes into the private pockets of those engaged in the work. It is the most commendable athletic work in the United States.

Let's salute the Golden Gloves executives in all parts of the country!

* * *

AS an extra aid towards the development of new material in boxing, THE RING Magazine, through its Editor, launched an innovation in amateur boxing. With the cooperation of the American Legion of Wichita, under the management of Les Showers, a national figure in staging amateur shows, a four days tournament was run off in Wichita, Kansas, from March 25 to 28, inclusive, in which the cream of the amateur talent, especially the heavyweights from the Southwest, were entered. To bring out the best in the heavyweight section, I offered, for the first time to amateurs in this country, a beautiful three panel belt to the winner, exactly the same kind as I have been giving to the professional title holders for the past twenty years. In addition, I offered a complete outfit—trunks, headguard, 14 ounce training gloves, a fast, pigskin punching bag, punching bag gloves, a home gymnasium outfit and a Taylor Foul Proof Cup for the boxer who during the four days tourney was judged by the fans the most popular. In addition I showed sound fight pictures.

This inducement not only brought out a big gathering, but the finest crop of competitors and the best competition seen in many moons in similar shows. It was a huge success and because of that, similar competition has been arranged on the same basis for other sections of the country. I acted as guest referee of the heavyweight bouts and presented the belt and the boxing outfit in person.

Three years ago I tried this same stunt with professionals. I induced several promoters to stage state heavyweight tournaments, for which I gave a belt, and then tried to obtain the winners in a sectional tournament, but the plan failed. Now I'll try it with the amateurs. The managers of the pro fighters were too dumb to see the benefits of my work. They were afraid to take a chance in open competition of this sort, thinking a good prospect might be "bumped off."

Junior Munsell was one of those who won my belt, and until he was knocked out by Tommy Martin recently, he was doing pretty well as a result of his victory in Ponce City, where he won my Indian heavyweight title match and RING trophy after beating Ernie Collins. It is my hope that out of the amateur tournaments in which more than fifty heavyweights will take part, at least one fine prospect may be developed. Likewise, from the many who will compete in the other divisions, at least one good lad should be found in each section.

Promoters who are interested should get in touch with me.

Next to the *Daily News* and Chicago *Tribune* tournaments, this is the biggest thing attempted in amateur boxing in years. Let THE RING Editor get behind your tourneys. Let THE RING belt and other awards build up amateur boxing in your locality. If you have any doubts about the success of such a venture, write to Jack Copeland, Sports Editor of the Wichita *Beacon*, or to Major Jaime Marine, Cubs Sports Commission, where five belts were awarded by THE RING for one tournament.

IT isn't often that a referee finds himself in the midst of a double knockout, but when he does he is placed in a dilemma on how to render the decision. It is natural for the third man in the ring to become excited under such circumstances, but his decision should not be difficult.

In Detroit, on Lincoln's birthday, boxing turned in one for the books. Sammy Secreet, a welterweight from Pittsburgh, Pa., and Pat Carroll from Detroit, were the principals. They had gone half way through the seventh round at the Naval Armory and both men were bleeding profusely when the referee found it necessary to call a halt. Each had suffered a severe cut above the eye, and with the blood flowing freely, a state commission physician jumped into the ring and demanded that the bout be stopped. Referee Clarence Rosen was prepared to call a halt at the end of the round, but the action of the physician prevented him from permitting the bout to go that far.

The referee, with no alternative, stopped proceedings and announced the decision a "double technical knockout."

That verdict was contested by the boxing commission which thought it should have been "no-contest." The scribes and fans were puzzled by the ruling and wanted a clarification from Rosen. Whereupon Rosen informed them that since neither was able to continue, each is given credit for a knockout.

That decision, though in my opinion complicated, is better than the one ordered by the commission. When the boot is called "no-contest" it places a stigma on the contestants. A "no-contest" bout signifies that the boys were not trying, that there was collusion and that neither gave his best. Certainly in this case, both lads gave everything they had. They fought, though badly cut up. It seems to me to call the affair "no-contest" is an insult to two courageous lads.

The proper decision should have been a draw. I discussed the case with nine of the best referees in New York and Philadelphia and each agreed that a draw would have been the proper and best verdict. Not one agreed on a "no-contest." One argued that a double knockout was proper. A case like this one is seldom seen. The commissions throughout the country should make a ruling to cover such a case.

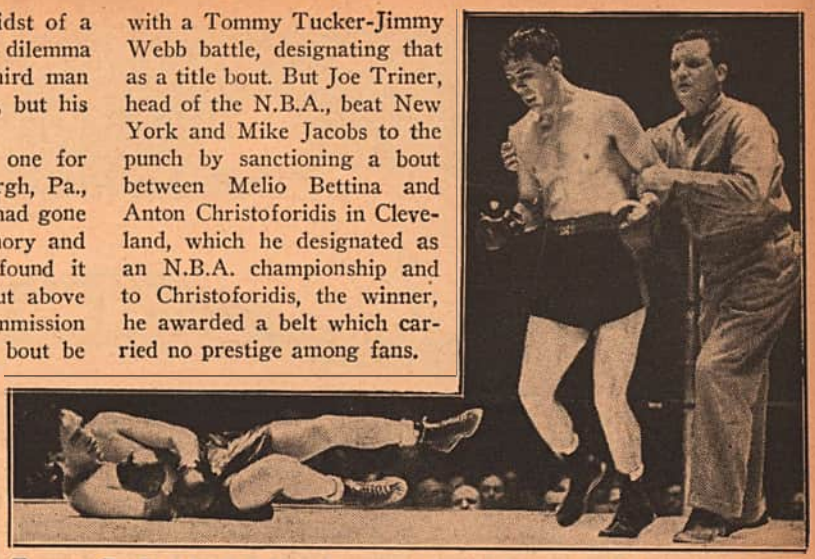
* * *

BOXING COMMISSIONERS as a rule are stiff-shirted politicians who not only know little about the sport over which they are asked to rule, but care less about the welfare of the game. Their sole aim seems to be to get into the spotlight and see how abusive they can act towards those who are earning a living in the sport of boxing. That's why, when I come across an official who not only acts like a gentleman in his dealings with his fellow men, but is ever ready to forget pride in the interests of the sport, I feel the public should get acquainted with him.

Such a man is Abe Greene, one man commission of the State of New Jersey and vice-president of the National Boxing Association. His acts as an official in the Skeeter State have brought to him public recognition as a high class executive. His knowledge of the sport is second to none. He is a commissioner who has gained the admiration of those governed by him, and his constructive legislation has brought him praise from those in the profession as well as the scribes with whom he comes in contact and of whom he is an honored member.

The above comment comes as a result of the elimination tournament now in progress to find a successor to Billy Conn, who has relinquished the light-heavyweight championship to compete hereafter only as a heavyweight. When it became apparent that Billy, under the laws of New York, would be forced to abdicate if he wanted to fight Joe Louis in the Empire State next June, there was a wild rush by promoters, backed by commissions, to be first under the wire in attempt to grab off the vacant title.

New York's Commission was not eager to see the championship get away from its jurisdiction and in consort with Mike Jacobs, who controlled the title through his hold on Conn, came forth with a Tommy Tucker-Jimmy Webb battle, designating that as a title bout. But Joe Triner, head of the N.B.A., beat New York and Mike Jacobs to the punch by sanctioning a bout between Melio Bettina and Anton Christoforidis in Cleveland, which he designated as an N.B.A. championship and to Christoforidis, the winner, he awarded a belt which carried no prestige among fans.



Tommy Tucker down for a nine count in ninth round of bout with Jimmy Webb in light-heavyweight elimination tournament.

THE folly of such procedure was evident to all except Triner. The president of the National Boxing Association seemed to care little about the creation of another muddle in championship claims, so long as the N.B.A. could obtain control of the title.

Not so, however, with the far-sighted Abe Greene. To him such procedure seemed asinine and he voiced his opinion in no weak words at the annual dinner of the New York Boxing Writers' Association, when he declared:

"Billy Conn is through as light-heavyweight champion. He has given up the title to fight Joe Louis, and whether the announcement is made now or will be made when Mike Jacobs and the New York Commission get ready to do so after they have found a champion suitable to themselves, makes little difference. The throne is vacant and I for one, will throw pride aside and ask that a sane method of acquiring Conn's successor be employed.

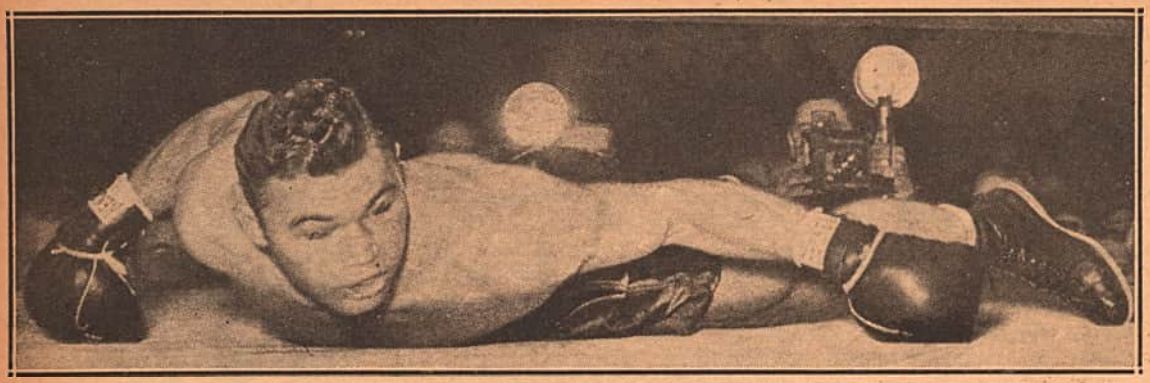
"As vice president of the N.B.A. and head of the New Jersey Commission, I am opposed to the action of Joe Triner, the N.B.A. chief, in designating the winner of the Bettina-Christoforidis fight in Cleveland as champion. As a commissioner of boxing, it is my duty and that of other officials, to offer proper protection to every boy in the light-heavyweight division who is entitled to a claim on challenger's recognition.

"Let's forget quibbles and animosities. Here we are at a boxing dinner where the most friendly relations exist. Why cannot we here carry on that friendly spirit by forgetting state or sectional pride. I won't ask that New Jersey be considered as the state to stage a championship match though we have the outstanding boy in the light-heavyweight division in Gus Lesnevich. All I ask is that the N.B.A., of which I am an executive, New York state, which is at loggerheads with the N.B.A., and all other states get together and sanction an elimination tournament to decide the successor to Conn.

"I shall recommend to Joe Triner and the N.B.A. executive board that it recognize the winner of the Cleveland bout as the victor in the first elimination contest. I ask that New York, under Mike Jacobs' promotion, stage a Webb-Tucker fight. Let the winner of that bout meet the Cleveland victor. Thus the six best men in the division, outside of the British stars, Len Harvey and Jock McAvoy who because of the war cannot be considered, will have an opportunity to fight it out to see who is master.

"The winner of such an elimination will become a bona fide, internationally recognized champion. The N.B.A. will waive all rights to jurisdiction. New York and Mike Jacobs can have control of all the fights. All I want to see, is a fair, square settlement, so that a true champion will be crowned and we won't have sectional title-holders laying claim to Conn's crown."

Greene's suggestion was met with popular approval by the scribes. It was constructive and it couldn't be tossed aside haphazardly. There was nothing for New York to do but to accept



Ernie Vigh lands on his face fifteen seconds after gong sends him and Billy Soose into action in middleweight elimination bout in the Garden. Vigh got up and lasted the twelve rounds.

his proposition and through Abe Greene's foresight, a title-holder will be found who will gain the support a champion should have.

Christoforidis won in Cleveland. Jimmy Webb knocked out Tommy Tucker in New York. Now the Greek and Gus Lesnevich will meet in New York with the winner of that mill to face Webb for the championship. That's the way all disputes as to ownership of a title should be settled. It is a feather in the cap of Abe Greene to have carried his point to consummation. More Abe Greenes are needed in boxing.

In the bout between Webb and Tucker, the St. Louis boy again held the upper hand as he did in their first engagement in which he stopped Tommy. Webb is a hard hitter and a very clever fighter and as such looms as the leader of his division. I think he will come through as Conn's successor. He possesses everything a good fighter should have.

He stopped Tucker in one minute 37 seconds of the ninth round after he had floored Tommy for a nine count with a right and left to the jaw. When Tommy arose, he was helpless and a target for considerable punishment. He was on the verge of collapse when Referee Fullam interceded and ended the fray.

When Tucker came off the floor, Webb realized he had his man whipped and took advantage of the situation. He battered his shaken rival with devastating rights and lefts to body and jaw with the Long Islander scarcely able to defend himself. The small gathering of 6085 that had paid $11,955 to see the mill, voiced its approval of the referee's action.

The pace was terrific. The boys went at each other in hammer-and-tong style, neither backing away under a terrific bombardment of face and body punches. There was no let up from the start through the eighth round.

Webb took an early lead and held it throughout but it wasn't by a big margin. His rival, though bleeding profusely from nose and left ear which was cut, fought viciously and did honor to himself by his fine showing. His resistance was lowered through heavy body blows until in the seventh, it became apparent that he couldn't win.

Tucker's best round was the fifth in which he hurt Webb with several powerful rights to the heart that took much of the fight out of his opponent. In the next session, however, Webb came back strong. His blows were cleaner and sharper. He hurt Tommy who was bothered by the blood, but Tucker fought back gamely, even though erratically. Just before the knockout, Webb accidentally fouled Tommy with a powerful blow in the groin but other than wincing momentarily Tommy didn't complain. He carried on. It was an excellent fight and deserved a far greater attendance.

* * *

THAT same night, the N.B.A. middleweight king, Tony Zale, knocked out Steve Mamakos in the 14th round in Chicago before the largest gathering to see a fight in the Windy City in three years. A crowd of 14,306 persons who paid $37,450, saw Zale retain his crown.

The victory of Zale by a kayo, makes a fight with Overlin, if such can be arranged, a natural. It seems a pity that Joe Triner and Abe Greene, acting on behalf of the N.B.A., cannot arrange a contest between their champion and the New York title-holder, to gain an internationally recognized crown wearer. Judging by the showing of Overlin against Belloise and Zale's fine work, such a contest would pack 'em in. It is one of the few bouts that will draw a huge sum these days. Staged in the Garden, it would be good for $65,000 with a supporting card of several classy popular performers.

Pity that a personal feud between the management of Zale, Pian and Winch and Mike Jacobs, a bitterness that has existed for several years, stands in the way of the match. It is the outstanding card aside from any bout in which Joe Louis appears.

A fifty-fifty split in percentages is a fair proposition for such a bout. If Zale's managers refuse to fight in New York, as they have a perfect right to do, then Mike Jacobs should have no difficulty overcoming that hazard by promoting the show in Chicago where he has an option on the Stadium and has promoted before. The public is not interested in the squabbles between Jacobs and the managers. It wants the fight and should get it.

THE RING Magazine will offer a gorgeous belt to the winner of such a contest and will likewise offer a belt to the winner of the light-heavyweight elimination tournament. Regardless of Zale's claims and those of Overlin, there is no internationally recognized middleweight champion at present and there won't be until such time as the N.B.A. title-holder settles the matter of supremacy with New York's champion.

Unfortunately, the scribes in New York misled the public by designating Ken Overlin as world title-holder, and those in Chicago do the same by designating Zale as world champion. If the boxing writers were impartial, acted with greater care and adhered more to the facts, there wouldn't be such muddles as we now have. When a championship claimant feels that he has received the support of the boxing writers of the big cities, his attitude becomes one of "the public be hanged."

Nowadays, unlike the past, a championship claim is honored by the writers of New York only because Mike Jacobs and the New York Commission say so, insofar as the Empire State is concerned and scribes in N.B.A. territory do the same, regardless of facts backed by the rules of boxing and precedence.

* * *

IN the Zale-Mamakos fight the Gary, Indiana, boy cut loose with a two handed attack late in the 13th round and with a powerful right he rocked his opponent. He followed with a left to the body and shot a straight right to the face that sent Mamakos reeling to the canvas. He was still down at the count of six when the bell saved him.

Mamakos, who is a sergeant in the 121st Engineers District of Columbia National Guard, was glassy-eyed when he came out for the 14th round. Zale went after him. He spun the soldier-fighter around with a left and then, catching Steve in his own corner with a straight right, ended the bout. It was their return engagement. A month previously Zale won a split decision in an overweight match.

* * *

BILLY SOOSE gained his objective in the return engagement with Ernie Vigh in Madison Square Garden, when before a gathering of 12,341 persons who paid a gross of $27,942, he decisively whipped his opponent for the second time and thus forced his way into a championship match. Although only New York's portion of the world middleweight title will be at stake if Billy can get Overlin to meet him, as Zale holds the other half, such a contest will be the first step towards a definite settlement

Georgi Abrams who, judging from his performance against the hard-hitting Coley Welch, is one of the best all-around Eastern middleweights.

of the class muddle. Both Zale and Overlin have been defeated by Soose in overweight matches, and since the Penn State collegian is a good drawing card, the managers of Zale, who have stood in the way of a Zale-Overlin bout, are not opposed, should Soose beat Ken, to pit Zale against Billy in a Chicago fight. That's what Mike Jacobs, who holds control over Overlin and Soose but not Zale, is now working on. The big "IF" however, rests in the chances of Soose to turn the tables on Overlin should they clash. Ken's manager, Chris Dundee, at this writing, has refused the bout.

In the renewal of their warfare, Soose had Vigh out on his feet in the opening round, yet could not finish his man. And as the fight progressed, Vigh came back strongly, but he could not get out of range of Soose's powerful, stinging left that eventually spelled defeat for him. It struck Vigh often.

Nailed with a right long range chop to the chin, only fifteen seconds after the gong had sent them on their way Vigh looked like a sure knockout victim, yet recuperated sufficiently to carry on for the full 12 rounds. He was dropped on his face, hands sprawled over the canvas, feet spread and eyes glassy. It was a hard blow that placed him in that position and 99 times out of 100 the victim never would have gotten to his feet on time to resume activities.

But Vigh did. He amazed the Garden throng. He showed courage such as seldom is seen, and for that, he was roundly cheered. His opponent, the fighter who supposedly has a powder-puff punch, fooled 'em all in the Vigh fight. He has developed a good chop with his right, and when he lands it properly, it is most effective. Vigh took an unmerciful beating in that first round and that he could stand up before such an onslaught, was miraculous. According to the referee, Jim Crowley, Vigh fought in a dazed condition for almost five rounds.

On my score sheet, I tallied nine rounds for the winner, two for Vigh and one even. There could be no doubt about the victor this time, though in their first battle, opinion was divided.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Soose has earned a shot at the crown and should get it, let's not forget Georgie Abrams, who beat Soose twice. Abrams belongs to the same stable as Ken Overlin. The manner in which Abrams fought against Coley Welch to win the verdict, indicated that he is one of the best all-around middleweights on the Atlantic coast. Had he been pitted that night against Vigh, whom he has already beaten, or against Soose, Abrams would have emerged the winner. He was at his best against Welch, a powerful, two-fisted clouter, with a knockout wallop. Abrams was the night's star.

Georgie made Coley miss often, placed his victim in position quite frequently for the attack and hit hard. It is a pity that this fine young man, a credit to the sport, should be tossed around while others get lucrative Garden shots. He is deserving of a chance at Soose, and if he cannot get that, he should be given an opportunity to fight Zale and Hostak to prove his right to top recognition.

* * *

CALIFORNIA has seen many wild bouts, contests with heaps of excitement, thrilling affairs of the hair-raising variety but seldom such a sensational one as was on tap the night that Pete Scalzo, the N.B.A. featherweight king, was knocked out by a comparative unknown, Guy Serean. Dropped five times, the champ was halted in the eighth and thus with one stroke, a newcomer was pushed into the fistic spotlight.

Serean smashed the title-holder down five times in the first three rounds, two nine counts in the first, one for five and a no-count in the second, and for a one count in the third, but true to his reputation, Scalzo displayed the heart of a champion every time he was down.

Scalzo, though beaten, gave his Idaho opponent plenty of worry. Three times after getting off the floor he had Serean in serious trouble, but with a deep cut over the eye, the bout was halted in 2:10 of the eighth round, for Scalzo's fourth defeat in a total of 87 pro fights.

The winner, an Idaho lad who was jerked out of a carnival sideshow where he earned his three square meals a day by taking on all comers, was making only his tenth start as a money chasing scrapper. With the Scalzo victory he no longer will have to worry about his feed. He has now made the grade and will be in demand with good purses to pay for his services.

One day a ham—the next a champion. That's how boxing goes. If Serean had scaled within the feather limit instead of 130 pounds as he was compelled to come in according to agreement, he would today be sporting the N.B.A. featherweight crown. A return Serean-Scalzo fight for N.B.A. honors, is now in order.

* * *

WAR or no war, the British interest in boxing continues as strong as ever, judging by the space allotted to THE RING Magazine's annual rating in newspapers throughout England which have recently been received by The Editor. The London *Star*, despite the heavy war news in its issue of January 10, featured the ratings in a column and a half story with a headline: "Jackie Paterson, is world's best flyweight, according to THE RING ratings for 1940." The Evening *News*, in a column story: "Paterson rated best, other champions low in RING rankings," likewise shows its interest in world boxing even during the height of the European conflict. Jimmy Butler, my old pal, one of the oldest boxing scribblers from point of service, writing for the *Herald*, says: "Jackie Paterson, the young Scottish holder of the British flyweight championship, is ranked the oustanding boy in his division by RING Magazine, the American monthly devoted to boxing from all parts of the world."

From India, Australia, New Zealand, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Finland, Greenland, Johannesburg, Rome, Manila, Siam, Cape Town, Rhodesia, Tanganyika, Alexandria, Egypt; Mexico City, Havana, San Juan, Puerto Rico; Honolulu, Buenos Aires, Argentina; Caracas, Venezuela; Trinidad, Curacao, Juneau, Alaska—among other places too numerous to mention, have come clippings showing the ratings carried by the local papers. If any promoter thinks for a moment that the ranking of boxers annually compiled by Eddie Borden and myself, in collaboration with almost 200 newspapermen from the leading boxing centers, doesn't carry weight in all parts of the world, I'll advise him to get in touch with Frank Tinsley, Editor of Reuters Ltd., in this country and other editors of foreign news services.

FITZ'S DREAMS

Ruby Robert's Pre-Fight Night Visions Always Came True— "Supernatural" Said He, In Describing Them

By FRANK WARRINGTON

Freckled Bob Fitzsimmons

BOB FITZSIMMONS was a great dreamer. He was a thorough believer in dreams and he liked to tell friends about them before an important battle. So confident was he that his dream would come true, that he delighted in calling newspapermen to his training quarters and telling what he had dreamed so that they would put it in print. This he figured would disconcert his opponent, and more frequently than not, did just that. When it comes to fancy night visions, it remained for Ruby Robert to take the palm with this one:

He had been training for his fight at Carson City with Jim Corbett, he said, the battle in which the famous solar plexus punch gained international headlines, and in which Corbett was relieved of his world heavyweight title by a knockout in the fourteenth round on St. Patrick's Day, 1897. About a week before the battle, Bob was sleeping at a hotel in Nevada and the proprietor heard strange noises coming from Bob's room.

With Martin Julian, Bob's manager, and Bob Armstrong, a trainer, they slowly approached Fitz's room, and peering into it, they saw Fitz fast asleep. But he was dreaming. In fact, he was talking in his sleep and now and then they could catch a word. They heard Corbett's name once and the word knockout. Quietly they left Fitz to his pleasant dreams and closed the door, leaving Armstrong on guard.

The next day at supper, Fitz seemed quite jolly. "That's the way I like to see you, Bob," exclaimed his brother-in-law, Julian.

"Well, Martin, there's a good reason for it. You know how I feel about dreams, don't you? They always come true, Martin."

"Did you have another, Bob?" asked Martin, laughing.

"Yes, and it was a beauty. Bet all the tea in China that Bob Fitzsimmons will be the next world heavyweight champion. He's gonna win by a knockout."

Even the proprietor, who had been listening, was all tense, as Fitz began his story.

"Last night I had my greatest dream, because it means so much to me: I dreamt that I was fighting that Pompadour Kid, the California Dude. We were at it in the dressing room, where we engaged in a heated argument that was followed by flying fists. I handed the big boy a terrible shellacking. Then I left the room to answer the call to the ring.

"I entered the ring and shouts greeted me. They called me the new champ. I waited for a long time for Corbett to appear, but he had ducked the issue. He didn't want any more of me. He had had enough. The crowd became unruly. They threatened to lynch Corbett. Word was brought to him about the unruly mob that was about to start for him, when he changed his mind and came on to join me in the ring.

"I thought that we were in a ring pitched on the ground in the open air. There were about 20,000 people present. There was a terrific uproar when George Siler came out to the center of the ring to give us our instructions. Corbett argued that I was a foul fighter and that the referee had better caution me against hitting him below the belt line. I laughed at him and told him he was afraid of me and that I would give him plenty of chance to yell foul when I sank my left in his belly.

* * *

"TIME was called. Corbett, with his speed, had an advantage over me during the early rounds. I was beginning to become discouraged after a blow to the jaw had dropped me in the fourth round. But I felt I was a better man than Corbett and I started an uphill climb during which I peppered Corbett's body with hard punches and he weakened.

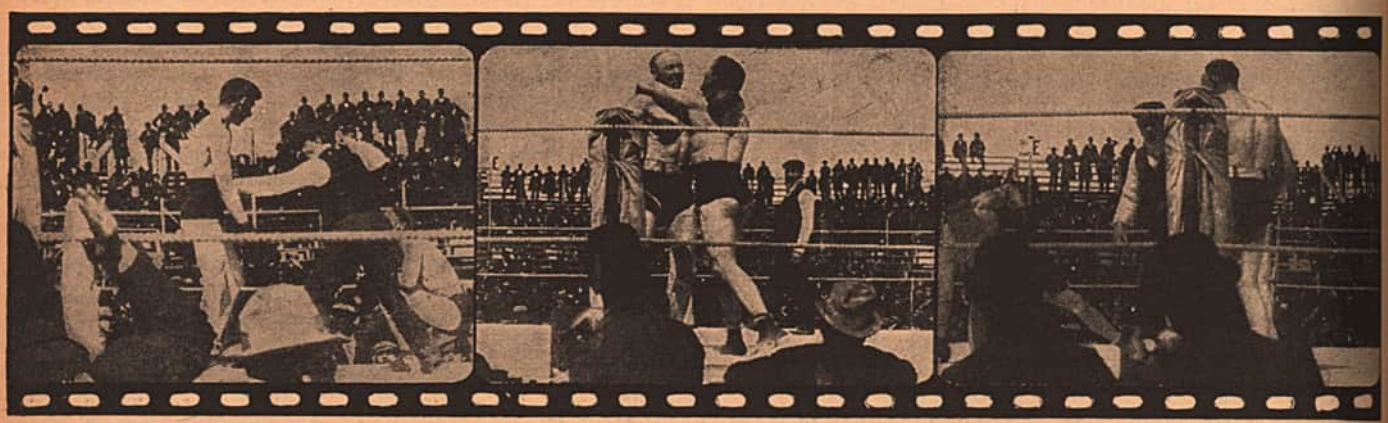
"The seventh round had been reached. Corbett was breathing heavily. He was in distress. He was heavy on his feet and lumbered. I saw my chance.

"I feinted him and forced him to back to his own corner. Quick as a flash, I landed a hard left to the wind. He bent over in agony. He winced and began to topple to the ground.

"I let go a left hand uppercut on the chin that raised him clear off the floor. He fell back and his head hit the ground. He was dead out. I had won the championship by a knockout in the seventh. I watched them carry him to his corner, a badly whipped man. The applause for me was so loud that it awakened me.

"I rubbed my eyes. I let go a loud laugh. I realized that I had been dreaming."

Julian, Armstrong and the hotel proprietor burst into loud laughter as Fitz finished his tale. *(Continued on page 43)*

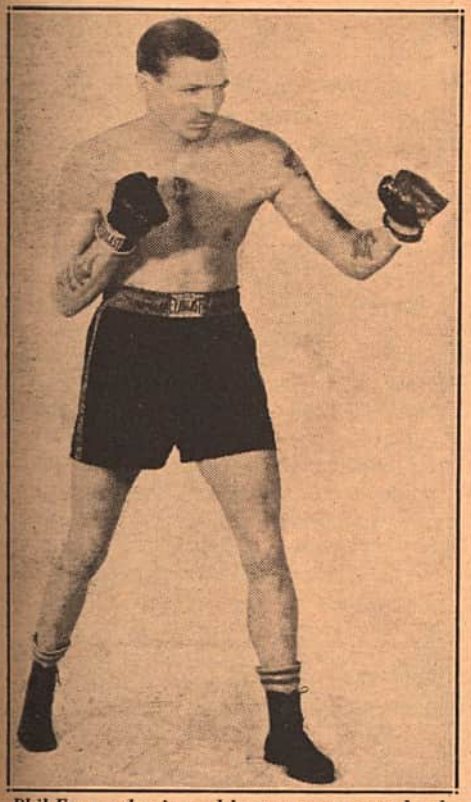


Fitz taking a count after being floored in the sixth round.

Fitz and Corbett in a clinch in the thirteenth session.

Corbett knocked out by Fitz's solar plexus punch.

MAKING THE GRADE



Phil Furr, who is making a great comeback.

By FRED EISENSTADT

THE pugilistic life of a fighter — according to fistic experts and boxing history — is about ten years. This fact has often been proved. But sometimes a boxer comes along and knocks expert calculation as well as fistic history into a cocked hat.

The latest fisticuffer to accomplish this trick is Phil Furr, Washington, D. C. welterweight. That Phil proved himself to be as good—if not better than the highly rated welters performing in the ring today, was substantiated by the fact that since his defeat at the hands of Henry Armstrong, Furr has held Gene Buffalo to a draw, trounced Gene Molnar, kayoed the rough and tough Steve Mamakos in six rounds, dropping him 10 times; then halted the clever, hard-punching Vinnie Vines in a bout that caused the fans to go wild with excitement. It was this same Vines who halted Jackie Donovan two months ago.

By stopping Mamakos and Vines, Phil Furr got right back in line for a match with the 145-pound kingpin, Fritzie Zivic. Judging by the way Furr has been making the fistic fur fly of late, and has been dropping durable battlers, the lanky Indian-Irish-American will give Zivic a very unpleasant evening. "I owe Fritzie a little debt," remarked the quiet-voiced Washingtonian. "My bout with him on July 12, 1928, was stopped in the third round because he cut my eye. I think I could have beaten Zivic then. But I feel certain I can do it now. I want to prove it."

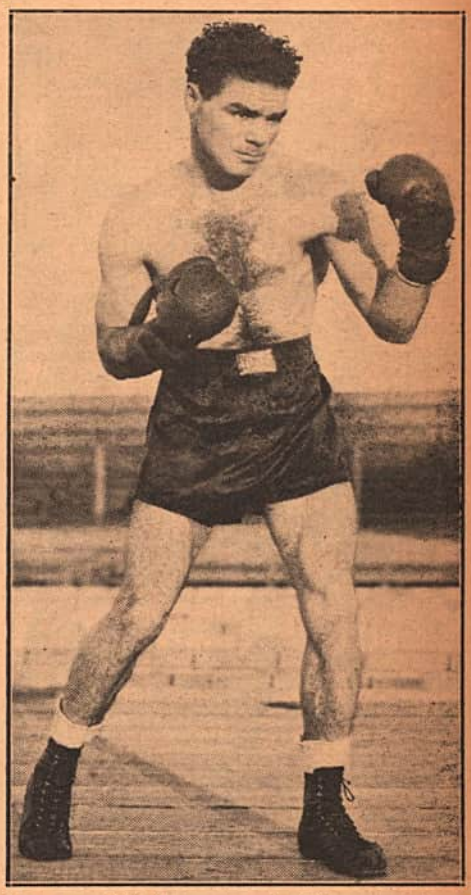
Furr was born in Alexandria, Va., on April 2, 1913. His mother died when he was six. He left public school when he was 14 and became an exercise boy for E. B. McLean, traveling around the country and working at the various race tracks. Later, he became a jockey and galloped around the home stretch, a winner, on many occasions. Phil left the turf three years later and went to work with his father—learning the plastering trade—and worked at it until 1930.

"I joined the army then," related Phil with a pleasant smile, while his trainer—Frankie Doyle—was rubbing him down, "and went to Panama. There, because I successfully competed in several boxing bouts on board ship, I was detailed to box at the various army tournaments. Till the shipboard bouts, I'd never boxed before—or had any desire to do so. Anyway, I learned fast and managed to win the army welterweight title for three consecutive years, and the South Atlantic title for two years."

When discharged from the army in 1933, tragedy handed Phil his worst knockout blow. His father was killed in an automobile accident. After a period of grief, the young ex-soldier turned pro. He won nine preliminary bouts before he was given a main event, which he won from Frankie Petrolle in ten rounds. Phil has had some 200 ring battles.

"I reckon I fought practically every welter—and a good number of middleweights—of note," said Furr, while getting into his clothes in Stillman's Gymnasium where he was training. "Barney Ross, Ceferino Garcia, Henry Armstrong and Fritzie Zivic—four great world's champions. Then, there's Izzy Jannazzo and Georgie Abrams—the best middleweight in the world today, and now my stablemate — Jimmy Leto, Mike Frattini, Wildcat O'Conner, Saverio Turiello, Harry Dublinsky, Ralph Zanelli. That's just mentioning a few. I have lost a number of fights—yes. I have been stopped —sure. But I have never been counted out," concluded Phil proudly.

In 1938, after 13 straight victories, Phil got the flu. Now he is back in the role of a contender.



Norman Rubio, rugged Albany welterweight.

* * *

NORMAN RUBIO

WHEN the rugged, hard punching Cal Cagni was declared the winner over Norman Rubio a few months ago in Madison Square Garden, there was considerable discontent with the verdict. Booing and hissing greeted the decision. Since the Cagni fight he beat Primo Flores, lost to Red Cochrane, beat Al Smith and fought him a draw, knocked out Paul Cortlyn in seven, defeated Al Roth. Last year he split two decisions with Cochrane.

Born on May 30, 1916, in Arecibo, Puerto Rico, of Spanish parents, Norman and his family came to Albany, N. Y., when he was five. He started to shift for himself even while attending public school, working as a caddie. After two years of high school, Rubio went to work as a messenger boy. He was 16 then. Then followed various other jobs, such as selling newspapers, working as pin boy in bowling alley, and working with a construction gang.

Norman joined the C.C.C. camp a year later, where he took up boxing and subsequently won the lightweight and welterweight titles of the camp. Later still, he boxed as an amateur in about 150 bouts.

Rubio, a powerfully built young man of 143 pounds, turned pro a year ago under the management of George Winn and has been a successful campaigner in that rank, having won 22 out of 25 bouts. Among his victims are Red Cochrane, Mike Piskin, Paul Cortlyn, Primo Flores, Doug Marsh and Aaron (Al) Smith. Norman is a rugged and aggressive battler—and a fearless one. He spends no time at all in posing or fencing.

His speedy style and fast punching make him a great attraction; so great an attraction, in fact, that Winn is forced to turn down good offers for Norman's services from the various clubs around the country.

The Art of Training

By TED CARROLL

BOXING fans, critics and writers are agreed that the main reason for the scarcity of genuinely clever boxers and straight, hard, decisive punchers in the ring today can be found in the difference in methods of training and instruction between the fighters of today and years ago. Whereas trainers and teachers of the old school instilled the finer points of the art of boxing and keeping in proper condition into their charges by dint of long, rigorous hours of practice, this does not seem to be the case today. Young pugilists of the present era can't get through their conditioning chores quick enough before making a beeline to the nearest movie. In many cases those entrusted to the job of preparing them for the task at hand, are all too frequently lacking in the background necessary for readying a youngster for the arduous business of professional boxing.

The right education in the particular field is all important. This explains why Billy Conn and Joe Louis are so outstanding. It can hardly be called an accident that the handsome Pittsburgher is rated the cleverest boxer in the ring today. Billy was well schooled in the finer points of the art by Johnny Ray, who himself was one of the best defensive fighters in the lightweight class. Fortunately, unlike many other ex-boxers, Ray has been capable of imparting his knowledge to his protege.

The same thing goes for Louis. Jack Blackburn, one of the greatest boxers, turned in a masterful job in moulding the crude ex-Ford factory worker into the fistic marvel he is today.

* * *

THE success of these two eminent men throws into bold relief the importance of proper training and instruction to a young boxer. Every now and then pugilistic sages voice loud laments at the disappearance of the art of scientific boxing. They point fingers of scorn at the back pedalling, hugging, floundering, slipshod antics of many of our present day pugs, blaming the sad state of affairs on the lack of capable interpreters of the art of real boxing among the handlers of the lads. Of course, most of these critics concede that there are men around today as competent as any of the old boxing tutors of old, but sadly aver that they form a small minority.

"I go over to Paterson to look over a young kid a friend of mine tips me off to," groans one of the old line fight managers, "and what'd'ya think I find. The barber who cuts the kid's hair is his manager and trainer. He's a pal of the kid's old man, gives the family free haircuts, likes to go to fights, so that makes him an expert handler, and there he is showing the kid just how it should be done! What can you do with that sort of thing going on! Today everybody who ever saw a fight, figures he can teach a kid boxing. Shoemakers, plumbers, waiters—they're all training fighters. Years ago that sort of thing never could happen."

"You're right!" sadly intoned Clarence Gillespie, "and what makes it worse, besides knowing so little about the business, those kind of guys give the kids too much leeway and baby them too much. How do you expect a fighter to develop his legs and wind when he's riding around in cars almost as soon as he can walk, like Pat Comiskey for instance! Where do you think the oldtimers got the stamina to go those long distances? Not parked in a roadster, I can tell you."

* * *

SO runs the course of conversation whenever boxing veterans discourse on the changes time has wrought in the game. In light of present day conditions in the ring game, it must be admitted that their complaints are plenty sound, and bear examination. There is little doubt that on the average fighters of yore received the benefit of instruction and conditioning superior to that dealt out to present day boxers. This is proved by the obvious decline in the number of really clever boxers and straight hard hitters in the ring today. Today the youngsters who take up boxing as a profession do everything except learn the art of hitting from the shoulder and with force. They learn how to clinch, hug, wrestle and shove, and they do all these things in the ring to the chagrin of the onlookers. The blows of a majority of the younger element are restricted to swings, slaps and pushes, and rarely is a punch delivered that has any force or weight behind it. These boxers have no future so far as winning a title is concerned, and they seldom get beyond the "preliminary" stage of the boxing business.

The reason for the lack of accurate, forceful hitting on the part of a majority of the preliminary boxers is that the unfortunate youngsters are thrown into the ring and compelled to fight without instruction even in the rudiments of the art of boxing. If any of them manage to survive the preliminary stage of their career it is because they possess remarkable vitality and courage. Yet they seldom reach the top rung of the pugilistic ladder.

Years ago boxers were handled by men whose lives had been spent mastering the rudiments of the trade. They knew little else and were real specialists in their field. Men like Prof. Mike Donovan, father of the famed referee, Arthur, for example, devoted a lifetime to the study of boxing and their complete command of the sport showed in the work of their pupils.

The noted Australian, Dan Hickey, is still recognized as one of the greatest of all, as a teacher and conditioner. His trick of transforming muscle bound Paul Berlenbach from a left handed wrestler into a world's champion boxer in the light-heavyweight division, has never been duplicated. For years it had been axiomatic that a wrestler could never be changed over to a fighter of ability. Hickey not only did this but he guided the plodding, stolid Berlenbach to a world's title. Hickey might have done the same with either or both of the Fullams, Dick and Frank, now a referee, as both had more potential ability than Paul, but the ambitions of both brothers lay in other directions and neither took the ring game seriously enough.

* * *

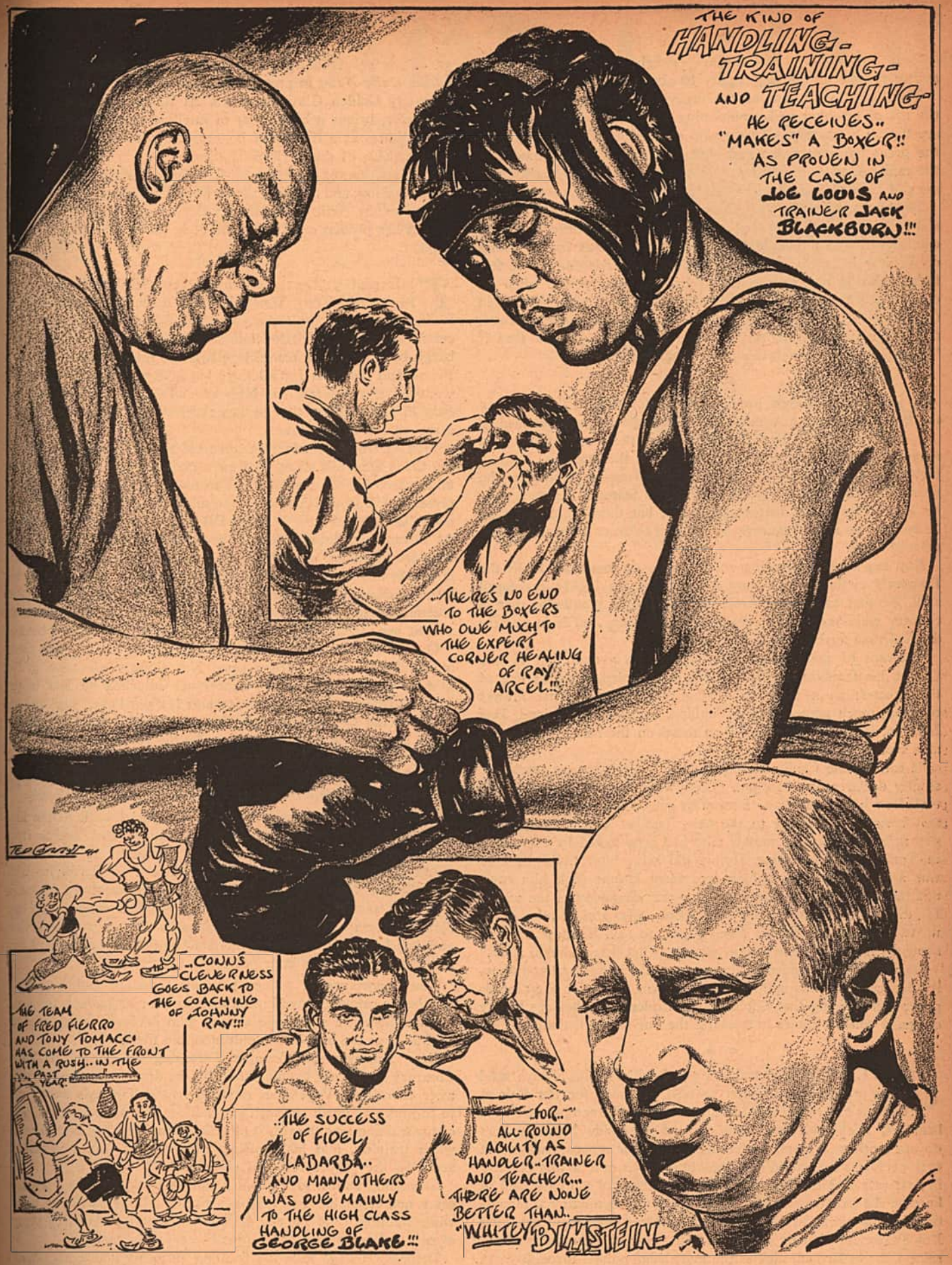
HARDEST boiled and strictest of all the old line trainers and conditioners was the late William Muldoon, for many years head of the New York Boxing Commission. Modern boxers would have been amazed at the iron tactics of the Iron Duke, as this one time Greco-Roman wrestling king was nicknamed. Muldoon wasn't averse to enforcing his dictates with a baseball bat, oldtimers tell us, and he was the only man alive who could make roistering old John L. Sullivan behave himself and get down to business.

More than a half century ago, Spider Kelly out in San Francisco built up a world-wide reputation for his ability at turning out well conditioned, well schooled boxers.

Although in recent years George Blake of California has concentrated his efforts on refereeing, Blake was for many years recognized as one of the greatest teachers and trainers of boxers in the country. Quiet, reserved and gentlemanly, Blake served in army camps during the last war with distinction and gained high praise for his work as a physical director and boxing instructor for the lads in khaki. Following the war, he took Fidel La Barba off a California high school campus, through a career that saw the curly-haired coast boy crowned first Olympic flyweight champion and then world's champion in the same division.

Frank "Doc" Bagley combined the jobs of managing, teaching and conditioning to a rare degree. This west side New Yorker became famous for his dexterous work in the corners. As a patcher up of battered gladiators, the Doc has had no superiors, and of modern day handlers only that deft corner-surgeon, Ray Arcel, compares with him.

George Engel was another of the old line conditioners who had mastered his trade, and Doc Robb, who is still active today, was one of the best, still is, in fact. Over in Stillman's and the Pioneer Clubs, where all the star boxers train when in New York City, you'll find some of America's best trainers handling the boys.



RING students insist one of the greatest teachers of boxing, a man whose proteges always bore an indelible stamp, was the great Mike Gibbons. Although his fame as a fighter overshadows his reputation as an instructor, the St. Paul Phantom founded a style of boxing that proved a treat for ring connoisseurs. The feinting style of boxing attempted by Lee Savold, in recent months, and developed to a high degree by Jock Malone, Tom Gibbons, and, of course, Mike himself, has become known as the St. Paul style, because Mike hailed from there, and tutored the pugilistic products of the Minnesota city in that style of

milling. Joe Welling was another ex-fighter who possessed the ability to pass on his ring ability to others.

These are but a few of the many outstanding exponents of the art of teaching and conditioning pugilists of the past. They are typical of the type of men who coached and handled most of the great fighters of the past. Let it not be misunderstood that the ranks of trainers and teachers of today are totally lacking in men of high ability and knowledge in their field.

Blackburn, of course, who is very much a part of the modern scene, is one of the greatest of them all as a teacher or body conditioner. No pugilistic trainer past or present has anything on Whitey Bimstein. This likable New Yorker is one of the few today who is readily recognized by the fight public when he climbs into a corner. The customers know that with Whitey in there, they can't miss seeing a well trained, competent boxer, and throughout the fight world it's taken for granted that if "Whitey has him," everything will be all right.

* * *

NO one, not even previously mentioned Doc Bagley, ever doctored a wounded eye as expertly as does widely publicized Ray Arcel. Arcel is the closest thing to a surgeon working over a battered charge in the business. He is a picture of smooth efficiency and expertness under pressure as he goes about the task of repairing damaged features. As time goes by Ray seems to get better and better, but then again this may be because he is so frequently in the other corner when Joe Louis goes to work.

Ray has done his healing routine over no less than 10 of the Bomber's victims which may account for his highly developed skill. Be that as it may, Arcel has built up a reputation that is country wide as a conditioner and corner man, and is in greater demand than anybody in the business.

Veterans of the boxing game concede to a man that Hymie Caplin, his troubles of the moment disregarded, rates as one of the greatest as a tutor of boxing and training. That always obliging, much quoted sage of fistiana, our unfailing friend, Dan Morgan, is even more vocal than usual on the subject of Hymie as a boxing Svengali.

"I call Hymie Caplin the best of the modern boxing teachers," stoutly declares Mr. Morgan. "Look what the guy has done. He took Ben Jeby, who never figured to get out of the preliminaries, and brought him along to the title. Jenkins was nothing but a guy fighting for eating money who had been licked by everybody in Texas, and look what Hymie did with him. Solly Krieger was a grandfather, as fighters go, when Hymie took him over, and the first thing you know the guy was champion of the world. He did the same thing with Lou Salica, who looked all washed up two years ago. Hymie always used to say, 'I know what to show my fighters.' I don't know what it is but it must be all right."

Dan's audience nodded ready assent to the words of the authority, indeed there was nothing else for them to do, for the records prove convincingly that Caplin is one modern who belongs in any company when it comes to teaching the fine art of fisticuffs.

* * *

CONTEMPORARY trainers and handlers who always send their proteges into action as well prepared for the task at hand as any of the old time standouts are the competent Florio brothers, Nick and Dan. This pair of west side New Yorkers do not work as a team, preferring to go their separate ways, but each performs the varied and important duties of a boxing handler in first rate fashion. Izzy Klein, who has the not too easy task of keeping the irrepressible Maxie Baer in line, has a national reputation for his work. Freddy Brown goes about his job of readying Bob Pastor for his ring endeavors with great efficiency. His namesake, Charles Brown, applies the knowledge gained through years of keen study of the game to the training of fighters with fine results.

One of the outstanding teachers of defensive boxing in the country is ex-New York City fireman, Jess Harrington, who doubles in brass between his professional duties and coaching the eastern Golden Gloves team. Young Otto is another highly regarded tutor of boxing, whose services are always called upon by the *Daily News* in preparing the amateur warriors for the big inter-city Golden Gloves matches. Al Ramo, one time Y.M.C.A. instructor, brings a high order of intelligence to the performance of his duties as a trainer of boxers. Larry Amadee is one of the most capable of the modern handlers.

Still another ex-fighter who has shown much aptitude at the job of training and teaching young boxers for many years is former featherweight Artie Rose. Harry Gordon one time star bantamweight has proven equally successful in his new field of pugilistic handler.

* * *

THE past year saw the highly regarded team of Freddy Fierro and Tony Tomacci forge to the front ranks in their calling. This pair number a pair of champions among their successful charges, in Fritzie Zivic and Billy Conn, since both Pittsburgh boys turn over complete charge of their training chores to Fierro and Tomacci for all their big bouts. Tomacci, gassed and wounded war veteran, has been around for some time, but it is only in recent years that he has received the recognition he has deserved for a long time.

Frankie Doyle, to whom is entrusted the unending task of keeping Chris Dundee's string of always busy fighters in fighting trim, takes care of this formidable job in fine style. Rotund Eddie Ross gives Red Burman A-No. 1 care and attention. Willie Ketchum does the same for Lew Jenkins. Fat Benny Greenfield, Red Kelly, Al Silvani and Johnny Russell are a trio of capables who know what it's all about. Al Weill, an astute gent where anything at all is concerned, has had little Charley Goldman take care of his large stable of hired hands for years, and that alone is high recommendation for this diminutive former Brooklyn bantamweight ace. Jack Moore is a highly regarded student of boxing.

One of the big reasons for the high quality of the fight cards at Madison Square Garden since Nat Rogers' elevation to the post of matchmaker is the importance attached by Nat to the fighters' trainer. "If I know the trainer is a good one," says Rogers, "I know the fighter will come into the ring in the best possible shape and a good fight is bound to be the result."

The correctness of Nat's theory has been well demonstrated since Rogers took over. His supporting cards have been winning consistent praise from the most critical since his first offering.

Tony Marteliano's rapid rise can be traced back to the top-notch tutelage of ex-featherweight Joe Carter, who, hailing from Tony's neighborhood, took the squat youngster in hand at the outset of his amateur career and has done a wonderful job with him. George Gainford and Bill Miller have performed a similar feat with sensational Ray Robinson, who has carried over the dynamic feats of his simon-pure days to his pro attempts. This pair has been with Ray since his start and their handling of this brilliant prospect has been perfect.

The importance of proper handling, training and instruction to a boxer cannot be overestimated, and the ring game is fortunate in that there are still those around who perform these duties as well as even the best of the oldtimers did them.

Gene Tunney set an example of training sensibly and seriously. Contrary to the old training theories, he drank quantities of milk after exercising. Vegetables replaced meats. Tunney's theory was to conserve as much strength as possible. The most beneficial part of his training was the rest it afforded him. He knew how to relax when training, and his schedule of exercises was a means of attaining the proper rest and relaxation.

Schmeling took a leaf out of Tunney's book. He was a sensible eater, and vegetables and milk constituted a large part of his menu while training. Like Tunney, he relaxed at golf, and he took plenty of rest and got plenty of sleep to conserve his energy.

Dempsey always took his training seriously and worked hard, sometimes too hard. He did most of his hard work when the crowd wasn't around. Carpentier surrounded his training with mystery. He talked about how much training he did, but no one saw it at Manhasset. Harry Greb did no training at all to speak of at their camps. Trainer Muldoon had to work harder to make John L. train than John L. worked in the ring against his opponents.

FIRESIDE CHAT

By ROBERT EDGREN

IT'S hard to find a man who would put up a great fight with Joe Louis yet boxing is doing pretty well. Why? Because the lower divisions are furnishing plenty of good material. Boxing is a tough game to gauge. Even the best of promoters often guess wrong.

Back in 1917, when the law permitting boxing was killed in New York, Bugs Baer wrote:

"Bringing boxing back to New York will be just as easy as teaching a boneless herring to swim again."

Boneless herring are still unable to swim but boxing has been back for years, and aims to stay longer than an Alaskan night watchman in winter time.

Tex Rickard, shrewdest of all promoters, was fooled, too.

After he handled the Dempsey-Willard championship fight at Toledo, he was very disappointed.

"I felt sure this thing would draw over a million dollars," he said. "If anyone had told me it would draw less than $500,000, I'd have thought he was crazy. This is the last time I'll ever take such a chance. Right up to the day of the fight, anything might have happened to prevent it, and then I would have been in the hole for a couple of hundred thousand dollars.

"I expected to sell every seat in the arena. The early sale was so big, we changed the plans and built bigger. Those extra seats were empty. I don't know why the sale dropped off near the fight date. You can't figure these things, and I'll never take a chance like that again. I'm through with these big ones."

* * *

YES, that's what Tex said. I'm quoting from a newspaper dated October 18, 1919. He was through with the big ones. He further offered the opinion that the gate receipts of that fight—$127,500, were likely to remain a world's record.

He didn't foresee—and who could have—any title bout in Chicago for which Tunney would be paid $990,445, and Dempsey $425,000! He didn't have any idea that a $2,658,660 gate like that was on the way, or that the same two men would draw $1,895,733 in Philadelphia, or that Dempsey would draw over a million dollars each with Carpentier, Firpo, and Sharkey!

If a promoter as smart as Tex couldn't see those things coming, who could? Maybe there won't be any doldrums in boxing after another two years. There have been some signs that inflation is coming, and if it does, the gate receipts and purses will go far out of sight of anything ever earned by heavyweights in the past. It's not a bad idea to leave a few pages in the record book blank, just in case.

* * *

WHATEVER happens from the money angle, there's another slant which should produce a good heavyweight challenger. That's the fun of the thing. Somebody once said that golf professionals were the greatest amateurs in the world; that it cost most of them more to go to the tournaments than they made out of it. They like the sport they're in. And so do the greatest fighters.

You don't often hear them talk about it. But sometimes they will. There was Johnny Dundee. He made an amazing record, piling up victories long after the average scrapper would have retired.

Why? Money?

"No," Johnny said, as he was near the finish of his career. "It isn't the money. I love fighting. It's the greatest sport in the world. Other people play golf for fun, don't they? Why shouldn't I fight for fun? There's a thrill in it I'll never get from anything else. The happiest moment in my life is when the first bell rings and I can hop right out into a good fight. A fight has everything else in the world beaten for excitement.

"I never feel better than when I'm training hard, going to bed early, eating little, getting lots of exercise. When I loaf around town, eat a lot, go to shows, and don't train, I feel rotten. I suppose that's the way any fellow feels who doesn't keep fit, but it doesn't suit me to live that sort of life.

"Fighting didn't affect me; I got hit hard, but I didn't feel any after effects. I did feel slower as I got older, but that was natural. I had mustered up far more endurance, though."

* * *

THUMB back through the list of champions and recall the ones who really liked to fight.

One who loved battle was Bob Fitzsimmons. He lived only for fighting. Fitz never was a great money-maker. It wouldn't take a great deal of money to pull him into the game if he were a young fellow today. Being craftier than his opponents, was life's greatest sport for Bob. He spent all his spare time thinking about fighting; he got so foxy it was all but impossible to out-think him in the ring.

Another who enjoyed a good scrap was Jack Dempsey.

"You should have seen me," Jack says, "when I was a tough kid working on the railroad gangs—lean, strong, and hungry. That's when I *could* fight!"

There was never any doubt that John L. Sullivan liked to fight. His conqueror, Jim Corbett, was tremendously proud of his skill. It nearly killed him when Fitzsimmons, a middleweight, beat him at Carson City for the heavyweight crown.

Jeffries was silent and uncommunicative, but talking with him now, you get the impression that he enjoyed fighting and worked tremendously hard to be a winner.

Jeff would probably have been a champion in other kinds of athletics, because he was extremely fast afoot, very confident, one of the strongest men in the world, and possessed of a temperament that made him work like a beaver to keep from being surpassed.

* * *

IF you had a man like that coming along now, he'd put an end to the heavyweight doldrums, and quickly.

There was a time when Jeff fought a gang of toughs at the ringside to protect a referee. There wasn't any money in it, but it was a great fight.

Referee Charley Eyton had just given the decision against Frankie Neil. As he raised Abe Attell's hand, he heard Pop Neil let out a yell. A bunch of race-track gamblers who had backed Neil heavily made a rush for Eyton.

To see it through Charley's eyes: "They began to shove me around and I knew it would be a matter of moments when I'd be down under that mob and lucky to come out with nothing worse than a bad beating.

"Somebody started punching, and I heard a commotion as a great big fellow started through the gang. It was Jim Jeffries. He had been sitting at the ringside and was coming to me through the mob—grabbing the guys by *(Continued on page 43)*

BATTLE THRILLS of Walker Law Era

Dempsey-Firpo Fray Registers As Tops in Nerve-Shaking Fistic Scenes That Drove Frenzied Fight Fans Into Deafening Demonstrations of Mad Enthusiasm

By "THE RING" EDITOR

(This is the fourth of a series commemorating the twentieth anniversary of the Walker Law)

THE coming of the Walker Law in 1920 marked the beginning of a prosperous epoch in professional boxing, the importance of which cannot be overestimated by fistic historians. Although there was no lack of colorful performers, such as Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion by virtue of kayoing Willard in the previous year, Gene Tunney, Harry Greb, Benny Leonard, Jack Britton, Mickey Walker—only to mention a few pugilistic lights either in full glow, or commencing to shine upon the horizon—yet the game itself could not honestly have been given first-class rating from the commercial or straight sport viewpoint.

Nothing surprising about that, when one considers the unsavory influences with which the boxing atmosphere had reeked for years. There were the scandals attendant upon the demise of the Horton Law, first attempt to govern ring affairs judicially; the in-and-out, fly-by-night experiments conducted along "club membership" lines; the unsatisfactory Frawley Law, cursed by the detestable "no decision" clause, and finally repealed for odorous offenses similar to those which provoked punitive legislative action in Horton days.

A strong legal purgative was needed to get rid of undesirable promoters, crooked managers and scrappers of shady reputations, and it was here that the Walker Law scored heavily. This reformation was accomplished so far as any human agency could be expected to do, and it is certain that boxing was thereby established on a higher level of respectability than it ever attained before, a plane on which it was destined to remain permanently.

* * *

GLANCE over old records and you will realize that New York has always, in a sense, been the nation's nerve center as regards the decline or rise of boxing as public entertainment. When the game flourished in Gotham, it awoke to new life and vigor in key cities of the U. S. A. When it hit the down-grade in the Empire State, there was a corresponding below-par movement in other sport Meccas.

So it followed that once the Walker Law got into active operation, the effect was noticeable clean across the continent. First one and then another state proceeded to enact legislation in imitation of the Empire State brand. There were differences, but on the whole, the Walker measure may be said to have been model for all. And, of course, in every case a boxing commission was appointed to administer the law.

Even conservative England, so "sot in her ways," took a leaf out of the Walker book. No legislation permitting boxing was necessary there, but the Britons were quick to see the advantages resulting from a Board of Control, and put a boxing commission in command.

British colonies followed suit, as did far away Australia, New Zealand and the Dominion of Canada. On the European continent, Germany, France, Italy, Belgium and the Scandinavian countries fell into line in a rush to establish governing bodies. THE RING Editor was instrumental in getting such measures passed in this country and many foreign countries which he visited.

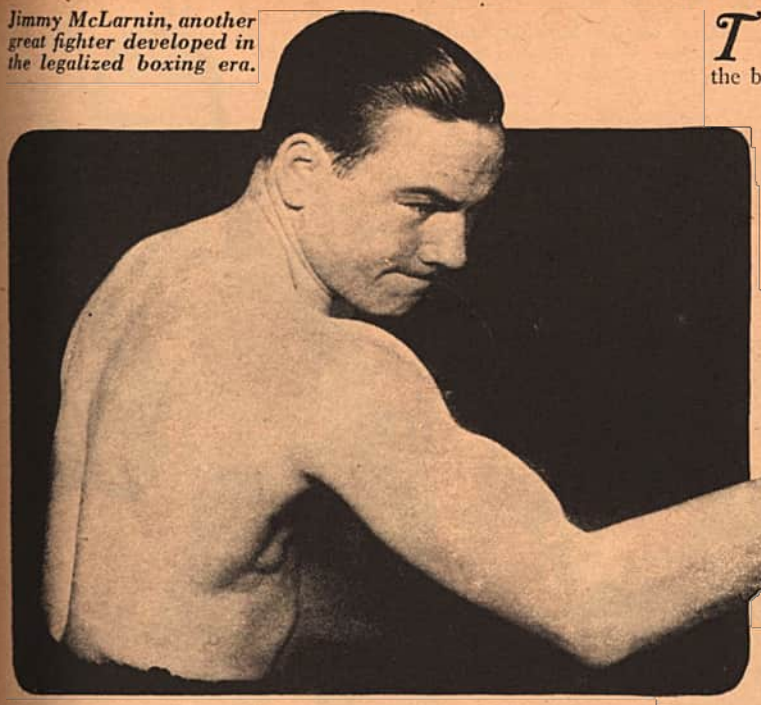
Luis Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas, who knocked Dempsey over the ropes.

Little old N'Yawk's prescription had assuredly worked like a charm. There was a remarkable influx of foreign boxers when the Walker Law got going, for never before had the Filipinos, South Americans and European leather-pushers found such a generous market for their wares.

This was the period when Tex Rickard towered head and shoulders over all competitors as the master athletic showman. In company with Jack Kearns and Jack Dempsey, the resourceful Tex was destined to break all past fistic box office records by listing for all the world to see, the stupendous financial novelty of the Million Dollar Gate!

That was when he pitted Georges Carpentier of France against Dempsey at Jersey City, July 2, 1921, and netted a gross of $1,626,580. Dempsey again topped the million mark when he successfully defended his title by a two-round kayo of Luis Firpo at the Polo Grounds, New York, on September 14, 1923, the receipts on this occasion being $1,188,822.

It has always been the writer's contention that there were more vivid, nerve-racking thrills crowded into that short Dempsey-Firpo slugging session than in any other battle staged from the start of the Walker Law regime right up to the present time. That may sound like a pretty sweeping assertion, but it's an opinion shared



Jimmy McLarnin, another great fighter developed in the legalized boxing era.

by many prominent critics. In my book, "Jack Dempsey, Idol of Fistiana," I comment as follows:

"One of the fastest, fiercest, most spectacular battles for the heavyweight crown . . . . That Dempsey retained the title was due to the excitement of Referee Gallagher and the failure of Luis Firpo to have among his seconds one well versed in the Queensberry rules.

"Like the fight between Willard and the Giant Killer, the battle was one in which knockdowns aplenty thrilled the gathering of 85,000 persons, but the most sensational part of the entire mill, which lasted only three minutes and 57 seconds of actual fighting, was that in which Dempsey was knocked through the ropes into the waiting hands of a friendly press.

"The champion floored Firpo seven times in the first round and twice in the second before Luis was counted out. A short right uppercut to the jaw ended the contest. But in those three minutes and fifty-seven seconds of warfare, there was crowded more action than is ordinarily seen in fifteen rounds of a championship bout.

"In those three minutes and fifty-seven seconds of whirlwind, terrific milling, Dempsey was knocked once clear through the ropes, out of the ring, where, if it had not been for the friendly hands of newspapermen, he would have remained until too late to resume the bout. And a second time, Dempsey went down to his knees just before Firpo received the finishing blow.

"In that short space of less than two rounds, however, Firpo gave as marvelous an exhibition of gameness as was ever seen in a ring. Battered and bloody, groggy from a terrific bombardment of lefts and rights, Firpo showed a fighting heart by coming back with a whirlwind attack of crushing drives that all but had Dempsey out in the opening session. Dempsey was tottering closer to losing the championship than in any other battle he had ever engaged in, other than the one in Philadelphia where he lost his crown.

"The contest was the most dramatic in the history of the heavyweight division. It eclipsed the terrific fray in Toledo in which Dempsey tore the laurels from the head of Jess Willard. It even surpassed in excitement the knockdown of Gene Tunney by Dempsey in their second contest in Chicago. The vast throng at the Dempsey-Firpo affair was treated that day to an elemental, gripping, nerve-shaking battle between two great lion-hearted men to whom the infinitive 'to quit' had no meaning!"

Most boxing writers call that fight the most thrilling heavyweight championship contest of the glove era.

TURNING from ring giants to the little chaps, one of the standout thrillers of the Walker Law era was unquestionably the battle for the world's flyweight title between Filipino Pancho Villa and England's great boxer, Jimmy Wilde, in New York, June, 1923. Villa was then at his best, Wilde was nearly thirty, had been fighting for twenty-one years, and was past his peak of efficiency.

Nevertheless the plucky Briton won the hearts of all present by the splendid fury and determination with which he stood to his guns. It was hurricane work all the way through. Wilde, dropped in the second frame by a vicious body punch, was badly punished in the third, yet fought back like a demon. It was a mill that had everyone present tense with expectation. Wilde weakened finally, but valiantly stood his ground, up to the seventh round, when Referee Patsy Haley mercifully called a halt.

No one who saw the fifteen-round contest at the Polo Grounds, New York, between Mickey Walker, then king of the welters, and Harry Greb, middleweight title-holder, would deny that bout a place in the big-thrill category. Mickey went out of his class in that one, and Greb carried too heavy guns for him.

But what a whoopee, grueling go it was! The spectators were on their toes throughout the whole breathless, hard-driving encounter. They fought like two wildcats, dragging down the referee a couple of times as he tussled to break them, and that unfortunate official left the ring at the close of the battle with a limping leg, twisted in the second fall.

Walker, a dangerous hitter at a distance, wasn't given the chances he would have liked to land at long range. Greb quickly took the fight to close quarters, where he used his seven pounds advantage in weight to good effect. Walker lost the decision, but his reputation didn't suffer.

In passing, it might be mentioned that later that night, erratic Harry and the no less responsible Mickey met outside a cafe, had a battle of words, and were about to mix matters, when a cop interfered and threatened to belt them both out with his locust club. They told him who they were, but he wasn't interested, said they were liars anyhow, and chased them off his beat. You wouldn't catch a pair of champions indulging in that kind of foolishness nowadays!

That shock-punching welter, Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express, figured in two honest-to-goodness thrillers when he confounded

Billy Petrolle, one of the Walker Law era fighters whose hair-raising fights made ring history.

Max Schmeling, who figured in many famous bouts in New York.

Harry Greb, whose fight with Mickey Walker was one of the sensational variety.

Mickey Walker, the hero of many thrilling Walker Law contests.

the critics and sure-thing betting men by conquering in 1930 the great Jimmy McLarnin, and Justo Suarez, a South American of tremendous walloping powers, in the following year. In each case, Petrolle was picked as a loser, by the experts, and yet the underdog came out on top.

McLarnin, famous for his devastating punch and scientific skill, was twice floored in the fourth round for nine-counts. Jimmy was badly hurt, his face a crimson mask, as Petrolle drove him across the ring under a storm of withering blows. On two occasions, Referee Patsy Haley asked McLarnin if he would stop the carnage. Haley, an old warhorse, had been through that sort of thing himself, and knew how it felt. But McLarnin, invincibly game, shook his head in protest at Patsy's suggestion, and carried on.

The house was in a turmoil of excitement as the kill seemed in sight. But it never came, for the end of the tenth frame found McLarnin still on his feet, beaten, but certainly not disgraced. In two later bouts, McLarnin turned the tables on Billy, but neither of these combats approached the initial encounter in point of hard-fighting glamour.

Petrolle kayoed Suarez in nine rounds. Justo could hit like a kicking mule, and the wise guys figured Petrolle as washed up. But what happened? Petrolle had the lad from the Pampas twice on the canvas before the first frame was a minute old. Justo was put down by a flush hit of a left hook on the jaw, and got up only to flop again under a short one to the button.

Suarez made a wonderful comeback in the second and rocked Petrolle with rights and lefts. But the cagy veteran pounded away at the stomach with short lefts, alternating with hooks to the jaw, and wore Justo down. In the ninth, Billy staggered him with a left to the chin. A sizzling right swing on the jaw followed, and it was curtains for Suarez!

* * *

IT was Jimmy McLarnin's peculiar luck to furnish the fans with a stinging, right-to-the-spot thrill tonic on two separate occasions by playing a loser role. One was his losing battle with Petrolle, already referred to, and again when world's lightweight champion Tony Canzoneri took a ten-round decision over him at Madison Square Garden on May 8, 1936.

The big thrill came in because Canzoneri was within an ace of taking the full count in the opening round, when Jimmy tagged him with a left and right to the jaw. But Tony, who was spotting his foe six and one-half pounds, shook off the effects of the punches, and did a marvelous comeback. For eight rounds McLarnin took an awful hammering, was floored and almost knocked cold in the second, but stood the gaff like a bulldog. Jimmy was holding on desperately in the final session, but managed to last to the bell. A few months later McLarnin reversed the decision, taking a verdict over Tony. This was a good scrap, but as in the case with Petrolle, the bout which McLarnin lost was the boss-thriller!

There were thrills galore in the light-heavyweight championship title battle at Ebbetts Field, Brooklyn, on July 16, 1926, when Jack Delaney ousted Paul Berlenbach from the throne. It went fifteen rounds to a decision in Delaney's favor, and was particularly exciting because of the determined stand made by Berlenbach against his sharpshooting opponent. Paul took only the third, ninth and tenth rounds. In all other sessions Delaney scored, but try as he might, couldn't knock Berlenbach out.

Time and again Paul swayed to and fro like a ship in a gale, but he was still there and fighting at the finish. It was the sort of mill that keeps spectators on the razor-edge of keen suspense, wondering what's going to happen next, and whether one unexpected punch by the stolid Berlenbach might not turn the tide of victory, after all!

(Continued on page 46)

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

YOU may be interested in the enclosed snapshot, taken somewhere in England, but too small to be reproduced by you, I believe. It shows Benny Tait, former welterweight champion of Western Canada and younger brother of the late Clonie Tait, Canadian lightweight champion, and the magazine he is so happily reading is THE RING. Benny writes:

"If you look closely you will see I am holding THE RING which I just received from you. It is the only magazine of its kind in the world and I can't get it here just now. As you know, I haven't missed a copy for about 20 years now and thanks to you and the British Navy, I am still getting it!

"Please write to Nat Fleischer, RING Editor, and tell him how much we in the British service enjoy the copies of THE RING that are being sent to us. One copy gets into the hands of 500 soldiers who absorb every word, and then the arguments begin. Until recently we were able to get THE RING readily, but now the importation seems to be limited."

There you are, Nat. See how happy you and your staff are making boys who are fighting for the freedom of the world. THE RING is the soldier's blessing. We all know that, even up here in Edmonton. Benny Tait left here with the Edmonton Regiment and is now a member of the famous Canadian "Reckies," the high speed Reconnaissance Squadron developed by Gen. McNaughton, Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian Army Overseas.

The "Reckies" are mounted on motorcycles, each machine carrying three men—driver, observer and gunner. Each man must be fully qualified for each position. Benny further writes:

"My favorite position is gunner, because it gives me a chance to get even for the many terrible wrongs committed on the women and children of England. We don't mind when the Nazis shoot at us, but when they drop their load of bombs on hospitals, schools and homes in obscure sections where women and children are buried without a chance for the life, that gets us, and the 'Reckies' hand them the pay-off."

Well, Benny may miss a copy of THE RING and his pals may not get a copy or two, but rest assured, Nat, that we will continue to ship THE RING to the boys across the Big Pond. I have great pleasure in wishing you and your staff good health and happiness and continued success. Keep serving boxing.

IDA M. TAIT GRIFFIN,
Sister of Benny and Clonie Tait,
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

* * *

I HAVE been a constant reader of THE RING for many years and consistent admirer of its contents. But the magazine never contained anything which gave me greater pleasure than your straightforward, sledge-hammer reply to the communication from the self-avowed Nazi, August Schmittner.

As you pointed out, it is inside traitors of this caliber who are a lurking danger to this glorious Republic. His condemnation of THE RING policy is, of course, a commendation in the eyes of all true Americans. For every reader you may lose as a result of Herr Schmittner's attempt to rally the Hitler forces for a Fleischer blitzkrieg, THE RING will gain a hundred ready to demonstrate their loyalty to Uncle Sam.

You have rendered a patriotic service to your country by turning the spotlight of publicity on this creature, who like all of his kind, operates under cover, stabs in the dark, and is afraid to fight in the open. The best of luck to you as a fearless editor and good citizen.

Yours sincerely,
L. GEORGE DESMOND,
New Orleans, La.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. If you have a letter of general interest, send it along and we will publish it under your name in "Letters from Our Readers." Don't hesitate. Write now.

I HAVE just received the January copy of THE RING and it is quite up to the usual standard.

Your American boxing fans, on the whole, are queer folk. When a champ is good, you are always so busy looking for someone to lick him that you have no time to give him any credit, but when he is no longer champion, you say he was the best ever. I lived in Brooklyn years ago when Jack Dempsey was in his prime and far from being a popular champ. I saw one of his fights in Madison Square with Bill Brennan, and by the cheering for Brennan, one would have imagined he was the champion, and not Jack.

To my mind the only way to judge the worth of a champion is by his record, and by this standard Joe Louis stands out all on his own. A worthy champion, both in the ring and out of it. After all, apart from Jess Willard, whom did Jack Dempsey lick that would have lasted half a dozen rounds with the present champion. True, he whipped Carpentier, but the Frenchman never had a hope of winning, and should never have been given the chance at the title.

I had to smile when reading the Daniel M. Daniel article wherein he mentions the Louis-Godoy first fight, and that the Chilean's supporters felt justified that their man had been bilked. Having seen the film of that particular fight, well I reckon if Arturo's supporters are of that opinion they must all be blind. In a British ring Godoy would have been warned and then if a second warning had been necessary, he would have been disqualified. He certainly put up a better show in the second fight, but the first was a sorry exhibition from a man who I note ranks third in your ratings.

I had expected to receive my copy of Bohun Lynch's Prize Ring by now, but no doubt it will turn up in due course. By the way Nat, what about a WHITE DYNAMITE SERIES?

Well Nat, here's wishing you all the best, and may THE RING continue to flourish. When the present BIG FIGHT is over I hope to visit the U.S. once again, and will certainly make a point of visiting one special place of interest, THE RING museum. Speaking of the Big Fight against the Nazi, all the fighters, big 'uns and little 'uns, are doing their stuff at the moment, but on going through the RING Notes, I find there are a few of our lads who might be expected to take a trip over home to join in this scrap, still staying over in the U.S.

D. J. COLLISTER,
Port Harcourt,
Nigeria, South Africa.

* * *

LATE in January, I purchased for the first time a copy of THE RING Magazine, the February issue. I really think I got my money's worth. I can hardly wait until the next issue comes out.

I think I bought my copy at the right time. There seems to be a person who is going to boycott the magazine. This person, August Schmittner, should stop to realize what he is going to do.

He seems, however, to be a German sympathizer who is sticking up for the Fatherland, as he calls it. I am not knocking the German race. I am only trying to show this person his wrong ideas. The Germans as a whole are fine people.

He dared you to print the article and you did. Now I am going to tell him what I think of his little piece.

He should realize what America has done for him. He has made his home here and has worshipped as he pleased. He has free speech and a free vote. Could this person have this in Germany? Let him answer it for himself.

Some people are never satisfied. So I am going to let him know that here is one person who will not stop buying THE RING,

and there are probably more like me that will write to you and tell you so. Schmittner, unfortunately, errs in his stand against America, conscription and THE RING's articles on service men and boxing. What's wrong about printing those articles encouraging boys to take up boxing, so that if and when the time comes, God forbid, that our boys must face the issue presented by the Axis, they'll be fit as a fiddle for the kind of work required of them.

I am not going to dare you to print this letter and my name. I know that you won't hesitate to use anything which you feel is for the interest of America, and for boxing. We are proud of our country and proud of you for the stand you have taken. More power to you and THE RING. I feel that this little piece of mine is not only the writing of one RING reader who takes issue with August Schmittner's unpatriotic stand, but that of 99 per cent of all true lovers of sportsmanship.

May we in America continue to fight in the ring with the padded mitts, rather than on the battlefield with guns and bayonets. But to do this, we need more RING Editors and fewer August Schmittners.

RAYMOND OSTERHOUDT,
Butler, New Jersey.

* * *

HERE is a pipeful of thoughts. Review them when chance comes and you have a half hour to cock your feet up and lean back with a shrug of contentment.

Let's not feather with the thought any more. Joe Louis is most likely the greatest fighter the world has ever seen since our friend the Marquis told us of the nice way to go about it.

Can we not review a few facts in the case? Louis meets his man at his own game. If a fighter wants to slug with him, slugging he will get. If he desires "in-fighting" and going to it head to head and arm against arm, he'll be accommodated. If it is open work, nice boxing and counter-punching, in fact putting on a scientific display of the game, you'll find Louis right there and more than holding his own.

I've seen Jeffries, Sharkey, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Dempsey and Johnson in action and yet not one of these could accommodate himself so successfully to meet the competitor's line of action at his own game and beat him to it as does Louis. Imagine the slow plodding Jeffries in a hurricane of fast and furious in-fighting round after round. That was not his style at all. He was a swinger—the crushing type of heavy blows that curled out at you from his crouch. He fought no other way.

Louis could meet him successfully in that character of fighting and jab his nose in the meantime.

Corbett, the boxer, what could he do with a Joe Louis? Those heavy crushing blows of the Bomber, the terrific jabs that carry so much wearing-down, would have beaten Gentleman Jim. And Johnson, your friend Jack Johnson, that fine erect boxer, what chance would he have had to maneuver with a fighter like Joe Louis, whose every punch spells "hurt."

It would have been the same with Fitzsimmons. Fitz was just too slow for Louis. The openings Fitz would have left would have enabled Joe to send in the sleep-producing wallop.

Now for Dempsey. The best Jack could show and ever did show, was a swinging, rushing fight. That's all he knew. He would carry the fight his way and win through sheer power of overwhelming an opponent. He left openings. He took blows to give 'em back, but what he would have taken from Joe Louis would have crushed him in bewilderment. Jack would have been knocked out.

Tom Sharkey could have taken some pounding from Joe Louis. In fact, I think he'd have given Joe the best fight of the bunch. That sailor boy sure loved punishment. He could hand it out, too. Louis's science would have enabled him to master Sharkey. Joe's ability to catch his man coming in, and with a sufficiently wicked blow to stop him, to slow him up, to press him back, would have whipped Tom.

I never saw Sullivan fight but I fully believe he was too slow for Joe Louis. I think I'm right when I say Louis could have beaten him to the punch, and anyone he beats to the punch is through—he's just S.O.S.

The marvelous thing about Joe Louis to me, is that he can adapt himself to any style of fighting and beat his man at his own game. I recollect no other heavyweight that could do the same. This ability spells a real all time high champion.

There has never been a more willing fighter. Corbett refused Johnson; Jeffries did the same to Jack until too late. Fitzsimmons shunned Corbett after his fortunate knockout of Jim. Dempsey was guilty of not meeting worthy challengers. But Louis takes them all, at a dime a dozen. He'll fight anyone. He's blamed for having poor opposition, but where can he get better opponents?

I would like to comment here that the heavyweights of yesterday did not mix it up as fighters do today. I don't know why the milling has changed. Probably Dempsey was as guilty of this as anyone unless it be the excited and demanding fan who wants continuous action for his money.

I shudder when I think how today's fan would have taken that wonderful fight between the clever Corbett and the huge Jeffries that went some twenty-three rounds in Coney Island for a championship. I can hear them yell at the clever Corbett as he sidestepped and leaped back from the lunging Jeffries—"stand up and fight, get off your bicycle"—forgetting altogether what a marvelous exhibition they were seeing!

Perhaps Jeffries would have been too slow for these streamlined fans of today! I don't know, but I think so. I think something else—shall I say it—the fans on an average show less sportsmanship than in the days of say for instance the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight in San Francisco. The yelling against Joe Louis in his fight with Red Burman came very clearly over the radio, which also featured Adams hats. Yes, rooting down a champion who has been the most willing fighter in the heavyweight class we have yet met up with, and I believe the champion of all champions, is poor sportsmanship. Fans yelling throughout the fight.

Such was not the case in the 'Frisco battle between Fitzsimmons and Jeffries. For that event I had a ringside seat. The sympathy was all with Bob, for he was a man all of thirty-eight at the time, outweighed some fifty pounds plus, and fighting to regain a championship. During the rounds I could even hear the fighters breathe; had a pencil dropped you would have heard it! Quietness reigned supreme all about!

But between rounds the entire gathering stood up and applauded the gallant fight Old Bob was making.

Finally back to Louis. He said over the air that he was not upset by any blow in the battle, that he just coasted along and took Burman when ready. I believe just that. I'm not sure we should call coasting fights championship affairs. But if you demand Joe Louis in action that is what he must give you if you wish any kind of a run for your money.

Look at the class he has to face—not a real competitor in the lot. The one we will hear most about, will be Billy Conn, a reputed "heavy" without a punch, but mighty clever.

So now, you fans, cast your eyes to your fill upon Joe Louis, for it is my candid belief you are looking upon a champion of champions. A man who rose through the amateur Golden Gloves, came into the game as a boxer and fighter and makes your dish full with knockouts. A quiet dignified Negro, unassuming, unspoiled, and a true and fine American character in and out of the prize ring.

VINCENT WOODBURY,
San Antonio, Texas.

* * *

I AM 16 years old, a junior in high school, and an ardent sports fan. I am a boxing enthusiast and always manage to find two-bits every month to get a copy of THE RING.

In the March issue I found an interesting letter written by Vincent Woodbury of San Antonio, Texas. In my opinion he is too critical as to present day boxing. It always irks me to hear the old timers tell about boxing as it was in the dear old days.

I was not alive at the time of the John L. Sullivans and such, but I have read a lot about them. They tell about these seventy-five round fights, but I'll wager they weren't much longer than a present day fifteen-rounder, because they ended as soon as a fighter was knocked down.

In those days half of the fights were illegal and were fought in the back room of saloons, or out in some remote place in the woods. The fights were not fought for sport, but rather for gamblers who had put everything on one fighter. Indeed, sometimes these fights were decided long before they ever took place.

Today it is a different story. Boxing is a sport designed to please John Q. Public and give him a few hours of entertainment. I believe THE RING has done a lot to clean up boxing and make it what it is today.

Mr. Woodbury also inferred that one of Louis' opponents, Al McCoy, lacked "guts" and that he quit. In the first place it takes guts to stand up to Louis for six rounds. A physician, not McCoy, stopped the bout. Another thing that has improved present day boxing is stopping bouts before serious injury can come to a fighter. As to giving their purses to the Red Cross, as Woodbury said they should, McCoy tried to give the crowd a good fight and earned his purse. Louis won his fight, which is the best any man can do, and he should certainly be entitled to his share.

Woodbury's criticism of the promoting situation is silly. If "Uncle Mike" can buffalo the boxing world, more power to him. Up to now I have been tossing orchids right and left for present day boxing. Now I wish to criticize one thing, namely, Joe Louis' opponents for the heavyweight championship.

Even I can remember when a heavyweight championship bout was an event which took place once a year and the contender had earned a shot at the title. Louis' opponents are a dime a dozen. What right do such men as McCoy and Dorazio have to a title bout? I sincerely hope something can be done to remedy this situation.

JACK KIMPEL,
Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

* * *

JUST a line to let you know how professional boxing is progressing in sunny South Africa. In spite of the war, boxing is being carried on as much as is possible. Only recently they had a big boxing tournament in Johannesburg, in which most of this country's leading boxers participated. The entire proceeds were handed over to the war funds. Among the boxers taking part were Alex Hannan, Ben Foord, Jimmy Britt, who all gave a splendid exhibition of clean, hard boxing and thus a thoroughly enjoyable program was enjoyed by all.

I am an enthusiastic reader of THE RING, which I have been obtaining for some years now. I take a great interest, especially in world championship boxing bouts, including all weights. I am particularly an ardent admirer of Max Baer, Joe Louis, Henry Armstrong and Tommy Farr. Just as I have written this letter, the news came over of the smashing defeat of Tony Galento by Max Baer in their eliminating bout, and that of Armstrong by Lew Jenkins. We followed these fights with interest here.

Wishing you and your efficient band of sportsmen the very best of luck and continued prosperity to your excellent periodical, THE RING.

REGINALD C. JONES,
Cape Town, South Africa.

* * *

IN the latest issues of THE RING Magazine, I see where you predict the kayo of Billy Conn when he tangles with Louis next June. You base your very able opinion by the fact that Conn can't punch and that Conn, however nimble he is, won't be nimble enough to stay away from those terrific Louis heymakers. But my opinion is that Conn will not only be nimble as he always is, but he will climb out of the ring the heavyweight champion of the world.

Here are my reasons: The first and foremost fact is that Louis has never fought anybody of Conn's calibre. It has been proved time and again that a good boxer can give Louis trouble. Bob Pastor gave Louis trouble twice while Conn had little trouble in beating Pastor. A good boxer is as good as a slugger—and dispute my statement, Mr. Editor, that Conn is a good boxer.

Another thing that influenced me is Conn's determination and confidence. You will agree with me that confidence is one of the first essentials for a fighter. Conn will be fighting Louis, to be sure, but he will not be fighting the same Louis that almost murdered Schmeling, that butchered Galento and knocked out Braddock. I have a faint suspicion that Joe is on the way down and that the Conn fight will be the beginning of the end for the greatest fighter that ever lived. And then we have the best example of them all—Gentleman Jim Corbett outboxing the greatest slugger of them all, John L. Sullivan. These are my reasons for picking Conn over Louis next June.

IRVING KOPELSON,
A "RING" Reader.

* * *

I AM a reader of THE RING, who, like thousands of your admirers, can definitely say that you have a great magazine. I was very much interested in the blast that Mike Jacobs handed out to you following the publication of your Annual Ratings, in which he took keen exception to your rating of Max Baer. Your answer, like that which you gave the Nazi, August Schmittner, who accused our great President of being an imperialist, was good.

Nat, you hit straight from the shoulder and that is what we readers like about THE RING. This letter, in particular has reference to Mike Jacobs' statement, that in future he will get out his own ratings to counteract the importance of THE RING ranking of boxers.

I was delighted to read your article in which you told him just where he got off. If anyone thinks that THE RING is not an independent publication and that its writers are fearless and tell exactly what they think is best for the benefit of boxing, all they have to do is to read your editorials. You have a lot of readers of RING Magazine who back you up 100% in your handling of Mike Jacobs and others who can see only one way, how boxing can personally benefit them. "The sport be hanged" is their motto. Gold is their God.

I have seen Max Baer fight many times and if Max did not gain the place given to him in THE RING ratings in the February issue, based on his knockouts of Galento and Comiskey, then I don't know anything about boxing.

I would like to see a good story in THE RING one of these days on Max Baer. Please give it to us. More power to THE RING and its great staff of writers.

"BENJ. B."
Boston, Massachusetts.

* * *

IN regard to your publication of THE RING Magazine, I find it very helpful in helping me to find material for my lectures to my Advance Boxing Classes. It stimulates my own interest and at the same time it revives my knowledge on the boxers whom I met years ago when I worked for Jim Mullen, fight promoter in East Chicago, Indiana. As the caretaker of the dressing room, I came in contact with a good many of the fighters and trainers. For instance, I used to watch Jack Blackburn instruct Sammy Mandell and Bud Taylor a few minutes before they entered the ring, and through this observation, I picked up a lot of points which I carried with me when I was a member of the Michigan State boxing team.

I have been a reader of your RING Magazine for a good many years. As a boy, between 1925 and 1927, I used to help an old fighter, Grover Hayes of Chicago, to get them distributed during the fights in East Chicago, Indiana.

I have come in contact with a good many fighters and one of my favorites was Mickey Walker. Others who are still in my mind are Sammy Mandell, Bud Taylor, Jock Malone, Joey Sangor, Pal Moore, Ace Hudkins, Morrie Schlaffer, Jimmy Clabby and many others that I cannot think of at present.

We will probably have boxing compulsory for every student here in order to cooperate with our defense program and I would not be surprised that in the next few years boxing will come to the front in college, more so than it has ever. Your books, Training for Boxing and How to Box, are great. Every boxer should have them.

LOU ZARZA,
Boxing Coach,
University of Arizona.

NEW FACES

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

By RIGHT CROSS

IN the Bronx section of New York, where he now resides, the boxing fans have a new fistic idol in Irving Simon, who was born on November 5, 1919. This blue-eyed lad is not content with just being another fighter. It is his intention to be one of the best in his class and he is training to make good that boast. Simon has not lost a battle in 26 pro starts. As a simon-pure, Simon took part in 10 bouts, winning seven of them.

Among his pro victims are: Sammy Venti, Howard Calvert, Johnny Rudd and Tony "Ironfist" Vallon. He has fought two draws but has never been whipped. In watching Simon's work in the ring, a keen observer will note his confidence. He has a perfect one-two punch.

Simon's boxing career started at Hecksher Foundation when he was nine. He fought at 65 pounds. That early beginning ignited the spark of pugilistic ambition in the Hebrew boy. At the age of 17, Irving worked as a messenger boy. His next was a stock clerk; then a grocery clerk. When he was 18, he went to Camp Dix (Citizens' Military Training Camp) and won the 126-pound title there.

Simon's next step was in the amateurs. Out of ten bouts, he won seven. As a pro he's performed in almost every local fight club, including the Garden.

Simon is a replica of the great former welter champ, Barney Ross, when the latter first started on his fistic career. He resembles Barney both in looks and in action. The knowledge of this has given Simon amazing confidence as well as the incentive to duplicate the admirable record of Barney Ross—both as an outstanding pugilist and a reputable citizen. Irving Simon is under the care of Joe Gould.

Irving Sonny Simon, New York lightweight star.

* * *

TOMMY CLARK

THE soldiers of Company F, 185th Infantry, National Guard of California, stationed at Pomona, in that state, are all het up over the pride of the Regiment, a youngster, Tommy Clark, who has been making great strides in the boxing game. Tommy, Pomona amateur with a great record, has turned pro and as a money chaser, he hopes to do as well as he has in the ranks of the simon-pures.

Tommy is a lightweight under the management of R. V. Grace who also handles Lupe Cardoza, bantam. Tommy, in 28 bouts, has scored twenty-four victories, and in the three contests he lost, he came back to whip those who had defeated him.

He is a member of the National Guard, though only nineteen, and the soldiers at camp think so highly of him, they are going to present him with a belt. Clark has triumphed in his last nineteen bouts. Writing to THE RING, Captain Cook, his commanding officer says: "Tommy has a beautiful right. His best fight was a one-round knockout of Joey Avila, Mexican lightweight. He has scored fourteen one-round knockouts. Give this boy a boost. You'll never regret it."

Well, Captain, we take your word for it and if Tommy does well as a pro, we'll use him as a prospect.

Chuck Hirst, welterweight K.O. artist from Detroit.

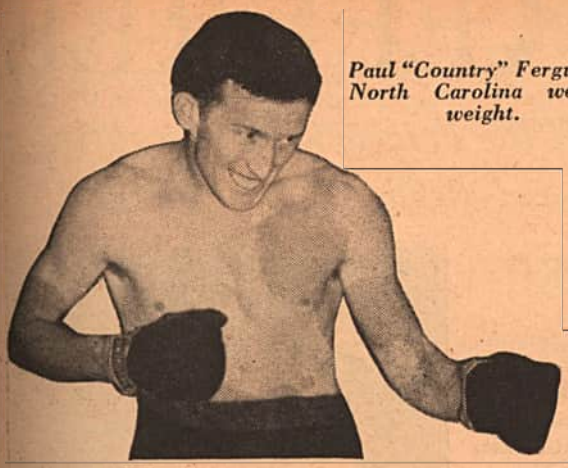
Rush Milling, welter champion of Orient.

* * *

RUSH MILLING

MANILA has a star welterweight in Rush Milling, who is a contender for the Orient crown. He holds the championship of Malaya and Thai and has frequently been seen in action.

Milling is a two-fisted fighter. He, like most of the Orientals, is a snappy puncher and possesses cleverness. He is eager to make a trip to this country and will do so if he can make proper arrangements with some American representative. Denny Capili, Manila promoter, should be contacted.



Paul "Country" Ferguson, North Carolina welterweight.

PAUL "COUNTRY" FERGUSON

DOWN in North Carolina, where boxing is both legalized and hard to find by the customer who craves a steady diet of his favored ring dish, a fisticuffer of marked promise is causing pugilistic patrons to watch his every move and follow avidly every match in which he engages.

Paul "Country" Ferguson, contestant in some recent Golden Gloves tourneys with signal success, has turned pro with a vengeance. He has annexed the welter title set up by the North Carolina Boxing Commission, and in doing so, he set up a record that proves much as to his prowess, even though some of his opponents are not known from coast to coast.

Tommy Arden, Fort Wayne, Ind., middleweight prospect.

Ferguson, fighting at 141 pounds, has appeared in 58 fights. Forty-two of them he has won by shoving the kayo blow across to his opponents. Eight have been won via the decision route. Six have been draws and only two have been dropped, both by decisions.

The youngster, a native of the Blue Ridge mountain section of North Carolina, a real, genuine hill-billy hailing from the section where Daniel Boone discovered there was b'ar in them hills, matriculated at King College, Tennessee, and won his first fistic spurs in that institution of higher learning and high powered football—in other days.

Quitting college, he boxed as a simon-pure for some time, finally going into the professional ranks, at which he has been doing very well, as his record attests. He has fought the best men available at his weight in many sections of the south, from Florida on up through Virginia, and is now contemplating a trip into the east where he hopes to catch on on a few cards. He is a scrapper with a fighting heart.

Ferguson is sold on his profession.

(*Continued on page 45*)

JACKIE STEWART

IN far off Australia, they are singing the praises of Jackie Stewart, who, the critics say, is one of the best fighters for his inches developed Down Under in many moons. He stands ony five feet one inch, but has tremendous stamina and a fine physique that has enabled him to make rapid progress.

Jackie scales 112 pounds. He is a combination fighter-boxer, and possesses considerable skill. He also carries a hefty wallop, as his record shows. He has had 45 bouts to this writing and has won most of them. He won his last sixteen bouts in a row. He is 20 years old and began fighting when seventeen. In two years he won the flyweight championship of Australia. His opponent was the brilliant Sydney boy, Colin FitzJohn, who had lost only once in forty contests. FitzJohn was floored seven times by Jackie, and the bout was halted in the eighth round.

Jackie Stewart, Australian bantam.

Glenn Gray, high school star pro fighter from Mineral Springs, Texas.

Jackie has outgrown the flyweight division and henceforth will fight as a bantam. Had not the war interfered, he had planned a tour of this country. He is now on the trail of Mickey Miller, owner of the bantam and featherweight championships of Australia.

Jimmy Duggan is manager of Stewart and also trains him. Jimmy has handled hundreds of good lads in his thirty years in the game, but says he never had charge of a prospect as good as Jackie. If things progress with as favorable an outlook as they now have, we should have something good to work on soon.

Tommy Clark, youngster with fine record, from National Guard of California.

SOCKING *the* REFEREE

"Playful" Tactics of Al Davis in Bout With Fritzie Zivic Recall to Old Timers, the Days of Other Rough-and-Ready Glove Pushers

By GEORGE T. PARDY

Battling Nelson, who stands out as an example of a rough-house scrapper.

THE recent rough-house fracas in Madison Square Garden between welter champ Fritzie Zivic and Al Davis, when the latter was disqualified after two minutes and thirty-four seconds of round two had elapsed for hitting Zivic below the belt thirteen times, gave the crowd a bit of a thrill such as fight fans are unaccustomed to under modern ring conditions. Especially when young Al, on being checked in his fouling frenzy, started what came near being a free-for-all mixup by kicking at Referee Billy Cavanagh and his erstwhile opponent.

As might be expected, the State Athletic Commission revoked the offender's license and Davis goes on the sidelines indefinitely so far as New York State is concerned. There was a good deal of speculation, psychological and otherwise, advanced by sport scribes in the daily press, as to the whys and wherefores of Davis's looney behavior. But it all sums up to this—he has an ungovernable temper, loses his head under fire and adopts the rip-roaring battle tactics of a mad mandril or goofy gorilla on the warpath.

Viewed from a strictly ethical standpoint, there is no room on the straight sports calendar for exciting entertainment of the kind furnished by Mr. Davis's spasmodic lapse into untamed savagery. If that sort of thing were permitted, the scrappy boys might as well be handed axes and sent in to hack each other up like Roman gladiators.

Just the same, while many folks were shocked on that auspicious occasion, one suspects that oldtimers among the spectators got a laugh out of the proceedings, as they recalled certain unorthodox doings of rough-and-ready glove pushers in a vanished era.

* * *

THE fact that the Zivic-Davis affair created such a public sensation is sufficient proof, if any were needed, of how thoroughly boxing is policed and kept within legitimate bounds of action nowadays. Before boxing commissions ruled, when the sport was conducted along happy-go-lucky lines, fouling an opponent or socking a referee, if not exactly rated as minor offenses, were not considered worth while making a big fuss about.

One of the roughest, toughest welterweights that ever lived was "Mysterious" Billy Smith. A hurricane, two-fisted slugger was Billy, a front-ranker in his class, and at the same time as unscrupulous and savage in his methods of attack as a timber-wolf. When fighting Joe Walcott in 1898, Smith not only abused the colored lad verbally, but repeatedly butted him, wrestled, and shoved an elbow into Joe's left eye.

The referee did nothing about it. Joe's manager, Tom O'Rourke, was in Walcott's corner, and instructed his man to foul Smith back. Joe did his best, but was no match for Smith at that game and in the fifteenth round, Joe complained bitterly that the "Mysterious" one had bitten him in the shoulder as they clinched.

Smith yelled back an obscene insult relative to Joe's parentage, and added that he'd expect to get blood poison if he was fool enough to sink a tooth in the Barbadoes darky. And so the scrap went merrily on to the twentieth and final round. Walcott was so badly rattled that Smith got the decision that time, though subsequently Joe reversed the verdict.

* * *

SMITH and Tommy Ryan were outstanding rivals for welter honors. They fought repeatedly, with Ryan always having a shade the better of things. Tommy was a supreme scientist and a hard puncher as well, but Smith made him travel his best, whenever they coupled up. Their battles were epic affairs, contested with bulldog fierceness. They nursed a perpetual grudge, a fact of which the fans were well aware, with the result that packed houses were in order whenever the militant pair crossed arms.

Al Davis, throwback to another rough, tough welterweight, Mysterious Billy Smith, who often bullied his way to victories.

One of their bouts took place before a Minneapolis club in 1894. Joe Choynski, then in his prime as a heavyweight contender, officiated as referee. Smith rushed Ryan continually, and his aggressive tactics won the spectators' applause. But Ryan's clever counter punches and superb generalship enabled Tommy to score up a winning margin of points, and the referee decided in his favor.

Smith considered he had a grievance. After the bout, he filled up on forty-rod whiskey, and went to the hotel where Choynski was staying, with the avowed intention of taking it out of Joe's hide. Choynski wasn't in, which was fortunate, so far as Smith was concerned, for game as the latter was, his chances in a rough-and-tumble combat with the blond young giant from the coast would have been woefully slim. Other times, other manners! One can scarcely visualize a top-notch boxer of today trailing a referee in such a fashion!

In fact, he wouldn't dare. It would be too costly a job, both by action of the commission and the police.

WHAT was by long odds the most vicious encounter in which Smith and Ryan engaged was a scheduled twenty-five round contest before the old Coney Island Club, on May 27, 1895. The memory of the Minneapolis battle still rankled in Smith's mind, and he told numerous admirers that this time he would knock out Tommy if he had to kill him to do the same!

There are plenty of veterans still around who saw that fight, and every one of them will tell you that for speed, fury and openly expressed hatred between the principals, it was never excelled, and perhaps never equalled. Smith tore into Ryan ferociously from the first bell, accompanying his punches with a blistering stream of blasphemy. Ryan met him half way, timed him with beautiful counters, blasted him with stinging lefts and rights, and cursed him vindictively. Said Referee Tim Hurst later on:

"It wasn't only a noble scrap, as a swearing-match it laid over anything I ever dreamed of. Some of the cuss words was brand-new to me, they must have invented 'em. As for fouls, Billy started fouling and Tommy got right back at him with his own stuff. I just let 'em go their own ways, they were out for little short of plain murder, and there was times when I sort of thought it would end up in work for the coroner!"

The love feast reached such fiery heights of exultation in the eleventh frame, with both men raging and mauling on the ropes, that the police entered the ring and halted the festivities. Then the blue coats retired and let 'em go at it again.

It was the same storm-session of oaths and piling wallops up to the eighteenth round, and at this juncture the pace was so hot and atmosphere so sulphur-clogged that the gallant law officers once more intervened, and this time choked off the frantic gladiators for keeps. There was nothing left for Referee Hurst to do but declare a draw. This he did, to everyone's satisfaction except Messrs. Smith and Ryan, whose appetites for blood and carnage were still unsatiated.

Smith was a rough customer both in and out of the ring. Ryan, on the contrary was a peaceable chap under ordinary circumstances, but Smith's insults got under his skin and drove him to retaliate in kind.

* * *

RYAN'S reputation as a cool and crafty boxer was well deserved. It was very unusual for him to lose his temper between the ropes, as he did with Smith, but there was one other occasion where his anger got the better of his judgment. That was when he met Kid McCoy in a six-round bout at the Tattersall's Athletic Club, Chicago, in 1900.

The story of how McCoy tricked Tommy Ryan in their first ring battle is familiar to most students of fistic history. Briefly, the astute Kid coaxed Ryan into a fifteen-round engagement at Maspeth, L. I., where McCoy was supposed to lie down. Ryan didn't train, came in the ring out of condition, and was given a masterly trimming with a kayo windup by the Kid.

It was a lovely double cross, put over in artistic style. Four years elapsed between the Maspeth incident and the Windy City bout. Malachy Hogan, one of the West's most prominent referees, was the third man in the ring. Ryan, keen for revenge, had worked himself into splendid fighting shape. McCoy was also trained to a hair, for he well knew what a dangerous proposition Tommy Ryan was when in condition.

The men fought the six rounds at top speed. It was a gorgeous exhibition of skill and clean, sharp hitting. The weight, 154 pounds, was easier for Ryan to make than McCoy. Honors were fairly even, but if there was a shade, it was in Ryan's favor, as McCoy seemed a trifle weak in the final round. However, Referee Hogan thought McCoy had won and proclaimed the Kid victor.

* * *

SCARCELY had the announcement been made, when Ryan sprang at Hogan. Tommy's gloves had not yet been removed, and a five ounce mitt collided with Hogan's jaw. Now Malachy was known to fame as a street and barroom scrapper who had never met his match in a go-as-you-please argument. Staggered for an instant, he recovered his balance quickly and lit into Ryan with true Celtic zeal.

Police and Pinkertons swarmed into the ring en masse, and a very pretty miniature riot was in the making, as partisans of Hogan and Ryan ducked under the ropes. Finally, the referee and gloveman were disentangled and quiet was restored. Then Ryan explained that, according to his agreement with the Tattersall Club, the bout was to be called a draw, provided that both men were on their feet at the conclusion of the sixth round. Naturally, when he heard McCoy named winner, he figured he was swindled by Hogan, and couldn't refrain from pasting the traitor!

However, Hogan claimed that he knew of no such an arrangement being made, and had therefore given a verdict as his judgment directed.

All of which made a fine muddle in betting circles. In some cases, wagers were paid on a McCoy victory. In others, interested parties waited to see what the outcome might be.

What followed completely upset the old precedent that there can be no appeal from a referee's decision. For the Tattersall executives went into a huddle next morning and wound up by reversing Hogan's dictum. They pronounced the bout a draw, and it was thus listed in all the record books!

* * *

IN the same year that Hogan and Ryan staged their impromptu mill, Chicago ring patrons were treated to yet another act of the time-honored melodrama—"soak the referee." Clarence Forbes and Walter Bloom were matched in the windup of a boxing show at the Star Athletic Club. Although he never won a title, Clarence was rightly listed as one of the best featherweights of his day. His brother, Harry, later world's bantam champion, officiated as Clarence's chief second.

The match was considered important, and it was generally supposed that George Siler would referee. But at the last moment announcement was made that a Mr. Jake McGonigal of Omaha would fill the third man role. Where and how the Star officials dug up McGonigal, and why, were questions destined to remain unanswered. He was a perfect stranger to the Chicago fans. Later on most of them decided he ought to have remained a stranger.

Clarence Forbes gave Bloom an artistic trimming. He completely outclassed him at all stages of the bout. The sixth and final round found Bloom badly cut up, groggy and holding on to escape a kayo. To all appearances it was a cinch victory for Forbes.

But McGonigal had a surprise packet in store for the spectators. Smiling broadly, the stout person from Omaha waved his arms in an all-embracing gesture and announced:

"Both these boys have done well, gents, and I take pleasure in calling it a draw!"

A roar of indignation went up from the astonished crowd. The decision was so raw that even Bloom's adherents failed to greet it with enthusiasm. The Forbes brothers yelled madly in unison and charged the referee. Harry hit him on the left jaw, knocking him toward Clarence, who kept him from falling by belting him on the right jowl.

Jake McGonigal was in a bad spot. When the cops rescued him, his countenance was a red ruin. Each of his assailants was a fast worker, a fact that McGonigal was never known to deny.

There was never any attempt made to discipline the Forbes boys. They were wrong, of course, in thus taking the law into their own hands, but public sympathy was with them, and the universal opinion was that the blunderer from Omaha got just what was coming to him.

* * *

AMONG the lightweight kings of the past, Battling Nelson stands out as a sterling example of a real rough-house scrapper. Bat bulled his way, regardless, when in action, taking all the other fellow could dish out, and not being over-particular as to how he got home a telling punch.

If an opponent elected to slug with him, so much the better, if he dabbled in foul work, that too was Nelson's meat. In fact Bat was at a disadvantage when facing an absolutely clean, scientific boxer. He loved to mingle with the fellows who were willing to trade wallops in close.

When Nelson fought Joe Gans *(Continued on page 45)*

The Ring Boxing Records

By "STANLEY"

(Copyright, 1941, by The Ring, Inc. All rights reserved. Republication even in part prohibited without permission.)

MIKE KAPLAN

Born, New York City
Nationality, Jewish-American
Weight, 143 pounds
Managed by Jack O'Brien

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
	1937		
Dec. 17	Eddie Zivic	Boston	W. 10 rds.
	1938		
Feb. 9	Honey Mellody	Boston	D. 10 rds.
Mar. 17	Joey Raymond	Miami	W. 10 rds.
May 2	Lew Raymond	Boston	W. 10 rds.
May 27	Ralph Zannelli	Boston	L. 10 rds.
July 21	Paul Junior	Portland	N.D. 10 rds.
	1939		
Feb. 10	Johnny Mack	New Britain	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 17	Jimmy Leto	Boston	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 3	Joe Ghnouly	New Britain	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 24	Cocoa Kid	Boston	W. 10 rds.
May 23	Ray Napolitano	New Bedford	K.O. 9 rds.
June 16	Johnny Craven	Springfield	W. 10 rds.
June 22	Joe Marsh	Portland	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 8	Leonard Del Genio	Long Island	W. 8 rds.
Aug. 22	Frankie Cavanna	New York City	K.O. 6 rds.
Dec. 1	Eddie Brink	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Dec. 22	Eddie Brink	New York City	W. 8 rds.
	1940		
Jan. 22	Fritzie Zivic	Philadelphia	L. 10 rds.
Feb. 16	Frankie Britt	Worcester	W. 15 rds.
Feb. 23	Freddie Red Cochrane	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Mar. 1	Joe Silva	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
May 7	Joey Ferrando	Philadelphia	K.O. 4 rds.
June 13	Tommy Cross	Philadelphia	K.O. 5 rds.
Aug. 12	Milt Aron	Chicago	D. 10 rds.
Sept. 14	Johnny Rinaldi	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 25	Al Gauthier	New Bedford	K.O. 2 rds.
Oct. 28	Milt Aron	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 2	Saverio Turiello	Cleveland	W. 10 rds.
	1941		
Jan. 14	Tony Ferrara	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 17	Tony Marteliano	New York City	D. 10 rds.

GEORGE ABRAMS

Born, November 11, 1918, Roanoke, Virginia
Nationality, Hebrew-American
Managed by Chris Dundee
Weight, 160 Pounds

	1937		
.....	Johnny Stillson	Baltimore	K.O. 2 rds.
.....	Sammy Bacall	Baltimore	K.O. 3 rds.
.....	Bobbie Wilson	Baltimore	K.O. 2 rds.
.....	Tony Livingston	Quantico, Va.	K.O. 2 rds.
.....	Joe Chaney	Baltimore	W. 4 rds.
.....	Charley Rondo	Baltimore	K.O. 3 rds.
.....	Hunter Crostic	Richmond	W. 4 rds.
.....	Eddie Miles	Philadelphia	K.O. 2 rds.
.....	Charley Ubele	Philadelphia	W. 4 rds.
.....	Joey Spangler	Richmond	W. 6 rds.
.....	Charley Marshall	Mississippi	W. 6 rds.
.....	Serge Prevost	Mississippi	W. 6 rds.
.....	Johnny Barrie	Boston	K.O. 4 rds.
.....	Steve Mamakos	Washing., D. C.	W. 8 rds.
	1938		
Jan. 11	Red Finnegan	Washing., D. C.	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 7	Ben Wojack	Washing., D. C.	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 28	Tony Ciacio	Washing., D. C.	W. 8 rds.
Mar. 21	Jimmy Jones	Washing., D. C.	K.O. by 5 rds.
Apr. 11	Jimmy Jones	Washing., D. C.	W. 8 rds.
May 2	Jimmy O'Boyne	Washing., D. C.	W. 8 rds.
June 6	Teddy Yarosz	Washing., D. C.	W. 10 rds.
June 29	Phil Furr	Washing., D. C.	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 15	Steve Mamakos	Washing., D. C.	L. 10 rds.
	1939		
Apr. 6	Babe Orgovan	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Apr. 28	Harry Balsamo	New York City	W. 8 rds.
June 20	Lou Brouillard	Washing., D. C.	W. 10 rds.
June 27	Victor Dellicurti	Long Island	L. 8 rds.
July 25	Victor Dellicurti	Long Island	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 25	Billy Soose	Pittsburgh	W. 8 rds.
Oct. 29	Vinc't Pimpinella	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Nov. 17	Fred Henneberry	New York City	D. 8 rds.
Dec. 18	Joe Duca	Washing., D. C.	K.O. 8 rds.
	1940		
Feb. 12	Billy Soose	Pittsburgh	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 26	Ernie Vigh	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Apr. 5	Joe Sutka	Detroit	W. 8 rds.
May 21	Augie Arellano	Long Island	W. 8 rds.
July 29	Charley Burley	Pittsburgh	D. 10 rds.
Aug. 12	Cocoa Kid	Washing., D. C.	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 9	Henry Chmiel'ski	Milwaukee	L. 10 rds.
Oct. 21	Jack Munley	Scranton, Pa.	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 19	Augie Arellano	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Nov. 28	Henry Chmiel'ski	Washing., D. C.	K.O. 6 rds.
Dec. 12	Izzy Jannazzo	Baltimore	W. 10 rds.
	1941		
Jan. 20	Jimmy Leto	Baltimore	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 11	Jimmy O'Boyne	Brooklyn	K.O. 3 rds.
Mar. 7	Coley Welch	New York City	W. 8 rds.

ANTON CHRISTOFORIDIS

Born, Athens, Greece
Nationality, Greek
Weight, 168 pounds
Managed by Lew Burston

	1935		
Mar. 6	Garcia Lluch	Paris	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 6	Georges Noche	Montlucon	W. 10 rds.
May 5	Paul Jeancenella	Paris	W. 6 rds.
Aug. 6	Assane Diouf	Paris	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 20	Georges Noche	Paris	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 3	Kid Tunero	Paris	D. 10 rds.
Sept. 20	Vilda Jaks	Paris	L. 10 rds.
Oct. 15	Marcel Foulon	Paris	K.O. 6 rds.
Oct. 28	Julien Faes	Paris	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 22	Vilda Jaks	Paris	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 9	Kid Janas	Paris	W. 10 rds.
	1936		
Jan. 6	Kid Tunero	Paris	L. 10 rds.
Feb. 7	Carmelo Candel	Paris	L. 10 rds.
Mar. 6	Adrien Anneet	Paris	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 2	Vilda Jaks	Paris	W. 12 rds.
Apr. 19	Carmelo Candel	Marseille	K.O. 8 rds.
May 2	Kid Janas	Algiers	L. 10 rds.
Oct. 2	Carmelo Candel	Oran	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 5	Edouard Tenet	Paris	L. 10 rds.
Dec. 7	Mario Casadel	Paris	W.F. 10 rds.
	1937		
Jan. 18	Edouard Tenet	Paris	D. 10 rds.
Feb. 4	Kid Janas	Paris	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 1	Martinez Alfara	Paris	D. 10 rds.
Apr. 3	Martinez Alfara	Paris	D. 10 rds.

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
June 13	Kid Tunero	Chantilly	L. 10 rds.
Aug. 8	Kid Janas	Algiers	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 22	Martinez Alfara	Oran	D. 10 rds.
Oct. 30	Tokulesco	Athens	K.O. 1 rd.
Nov. 8	Costa Vassis	Athens	W. 15 rds.
	1938		
Jan. 14	Gustav Eder	Berlin	W. 12 rds.
May 6	Gustav Eder	Berlin	D. 12 rds.
May 23	Bep Van Klaveren	Rotterdam	L. 10 rds.
Nov. 14	Bep Van Klaveren	Rotterdam	W. 15 rds.
	1939		
Jan. 10	Edouard Tenet	Paris	L. 15 rds.
Apr. 5	Lou Brouillard	Paris	W. 10 rds.
	1940		
Jan. 5	Willie Pavlovich	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Mar. 29	Frank Zamoris	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Apr. 5	George Burnette	Detroit	W. 8 rds.
June 5	Jimmy Burns	Chicago	K.O. 5 rds.
July 9	Joey Sutka	Detroit	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 21	Tony Bruno	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 22	Jimmy Reeves	Cleveland	K.O. 2 rds.
Nov. 18	Jimmy Bivins	Cleveland	L. 10 rds.
Dec. 2	Jimmy Bivins	Cleveland	W. 10 rds.
	1941		
Jan. 13	Melio Bettina	Cleveland	W. 15 rds.

LOU SALICA

Born, July 26, 1913, New York City
Nationality, Italian-American
Managed by Hymie Caplan
Weight, 118 Pounds

		1933	
	Damasco Seda		K.O. 2 rds.
	Frankie Puccio		W. 4 rds.
	Frankie Puccio		W. 5 rds.
	Jimmy Martin		W. 6 rds.
	Jimmy Martin		W. 6 rds.
	Ernest Torez		W. 6 rds.
	Ralph Giffone		W. 6 rds.
	Lem Franklin		W. 6 rds.
	Johnny Ladao		W. 6 rds.
	Antol Kocsis		W. 6 rds.
	Skippy Allen		W. 6 rds.
	Tony Passaro		W. 6 rds.
	Pete DeGrasse		W. 6 rds.
	Antol Kocsis		D. 6 rds.
		1934	
Feb. 2	Julie Katz	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Feb. 14	Midget Wolgast	New York City	L. 8 rds.
Apr. 2	Harry Bauman	New York City	W. 6 rds.
May 1	Midget Wolgast	New York City	D. 8 rds.
May 11	Julie Katz	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Aug. 10	Joe Tei Ken	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 7	Young Tommy	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 5	B'y Face Mathes'n	Hollywood	K.O. 6 rds.
Oct. 17	Speedy Dado	Hollywood	L. 10 rds.
Dec. 20	Baby Quintana	Montreal	W. 10 rds.
		1935	
Jan. 28	Johnny Erickson	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Mar. 1	Dick Welsh	New York City	W. 6 rds.
May 3	Midget Wolgast	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
June 11	Pablo Dano	Los Angeles	W. 10 rds.
July 30	Jerry Mazza	New York City	D. 8 rds.
Aug. 26	Sixto Escobar	New York City (Title)	W. 15 rds.
Nov. 15	Sixto Escobar	New York City (Title)	L. 15 rds.
		1936	
Feb. 28	Henry Hook	Hollywood	D. 10 rds.
Mar. 11	Tuffy Pierpont	Oakland	K.O. 6 rds.
Mar. 20	Small Montana	San Francisco	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 3	Henry Hook	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
June 2	Tony Marino	Long Island	L. 10 rds.
June 23	Yg. Jack Sharkey	Brooklyn	D. 8 rds.
Sept. 8	Sammy Garcia	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 19	Nicky Jerome	Brooklyn	L. 8 rds.
Oct. 10	Nicky Jerome	Brooklyn	L. 8 rds.
Dec. 4	Joe Mendiola	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
		1937	
Jan. 1	Mauricio Seria	Stockton	W. 10 rds.
Jan. 15	Bobby Leyvas	Hollywood	D. 10 rds.
Feb. 21	Sixto Escobar	Puerto Rico (Bantamweight title)	L. 10 rds.
Apr. 16	Bobby Leyvas	Hollywood	K.O. 1 rd.
May 11	Pete DeGrasse	Los Angeles	W. 10 rds.
June 18	Pancho Leyvas	Hollywood	D. 10 rds.
Oct. 12	Jackie Corcoran	Elizabeth	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 2	Joey Wach	Brooklyn	K.O. 4 rds.
Nov. 16	Sammy Garcia	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
		1938	
Feb. 5	Ernst Weiss	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
Mar. 26	Jimmy Urso	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
May 15	Fillo Echeverria	Havana	K.O. 9 rds.
July 22	Emilio Magana	Hollywood	K.O. 9 rds.
Aug. 12	Pablo Dano	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 26	Jim Roche	San Francisco	K.O. 8 rds.
Nov. 17	Katsumi Morioka	Brooklyn	W. 10 rds.
		1939	
Mar. 1	Little Dado	Oakland	D. 10 rds.
Apr. 6	Richard Lemos	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
May 19	Little Pancho	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
June 16	Little Dado	Hollywood	L. 10 rds.
Aug. 18	Jackie Jurich	Hollywood	K.O. 9 rds.
Sept. 15	Manuel Ortiz	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 20	Little Dado	Hollywood	D. 10 rds.
Nov. 17	Tony Olivera	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 14	Tony Olivera	Hollywood	L. 10 rds.
		1940	
Mar. 4	Georgie Pace	Toronto (Bantamweight title)	D. 15 rds.
Apr. 4	Jackie Callura	Rochester	
Sept. 24	Georgie Pace	New York City (Bantamweight title, New York State)	W. 15 rds.
Oct. 21	Tommy Forte	Philadelphia	L. 10 rds.
Dec. 2	Small Montana	Toronto	K.O. 3 rds.
		1941	
Jan. 13	Tommy Forte	Philadelphia (Bantamweight title)	W. 15 rds.
Mar. 6	Lou Transparenti	Cleveland	L. 10 rds.

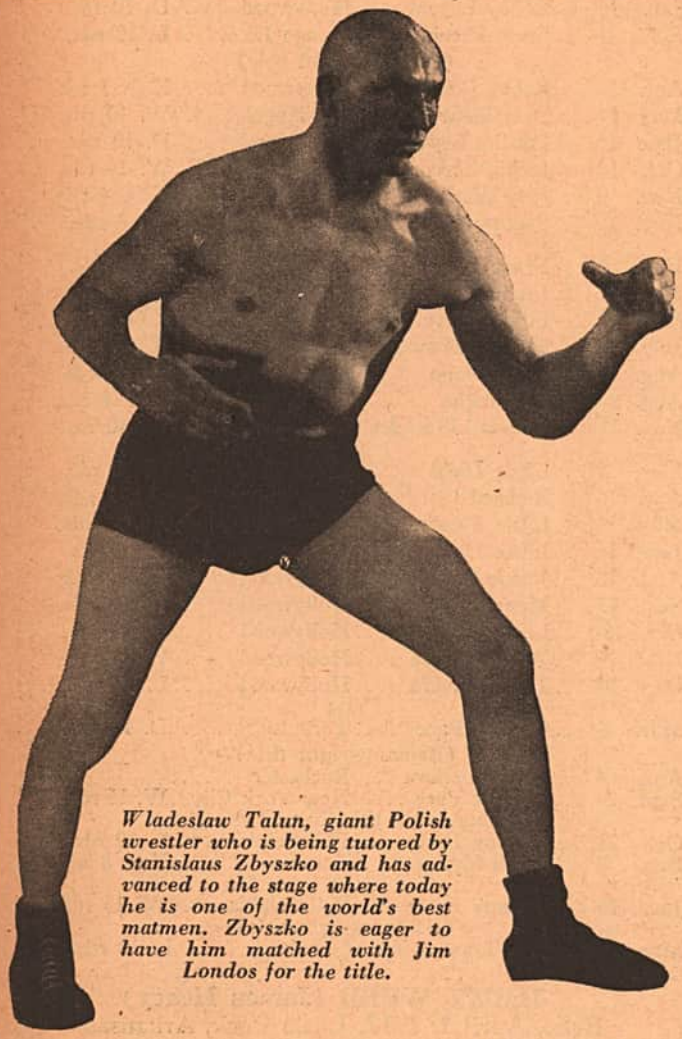
JIMMY WEBB (James Henry)

Born, April 1, 1917, Little Rock, Arkansas
Nationality, Irish-American
Managed by Chris Dundee
Weight, 175 pounds

		1938	
Jan. 20	Ralph Chong	Miami Beach	L. 10 rds.
Mar. 10	Ralph Chong	Miami Beach	D. 10 rds.
Apr. 8	Ralph Chong	Miami Beach	K.O. 8 rds.
July 26	Tony Celli	Jersey City	K.O. 2 rds.
Aug. 2	Mickey Dugan	Jersey City	D. 10 rds.
Oct. 4	Eddie Dreher	Houston	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 2	Vic Nardoni	Houston	W. 10 rds.
		1939	
Feb. 21	Charley Eagle	Houston	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 16	Joey Parks	Houston	K.O. 6 rds.
May 2	Ken Overlin	Houston	L. 10 rds.
Oct. 19	Maxie Long	Dallas	K.O. 3 rds.
Nov. 9	Jimmy Fletcher	Dallas	K.O. 3 rds.
Nov. 21	Clarence Jones	St. Louis	L. 10 rds.
Dec. 7	Al Globe	St. Louis	K.O. 1 rd.
		1940	
Feb. 9	Jimmy Smith	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
Feb. 12	Johnny Kapovich	Wash., D. C.	W. 6 rds.
Mar. 11	Ira Hughes	Pittsburgh	K.O. 6 rds.
Mar. 29	Stanley Hasrato	New York City	D. 6 rds.
Apr. 5	Jack Jarcy	Detroit	K.O. 3 rds.
May 21	Johnny Kapovich	Pittsburgh	W. 10 rds.
May 27	Irv Sarlin	Pittsburgh	W. 10 rds.
June 5	Willie Pavlovich	Detroit	W. 6 rds.
July 9	Joe Baynes	Long Island	K.O. 4 rds.
Sept. 6	Tommy Tucker	New York City	W. 8 rds.
		1941	
Jan. 7	Al Stephany	Wash., D. C.	K.O. 2 rds.
Jan. 20	Al Smith	Baltimore	K.O. 4 rds.
Feb. 4	Johnny Snyder	Wilkes-Barre	K.O. 4 rds
Feb. 21	Tommy Tucker	New York City	K.O. 9 rds.

Wrestlers *in the* Spotlight

By AL MAYER



Wladeslaw Talun, giant Polish wrestler who is being tutored by Stanislaus Zbyszko and has advanced to the stage where today he is one of the world's best matmen. Zbyszko is eager to have him matched with Jim Londos for the title.

YOU'VE seen the French Angel, the weird looking wrestler with the big head and no hair, the Swedish and Italian Angels, and you've seen Ben Morgan, the walking mountain with the flock of whiskers. Wrestling enthusiasts have seen about every kind of a wrestler, but now comes a real handsome one, the Golden Greek, George Macricostas, who recently arrived in this country from South America and being a young lad with normal ambitions, he hopes to track down some of the leaders now parading around the country. The Golden Greek is 25 years old, as bronzed as a lifeguard, stands five feet nine inches and weighs 218 pounds.

And, if you have doubts of his wrestling ability, in 1938 he won an international tournament in Italy in which 12 nations competed. He was easily the best of the dozens of bone crushers who spent more than a week in competition.

Macricostas was born in 1916 in Athens and he lived in his native city until 1939. His father, an expert horticulturist, died while the boy was still very young hence the son's education was limited to the public schools. His mother still lives in Athens.

As a boy, Macricostas was a champion bicycle rider and swimmer at 12 years of age. None of the youths of Athens could stay within yards of him in bike races and none could approach him in a swimming race. At 15 he tried a new sport and that sport found him likewise a star. It was wrestling.

Five years later, when he was 20, he was amateur wrestling champion of the Balkans, Greece and Turkey, and then he joined the Greek Army as a member of the famous Ezvones, the ferocious fighters who wear pleated skirts. But don't let the skirts fool you. Like the famed "ladies from hell," the kilted Scots of the World War, the Ezvones are hardy campaigners. Just witness their current treatment of Premier Mussolini's legions in Albania.

After two years in the army, he turned professional wrestler. But he soon discovered there was little money to be made in his homeland, so he moved on to Paris. He wrestled in France, throughout Belgium, England, Holland and Switzerland, and every time he appeared half the paying customers were ladies, cheering for their idol. It is said he received numerous offers of marriage from the women of all European countries.

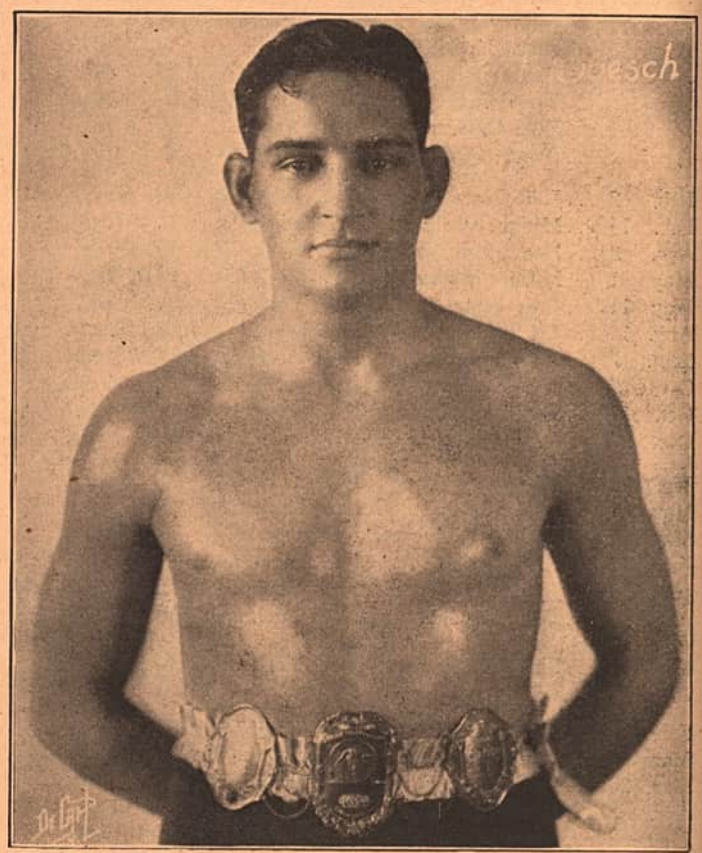
Then the war scares put a damper on all sports. There was little money to be made when people were thinking of more serious things, and the Golden Greek went to Buenos Aires, where he wrestled until January 30 of this year.

In Greece they said he was better than Londos, and that's saying a whole lot. Londos was the greatest sporting idol Greece ever had, until Macricostas, the Golden Greek, came along. He has a lot to live up to, but those who have seen him, say he can't miss.

* * *

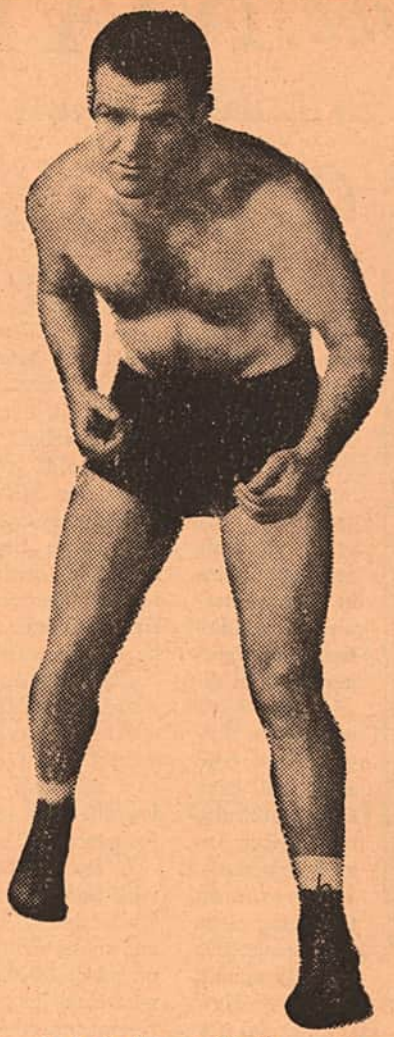
MIKE HALLER of Polish nationality is 27 years old, weighs close to 200 pounds and is a fine attraction around the Eastern circuit. He has a big frame and it won't be long before Mike tips the beam at over 200 pounds. Like most of the Polish wrestlers, Haller has studied the sport in the manner that a doctor or lawyer studies his profession. He was in the amateurs for five years before he even thought of turning professional.

Many a time it was suggested to him that he join the pros, but Mike refused to be rushed. When finally he joined up the money chasers he not only had a thorough knowledge of holds but he also had grappled with the rough element and knew what to do when



Paul Boesch one of the outstanding wrestlers performing in the East.

George Macricostas, the Golden Greek.



Jack Conley, Rocky Mountain region wrestling star.

Bobby Bruns, one of America's best heavyweights.

The Casey brothers—Tom, Jim and Steve.

an opponent started "roughhousing."

Haller has not forgotten that many of the world's greatest wrestlers have come from Poland, nor has he overlooked that many were world champions, so when he joined with the pros, he brought with him the ambition of youth, together with the science of wrestling and a secret ambition of one day ruling the roost among the heavyweights. He may yet reach his goal.

* * *

STANLEY ZBYSZKO, one of the world's greatest wrestlers, the type that present day wrestling fans would go a long way to see in action, takes issue with the story of A. S. Michael on Hindu wrestling with respect to the Gama-Zbyszko match. Stanley in the near future, will write his own version and have it appear in THE RING.

Incidentally, Zbyszko has been bringing his giant Pole wrestler, Wladyslaw "Iron" Talun along nicely. Since Talun came to America two years ago, he has made more progress than any of the present day stars. Under Zbyszko's coaching, Talun has absorbed the finer points of the game and today, this six foot eight inch, 303-pound giant looms as *the* challenger for world honors. *(Continued on page 39)*

Mike Haller, one of Jack Pfeffer's giant Poles who is a pleasing wrestler.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDDIE MERRILL

Frederick von Schacht, rough, powerful German wrestler appearing in New York and vicinity.

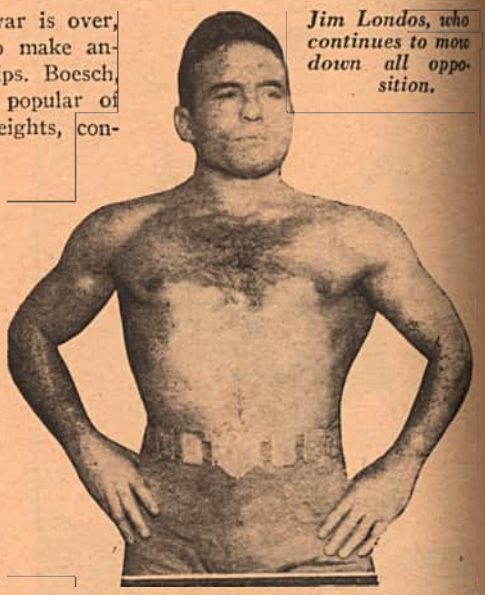
COLLEGE wrestling has developed in leaps and bounds. While the behemoths of the pro field have been making a joke out of the mat sport, the collegians, taking the sport seriously, have developed many fine prospects in the welterweight, middleweight and light-heavyweight divisions, boys who, when they get into the army, will have little difficulty obtaining instructor's posts. From among those may come our prospective pro champions.

Penn State, Columbia University, Yale, City College of New York, Temple College, Haverford, Rutgers, Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania have the best of the Eastern college talent, but these lads don't compare in skill and strength to the splendid material being turned out in the Middle West and West. An obscure sport only a few years ago, collegiate wrestling is now on a par with boxing. Both in number of competitors and in attendances, the sport has taken a big jump. They are huskies out in the Middle and Far West and take to the sport.

With the college boys as a nucleus, and the many wrestlers from the army and navy to add to the list, wrestling is certain to gain added patronage. A new crop is being developed and it is hoped that these boys will soon shun aside the bewhiskered, fat, untrained, unskilled wrestlers who have, as a rule, been forced on the public as "honest-to-goodness" matmen. The sport sadly needs an influx of the collegians now performing in various parts of the country.

* * *

PAUL BOESCH, world traveler, who has wrestled in every sector of the universe where the sport is followed, is keeping in trim in Eastern mat circles until the war is over, when he hopes to make another series of trips. Boesch, one of the most popular of American heavyweights, continues to bowl 'em over. He will act as a life-guard next summer in his home city, Long Beach, L. I. Paul holds the record for Atlantic Ocean rescues, with more than 100 to his credit. He is as powerful a swimmer as he is a wrestler.



Jim Londos, who continues to mow down all opposition.

Jim Londos, who has held the world heavyweight title for many years, continues to hold the upper hand over all rivals. Jim has been hopping around the country, meeting all kinds of opposition, and at the end of each night's performance his hand is raised in victory.

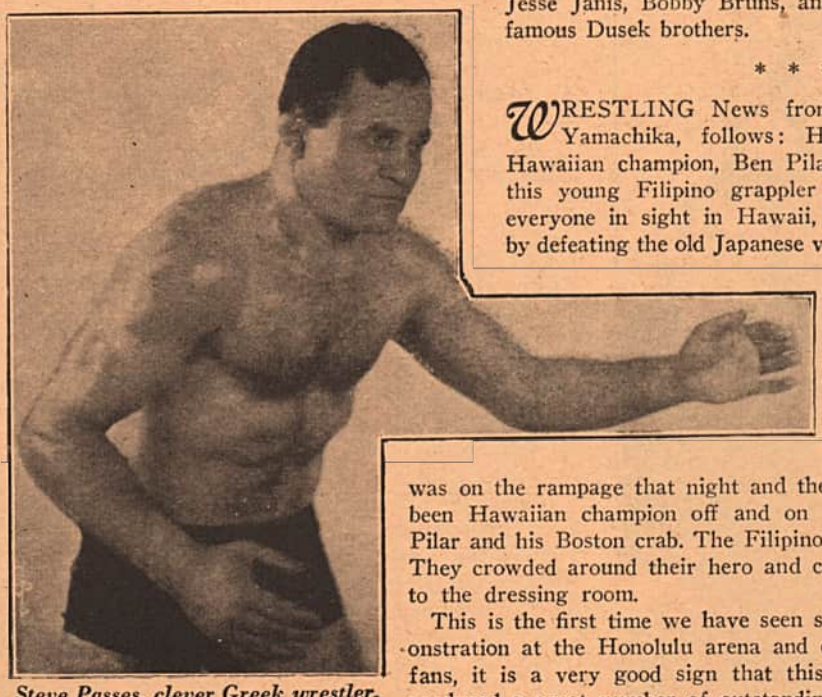
A few weeks ago Londos came on from California to clash with Sandor Szabo for Promoter Ray Fabiana at the Arena in Philadelphia, and their performance was one of the cleverest and most thrilling seen in the Quaker City in several years. A crowd of 7,000 cheered each. Many in the gathering were Greeks, who came to aid the Greek War Fund, for which part of the receipts were donated. Londos found Szabo easy. It took the Greek Adonis, however, 55 minutes and 44 seconds to pin his man.

Among those who are being booked regularly in Eastern matches are Don Evans of Buffalo, Joe Millich of Poland, Elmer Slagle of Arkansas, Cy Williams of Miami, Frederick von Schacht, Benny Rosen, Michael Leone, The Swedish Angel, Jesse Janis, Bobby Bruns, and Pat Corrigan, and the famous Dusek brothers.

* * *

WRESTLING News from Hawaii, by Theodore Yamachika, follows: Hail the newly crowned Hawaiian champion, Ben Pilar. As we had predicted, this young Filipino grappler who has been toppling everyone in sight in Hawaii, finally attained his goal by defeating the old Japanese veteran of the mat, Tetsuo "Rubberman" Higami, two out of three falls, at the Honolulu Civic Auditorium. While the battle itself was close and hard fought, Pilar definitely proved his superiority. Youth was on the rampage that night and the aging Higami, who had been Hawaiian champion off and on several times, yielded to Pilar and his Boston crab. The Filipino fans went wild with joy. They crowded around their hero and carried him from the mat to the dressing room.

This is the first time we have seen such an enthusiastic demonstration at the Honolulu arena and coming from the Filipino fans, it is a very good sign that this brown race, which has produced a great number of outstanding fighters, is now taking a real interest in the grappling game.



Steve Passes, clever Greek wrestler, who is doing well in metropolitan area of New York.

Unfortunately the wrestling game calls for only heavier boys, and the Filipinos, being small of stature, won't have many professional wrestlers among them but who can say there might be a brown-skinned grappler who may claim the world's heavyweight title some day.

* * *

Danny Savich, formerly an All-American football player with the University of Utah, is the new bad man to be added to Honolulu's roster of grapplers. He has already beaten popular George Wagner, who is no slouch himself. Danny's great objective right now is to unmask the Red Shadow.

* * *

See where the U. S. Army and Navy is taking a great interest in the mat game. Every so often we have a couple of champs from different ships challenging each other and having it out at the auditorium. It will be a good thing to have a fleet tournament one of these days.

* * *

Once in a while Promoter Al Karasick takes his cohorts to the Schofield Bowl, where all the service fights are held, and they usually perform before a crowd of 10,000 rabid fans. The popularity of the mat game among the soldiers is great. And the fact that these soldiers have seen some of the world's best wrestlers in action is largely due to the efforts of Lt. Col. George L. Febiger, Schofield Barracks Recreation and Morale officer. More power to him.

* * *

WRESTLING News from Ohio, by Jimmy Amann: "Farmer" Jones, the Arkansas hill-billy, is the big attraction in the Middle West. He is a light-heavyweight. The Farmer knocked off the toughest of opposition last time out, at Cincinnati, when he set back Lansdowne Finnegan, the English nobleman, in two of three falls.

Promoter Ross Leader of Cincinnati continues to set out great mat cards each Friday night. Ross has a great drawing card in the "Farmer." Jones has a beard and long flowing hair. He is only a young man. His crude style of wrestling seems to have all opposition running to cover. He has won 16 straight matches.

Rudy La Ditzi, the Hungarian heavyweight, is another attraction in the Middle West. . . . Toledo has some snappy cards all year around with clever Cliff Maupin in the promoter's seat. . . . The Maupin terror crew always brings in the fans in droves. . . . Unanswered was the challenge of Old Holde, the A.F.W. world's heavyweight champion, to Col. John Kilpatrick of the New York Garden to wrestle Jack Sherry or Jimmy Londos, with Holde's part to go to charity. . . . Perry Winkle, the light-heavyweight champion, also wished to show on a Garden bill against any challenger, to clear up the muddle in that division. . . . Buck Weaver started his new campaign in the Middle West, only to lose to Bad Boy Brown of Shreveport, La., on a Leader show in Cincinnati. . . . John Pesek came back to the Middle West wars and one of his victims was Jules LaRance, the wild Frenchman. . . . Death halted two of wrestling immortals within a space of a few weeks. . . . The final curtain was drawn down on Ad Mantell, the Amarillo, Texas, promoter, and Billy Edwards, the Kansas wild man, who was killed in an automobile accident.

WRESTLING News, from Havana, Cuba, by Milt Baron, follows: Joe Becerra won from Ramon Rivera, Chino Barrena beat Luis Pino, Enrique Pechon beat Mike Suarez, Alberto Crespo won from Popeye Laguardia, Mike Suarez drew with Alberto Crespo, Ramon Rivera beat Cyclone Veloz, Chino Barrena beat Pechon, Joe Becerra beat Luis Pino, Sammy Bloomfield beat Majid Cobty, Edgar MacCullah beat Ramon Rivera, Tony Velasco defeated Luis Pino, Alberto Crespo drew with Antonio Barrena, Edgar MacCullah drew with Sammy Bloomfield, Enrique Pechon drew with Cyclone Veloz.

All these bouts were held at the Arena Cristal in Havana, and from appearances it looks like Havana is bound to become the mecca of wrestling. At least, the efforts of Giraldo Hierro and his associate, Senor Abarraetegui, are very commendable. The arena is packed every Thursday night, more so recently on account of the eliminations for the coming tournament that will decide a world's champion. A special call is made through these columns to all heavyweights interested in this tournament. Please send photos and write to Mr. Giraldo Hierro, Perseverancia 259, altos, Havana, Cuba.

Wrestlers in the Spotlight

(Continued from page 37)

He is 28 years old, and according to Zbyszko, no mean specimen of physical perfection himself, Talun is the most perfect physically developed man he has ever seen. He compares him favorably with the "Supermen" of whom Michael wrote in his story on Hindu grapplers.

* * *

WRESTLING fans throughout the Rocky Mountain area are singing the praises of Jack Conley, the Irish Roughneck. Conley, although not a native of the Rocky Mountain area, has become a local idol in Denver. Fans like the aggressive style of the popular Irishman.

Conley was born in Boston. His parents came originally from County Cork, Ireland. He is 33 years old and has been making his living as a professional athlete since he was 14 years old. He began as an amateur boxer, but remained in the amateur ranks only long enough to learn the rudiments of the game.

Jack was taught by his father who was quite an amateur in Ireland. Jack progressed rapidly under the parental tutelage but curiously branched off to the professional end of the game. This was due, as Conley explains it, to the fact that at that time he had a better chance of making money around Massachusetts. As a boxer he did very well, but his heart was set on wrestling and he never failed to tug and pull with some of the rougher elements as part of his boxing training, just as Jack Dempsey used to do when he trained with Bull Montana and other grapplers of note when training for an important boxing engagement.

Conley is probably the only athlete who earned his living by both boxing and wrestling at the same time. He holds the rather unique distinction of having made good at both. As a boxer, he graduated to his present weight of 205 pounds through several divisions—featherweight, junior lightweight, lightweight, welterweight, middleweight and finally heavyweight. It was at the last named weight that he did his best work although he never tipped the scales over 180 pounds while fighting.

Conley's experience both on the mat and in the ring gives him a tremendous advantage over his opponents. His style is strictly aggressive. Although his mat knowledge is very extensive and he knows the applications of holds, there is nothing he prefers more than a rough opponent.

* * *

DOWN in Panama they have a soldier who is cutting quite a figure as a wrestler. His name is Granville "Buddy" Smith, he is 24 years old, stands five feet ten inches and scales 180 pounds. He is the light-heavyweight champion of the Canal Zone.

Born in Pennsylvania, Smith took to wrestling in the Y.M.C.A., and was the winner of many championships while still in amateur ranks. Later, he entered professional rings. Although he has little time for training, he is always in good condition. He has been victorious in more than 179 matches.

Smith has perfected the "Flying Scissors" to such an extent, that his opponents are careful not to leave themselves open to it. His legs are another of Buddy's assets. When he puts the pressure on a scissors, somebody usually gets hurt.

He has many admirers and the two reasons are apparent. First, his style is unique and he is a clean wrestler. Second, because of wrestling on charity bouts, Buddy has not accepted any money for his bouts the past six months.

Buddy Smith is a fine wrestler, as well as an upstanding young man.

* * *

ROUGHOUSE DAN MORRIS of Columbus, Ohio, a welter with a fine record, is out for the honors in his division. Now that the throne is vacant, Morris is eager to enter elimination competition to decide the new owner.

Dan has been wrestling with success for Promoter Harry Niehiser at Logan, Ohio, where the lighter boys have been featured. He scales 147 pounds and is wrestling coach at the Aquinas High School. Recently he retained the Ohio State title by defeating Flash Gordon of Tipp City with a body slam and crotch hold in an hour and 26 minutes. It was Dan's 106th match of which he lost only seven, three to heavyweights, three to light-heavies and a fall to Gordon.

* * *

The Casey brothers, famous Irish athletes now residing in this country, all except to be serving Uncle Sam. One brother, Steve, has joined the army. He is serving at Fort Constitution, Portsmouth, N. H., and expects shortly to be made an instructor. All of the brohers are expert athletes and masters in the art of physical training and the probability is that each will be assigned to that duty. It won't be long before there will be three officers in the famed Casey family.

* * *

Bobby Bruns is one of the outstanding American wrestlers. He is well thought of in all parts of the country where he has been appearing. Bobby has been anxious to get a shot at a few of those who have been laying claim to wrestling honors.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

The outstanding fights of the month and the ranking of the leaders in each division based on recent performances

JOE LOUIS continued the most active heavyweight champion in the annals of pugilism by disposing of Gus Dorazio in two rounds in another of his title defenses, his fourteenth since acquiring the crown from Jim Braddock. Although they boxed in the city of Philadelphia, the Dark Dynamiter showed no signs of "brotherly love" towards Dorazio as he battered him unmercifully to the canvas. It was a continuance of Jolting Joe's "Man a Month Club" with the champion weaving his web of human destruction from the eastern shores through to the coast, until his big outdoor tilt with Billy Conn comes off this summer.

While Red Burman went down two pegs in the ratings Billy Conn was furthering his ambitions to that contemplated summer shot with Louis by engaging in two overweight matches and scoring two impressive kayoes. If we rated fighters in two divisions, Billy would be our No. 1 contender among heavyweights. The month marked the entrance into the light-heavyweight division of Jimmy Bivins, who whipped Teddy Yarosz; Pat Valentino who scored somewhat of a mild upset over former middleweight boss Solly Krieger, and Erv Sarlin, comparative newcomer who showed punching tendencies by knocking out Lee Oma in a round. Tommy Tucker was removed from the picture for the time having fallen a knockout victim at the hands of Jimmy Webb, and Krieger and Lloyd Marshall were supplanted.

The middleweight class was a hot-house of action. Ken Overlin retained his number 1 ranking by whipping the highly regarded Mose Brown, Tony Zale and Billy Soose continued on their winning ways, the former with a knockout of Steve Mamakos and the latter with a victory over Ernie Vigh, and former champion Al Hostak jumped back into the picture by knocking out George Burnette in sensational style. Tami Mauriello was welcomed into the middleweight fold while Andre Jessurun was yanked from the first ten by the knockout he suffered at the hands of Steve Belloise. Jimmy Bivins moved into a higher class.

Very little activity marked the welterweight division. Bob Montgomery jumped several notches by his knockout of George Zengaras and Georgie Martin made the select circle by his triumph over Pete DeRuzza. Baby Breese was dropped back into the lightweight class, having proved that he is still capable of making the 135 pound limit.

Champion Lew Jenkins continued to lead the lightweight parade by knocking out Lou Ambers in an overweight match. Baby Arizmendi was eliminated by losing to Bobby Green who is just a little too heavy for the division, as was Pete Lello, whose recent form has been poor. The sensational Ray Robinson could not be overlooked and gained seventh spot by his crack performances in whipping Bobby McIntyre and knocking out Gene Spencer and Jimmy Tygh.

The most affected division of the month was the featherweight class. In that sector, Maxie Shapiro and Mike Belloise came into the limelight, the former with a knockout and the latter with a decision over Everette Rightmire. Two other newcomers in the division are Jimmy Kidd Hatcher who whipped Jackie Callura, and Lulu Constantino, who still remains unbeaten in 32 fights. Pete Scalzo dropped to fifth place because of his knockout defeat at the hands of Guy Serean, who cannot make the weight, and Larry Bolvin, Mike Raffa and Joe Marinelli, who suffered losses this month, were also eliminated from the ratings.

In the bantamweight class, Lou Transparenti jumped into fourth place with a victory over Lou Salica and Horace Mann entered the select circle with a triumph over Rush Dalma. Inactivity caused the elimination of Johnny Juliano. Among the flyweights, Small Montana has been eliminated to make room for Jimmy Stubbs, newcomer who scored a startling knockout victory over Tiny Bostock.

The month's leading fights follow: Joe Louis kayoed Gus Dorazio in two. Lem Franklin knocked out Carl Vinciquerra in one round. Eddie Blunt stopped Babe Hunt in the sixth. Buddy Walker kayoed Joe O'Gatty in five rounds and drew with Roscoe Toles. Walker may make the first ten next month. He is knocking at the door.

O'Gatty also lost a decision to Bill Poland. Bob Pastor knocked out Mike Alfano in six heats. Pat Comiskey stiffened Domingo Valin in one. Nathan Mann beat Charley Eagle. Lee Savold trounced Selman Martin. Tony Musto whipped Buddy Knox. Harry Bobo kayoed Al Delaney in eight.

Leroy Haynes stopped Young Fostor in a round. Freddie Fiducia knocked out James J. Johnson in four. Gunnar Barlund beat Altus Allen. Willie Reddish and Emanuel Murray drew. Lou Thomas kayoed Arne Anderson and Johnny Miles in seven and two rounds respectively. Jack London kayoed Larry Gains in four stanzas. Harold Blackshear whipped Eddie Simms who in turn trounced Jim Lane. Wally Cross stopped Henry Moroz in two. Clarence Jones kayoed Julio Ortenzio in one, Dan Dowling knocked out Jim Robbins in the second, and Martin Clark decisioned Jim Marshall.

King Billy Conn did some crowning in the light-heavyweight class. He stopped Ira Hughes in four rounds and Dan Hassett in five. Jimmy Webb kayoed Tommy Tucker in nine rounds. Gus Lesnevich whipped Nathan Mann. Jimmy Bivins whipped Teddy Yarosz and stopped Pete Tamalonis

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for month ending March 12

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion Billy Conn	Title Vacant	World's Champion Fritzie Zivic
1—Max Baer	1—Jimmy Webb	1—Ken Overlin	1—Izzy Jannazzo
2—Arturo Godoy	2—Gus Lesnevich	2—Tony Zale	2—Charley Burley
3—Lou Nova	3—Anton Christoforidis	3—Billy Soose	3—Mike Kaplan
4—Lem Franklin	4—Jimmy Bivins	4—Georgie Abrams	4—Holman Williams
5—Eddie Blunt	5—Melio Bettina	5—Shorty Hogue	5—Tony Marteliano
6—Red Burman	6—Teddy Yarosz	6—Steve Belloise	6—Bob Montgomery
7—Jim Thompson	7—Mose Brown	7—Al Hostak	7—Jimmy Leto
8—Tony Shucco	8—Pat Valentino	8—Antonio Fernandez	8—Maxie Berger
9—Buddy Walker	9—Erv Sarlin	9—Tami Mauriello	9—Kid Azteca
10—Turkey Thompson	10—Jimmy Reeves	10—Ernie Vigh	10—Georgie Martin

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lew Jenkins	World's Champion Harry Jeffra	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Sammy Angott	1—Chalky Wright	1—Lou Salica	1—Little Dado
2—Jackie Wilson	2—Jackie Wilson	2—Tommy Forte	2—Jackie Paterson
3—Davey Day	3—Jimmy Perrin	3—Tony Olivera	3—Manuel Ortiz
4—Baby Breese	4—Bill Speary	4—Lou Transparenti	4—Little Pancho
5—Dave Castilloux	5—Pete Scalzo	5—Jim Brady	5—Jackie Jurich
6—Leo Rodak	6—Maxie Shapiro	6—Kid Tanner	6—Jimmy Stubbs
7—Ray Robinson	7—Mike Belloise	7—Kui Kong Young	7—Joe Curran
8—Toby Vigil	8—Sal Bartolo	8—Frankie Donato	8—Jimmy Stewart
9—George Latka	9—Jimmy Kidd Hatcher	9—Freddie Pope	9—Paddy Ryan
10—Aldo Spoldi	10—Lulu Constantino	10—Horace Mann	10—Tiny Bostock

in one round. Melio Bettina knocked out Herbie Katz in nine and Buddy Knox in five rounds. Pat Valentino decisioned Solly Krieger. Orlando Trotter kayoed Lee Oma in two rounds. Oma was also kayoed by Erv Sarlin in a round. Larry Lane whipped Frank Zamoris. Stanley Hasrato stopped Larry Derrick in four rounds and drew with Billy Metcalf. Bobby Jones whipped Tony Cisco and Johnny Kapovich scored over Bob Godwin.

Ken Overlin led the middleweight parade by whipping Mose Brown. Tony Zale stopped Steve Mamakos in the fourteenth round. Billy Soose beat Ernie Vigh. Georgie Abrams whipped Coley Welch who kayoed Jay Macedon in the eighth. Shorty Hogue stopped Al Globe in three. Steve Belloise stopped Andre Jessurun in seven rounds and whipped Vince Fratello. Al Hostak stiffened George Burnette in a round.

Antonio Fernandez stopped Dem Wakerlis in three rounds and whipped Joe Basora, who was also shaded by Kid Tunero. Tami Mauriello stopped Harry Ginsburg in the fourth. Archie Moore drew with Eddie Booker who in turn whipped Milo Theodorescu. Deacon Logan stopped Harvey Mills in four. Nate Bolden beat Billy Pryor. Eddie Pearce whipped Ben Brown who in turn beat Al Gilbert and Billy Colbert. Atilio Sabatino drew with Georges Champion and stopped Jimmy Purcell in seven rounds. Jimmy Casino beat Leon Zorrita. Ron Richards drew with Carmen Barth. Al Bernard beat Len Wadsworth. Jack McNamee beat Max Raynor and lost in the eleventh round on a foul to Les Brander. Big Boy Hogue whipped Pancho Ramirez. Joe Sutka whipped Billy Bengal and Frankie Nelson kayoed Sailor Thomas in the fourth.

Mike Kaplan led the welterweight brigade with a draw against Tony Marteliano and a knockout in three rounds over Irish Eddie Dunne. Holman Williams stopped Frankie Britt in the fourth. Bob Montgomery kayoed George Zengaras in three rounds. Maxie Berger stopped Mike Gamiere in seven rounds and whipped Tony Ferrara. George Martin beat Pete DeRuzza. Al Smith drew with Norman Rubio who in turn stopped Paul Cortlyn in seven and whipped Al Roth. Jimmy Garrison beat Babe Brandelli, and Chuey Vargas.

Eddie Dolan kayoed Eddie Carroll in the seventh. Phil Furr drew with Gene Buffalo and stopped Vinnie Vines in six rounds. Vic Dellicurti defeated Lou Schwartz. Joe Conforto kayoed Don Eddy in the seventh. Harry Weekly beat Johnny Durso and was in turn defeated by Erwin Berlier. Carmen Notch beat Felix Garcia. Allen Westbury stopped Ron McLaughlin in five rounds and whipped Jimmy Day. Jackie Kid Berg defeated Harry Craster. Dick Demeray beat Tony Martin. Sheik Rangel drew with Joe Ybarra.

Lew Jenkins forced Lou Ambers into retirement with a seven round kayo after the former lightweight king had whipped Norment Quarles. Dave Castilloux topped Tommy Speigal. Leo Rodak defeated Herschel Joiner. Ray Robinson beat Bobby McIntyre and knocked out Jimmy Tygh and Gene Spencer in eight and five rounds respectively. Spencer was also kayoed by Joe Ghnouly in six rounds. Joe also scored over Joe Doty. Aldo Spoldi kayoed Frankie Velez in the fourth. Tod Morgan drew with Ron McLaughlin and beat Allen Westbury.

Nick Peters kayoed Eddie Stanley in three rounds, and was in turn stopped by Ray Price in three. Red Green whipped Baby Arizmendi. Bobby Ruffin beat Charley Varre and Joey Fontana. Terry Young beat Monty Pignatore and Danny Bartfield. Pignatore drew with Frankie Martin while Bartfield kayoed Joe Torres in the eighth. Martin was beaten by Lenny Mancini. Marty Servo whipped Mistos Grispos and Freddie Archer and kayoed Billy Bullock in the third. Tommy Cross drew with Charley Sulic. Red Guggino stopped Jimmy Cook in the ninth.

Allie Stolz whipped Joe Amico. Mike Evans beat Buck Streater. Cecil Hudson kayoed Chief Evening Thunder in three and whipped Larry Cisneros who in turn defeated Andy Scrivani. Georgie Hansford beat Cleo Shans. Lloyd Pine beat Lee Sheppard and Sammy Scully. Harris Blake beat Mistos Grispos. Danny LeVerne whipped Gene Espinoza and lost on a foul in 8 rounds to Clever Henry. Dave Crowley scored over John Cunningham. Joey Silva stopped Johnny Flynn in four rounds.

Chalky Wright scored three kayoes to lead the featherweight division. He is the class of the featherweights. He stopped Frankie Terranova in five rounds, Texas Lee Harper in three, and Maurice Arnault in two rounds. Guy Serean stiffened Pete Scalzo in the eighth but was beaten by Richard Lemos. Jimmy Perrin drew with Jackie Callura who in turn lost to Jimmy Kidd Hatcher. Bill Speary defeated Mike Raffa. Maxie Shapiro kayoed Everette Rightmire in two rounds. Rightmire also lost to Mike Belloise but in turn whipped Ginger Foran. Sal Bartolo defeated George Salamone. Lulu Constantino whipped Lou Barbetta and Minnie DeMore. Tom Smith defeated Nel Tarleton.

Verne Bybee decisioned Eddie Marcus and Joey Archibald whipped Larry Bolvin. Bobby Ivy beat Joe Marinelli. Johnny Marcelline stopped Vincenzo Dell 'Orto in five. Georgie Pace kayoed Spider Armstrong in the sixth. Sammy LaPorte defeated Al Brown. Richard Lemos stopped Jimmy Liddell in four and Zeke Castro in one round. Nat Litfin whipped Frankie Conn. Jackie Taylor kayoed Pepito Santini in the seventh. Tony Dupre defeated Eddie O'Leary. Joey Stack beat Al Mancini, and lost to Pedro Hernandez. Phil Zwick stopped Eu Eulien in the eighth.

Lou Transparenti whipped Lou Salica to lead the bantams. Tommy Forte scored over Small Montana. Tony Olivera stopped Frankie Baron in one. Frankie Donato beat Victor Corchado and Bobby Green. Freddy Pope defeated Tommy Kiene and kayoed Herbie Gilmore in six rounds. Horace Mann beat Rush Dalma and Joho Shiroma. Carlos Chavez kayoed Tommy Cobb in the third round.

In the flyweight class, Little Dado defeated Jackie Jurich, Manuel Ortiz stopped Joe Roblei in six rounds, and Jimmy Stubbs disposed of Tiny Bostock in four rounds.

The eight best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—None Available.

Bantamweight—George De Gidio, Indianapolis, Ind.

Featherweight — Henry Vasquez, New York City.

Lightweight—Vic Patrick, Australia.

Welterweight — Chuck Hirst, Detroit, Mich.

Middleweight—Johnny Flores, Houston, Texas.

Light-heavyweight — Johnny Nojunas, Phila., Pa.

Heavyweight—Eddie Ownby, San Antonio, Texas.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

GUS LESNEVICH, the Jersey strong man, took the outstanding part in boxing activities locally the past month, as he headlined Mike Jacobs' card at the Olympia, and outpointed Nathan Mann in the ten-round headliner. The fight, which promised to be a "waterfront brawl," turned out to be "just another fight."

The best bout on the card was the eight-round semi-final which saw Bobby McIntire, Detroit lightweight and Speedy Johnson flashy Pontiac colored boy go to a draw, which was a very unpopular decision, as the onlookers figured Bobby had an edge.

Joe Sutka, Wyandotte slugger, outpointed Billy Bengal of Dearborn in another hard fought eight-rounder. Bengal put up a good fight but Sutka seems to have the "Indian sign" on him.

Ray Robinson, clever and hard hitting colored boy from New York, had too much on the ball for Gene Spencer of Chicago and won by a technical kayo in the fifth round. Robinson is said to be one of the brightest prospects in the east.

Joey Miehielove, Detroit's "Socking Serb," proved his superiority over Larry Ray, by stopping him in the fourth round. A few weeks previously this pair fought to a scorching eight-round draw in one of Walter Sharp's Fairview Garden shows. Before that Miehielove had taken a disputed decision over Ray.

Johnny Martin, light-heavyweight protege of Jimmy Brady, turned in three nice performances the past month. On the Olympia show he won over Satimo Teresina. Then on Jack Pearlman's shows at Naval Armory he whipped Charley Harvey and Billy McNabb.

George Burnette, Michigan middleweight champ, crossed gloves with Al Hostak in Chicago and the former champ got George cold, stopping him in the first round. Scotty Strachan is making the matches there and the town is really hot. When Hostak and Zale meet for the title they should draw $60,000.

Bobby McIntire got his chance in Madison Square Garden but wound up losing the decision to the fast progressing Ray Robinson. Bobby's strong finish in the last two rounds set him solid with Garden fans and he is due to box there again soon.

A "double technical knockout" was the official decision reached in the controversy that followed the fight between Pat Carroll and Sammy Secreet in Jack Pearlman's first headliner at Naval Armory. This was one of the bloodiest fights seen here in years. Carroll was the first to be cut, but Dave Knight and Chuck Woods working in his corner, had things well under control when Secreet suffered a gash over his right eye. When the fight finally was stopped Secreet was a mass of blood, but in justice to him it must be said that he was ahead at the time, and another second might have seen Carroll bleeding again.

Pearlman dropped plenty of money on the show but he inaugurated a policy of giving bonuses to the fighters which found favor with all. Lee Oma won a very close decision over Orlando Trotter in a six-rounder. Georgie Toy, Cleveland Chinese boy, who had compiled a nice record, was unimpressive while garnering a decision over Stanley Poreda of Port Huron in another six.

Jackie Cooper, a tough colored boy from Chicago, "decked" Harold Smith twice in the process of taking a six-rounder but saw some wobbly moments as Smith connected with terrific right hand smashes. This was a real punching duel.

Buddy Walker, highly regarded colored heavy from Columbus, O., failed to make a great impression in Detroit, but did win by a T.K.O. over Joe O'Gatty of Newark, N. J., when O'Gatty suffered a cut eye in the fifth round. Dempsey McPhail stole the show with his sensational win over Eddie Martin and both boys received a bonus from Promoter Pearlman.

Harvey Dubs, Windsor lightweight, dropped Sam Terry, Kansas City, five times and Terry was unable to come out for the fifth round.

Ring Rallies For Service to U.S.

(Continued from page 5)

heroes of the squared circle where they can do the most good.

While the stars of other years line up to help the trainees, THE RING wants to point out that the youngsters can do a lot to help themselves. They can do this before they are drafted, or volunteer.

There is no reason why a boy should come into camp soft, unprepared. Every lad who is registered for the draft, whether he is sure to go or believes he will get exemption or deferred classification, or rating for only partial military duty, owes it to himself and to his country to get into first class shape.

The first thing a registrant should do is settle on a decent diet. Over-eating, over-smoking, drinking—these have to be put under curbs at once.

The chief physical aid to this diet should be walking. The automobile has done wonders for the United States industrially. It also has destroyed distances, and helped miraculously to educate the people. The folks of the back country now drive into the big city, where they see big city people, big city manners, movies. But the car has made the American its victim. Nobody walks any more. It is ride, ride, even around the corner for your evening newspaper.

Improper diet sends flabby boys with bad teeth to the draft board doctors. Lack of exercise adds to the tremendous crop of rejected young men. You cannot develop into a good boxer if your body is not your servant. You cannot learn to box if you cannot go the pace physically.

* * *

THE RING has asked Bill Brown of the New York Boxing Commission, and long a conditioner, with a health farm at Garrison, N. Y., to give the trainee and the trainee-to-be tips as to how to get set for service.

"If you are registered, go to your doctor," Brown advises. "Let him give you a thorough checkup—physical, blood and urine analysis. See your dentist.

"Doctors and dentists tell me that since the passage of the draft law, their business from young men has fallen off.

"The registrant is inclined to say, 'If Uncle Sam wants me, let him pay the doctor. Let him fix my teeth.' This is a selfish and unpatriotic stand, and it also has another angle. It hurts the registrant physically and mentally.

"See your doctor and dentist, and be guided by what they advise. Ask your doctor to tell you what you offer Uncle Sam, how far you can go with your exercise.

"The main thing to do is to walk. Walk a mile, then two, then three. Walk, keep walking. Harden yourself. Be able to come into the army with the ability to go ten miles at a good pace, without tiring.

"Poor dental equipment can be fixed. Overweight, underweight, heart murmurs, defects in vision, hernias, ruptures, some forms of flat feet—all can be corrected. Why not get busy now?

"Conscription will work wonders for virtually every man called. In the army, youngsters will discover hidden talents. Among these talents will be boxing. In 1917 and 1918 a lot of boys who as civilians never would have put on a pair of gloves discovered that they had ring talents.

"When I say ring talents, do not misunderstand me. True, I am on the New York boxing commission, which governs professional boxing in that state. But I am not primarily interested in developing professional boxers. My interest in boxing for the trainee lies in developing the body, in developing the characteristics which make the good soldier."

* * *

BROWN then referred to the habits of moderation which the service develops in the young man. He advised registrants to get down to proper diet, and to stop over-eating.

"It is an old bromide that over-eating kills 100 times as many men as drink. Over-eating kills more men than accidents. The idea that you have to stuff yourself with steak to be a real he-man is plain bunk.

"Now for boxing. Our officials in Washington know all about boxing—and wrestling, too. They know that the young boxer or wrestler will know what to do in an emergency. What to do, how to do it—and to do it all quickly. They teach the vital importance—and the ability—of beating the other guy to the punch.

"However, to expatiate on boxing and wrestling and their values for the trainee is silly. Everybody knows all about that. The chief thing, as I see it, is to impress on young America the value of getting into shape and not waiting for the army doctors, and army regimen.

"More men are killed by riding around in cars, than by the cars themselves. You have a pair of legs. Learn to use them. Be able to use them for the benefit of your country—and yourself."

THE RING recommends Brown's advice to every young man in the country—and not alone to the young men. What Bill says applies just as pertinently to the older ones, as well.

* * *

LET us apply the advice Brown has given to the boys of the camps who want to be boxers. No boxer is any better than his wind. No fighter is better than his legs.

You recollect the classic example. For 23 rounds, Jim Corbett had Jim Jeffries licked at Coney Island. For 23 rounds, Corbett did not yield a single minute of fighting to the bigger and stronger Jeffries.

But then Corbett's legs failed him and he could not get away from the Boilermaker's knockout punch.

All the boxing skill which Corbett had mastered; all the legerdemain; all the science he had built up in his matchless development, availed him nothing when his legs went back on him.

To the boys of the camps we say, Get after those legs. You need them to march, you need them to charge, you need them to be boxers.

Walking comes first. Then, running. Don't overdo the running. Do it all under supervision. Do it gradually, and first thing you know, you will be able to jog three miles without being really winded.

Once you have the wind and the legs, you will be ready for Bob Moha, George Abrams, Steve Belloise and the rest who are going into the service to teach.

CONNECTICUT NEWS

By DON HAMILL

FANS in Connecticut were treated to two outstanding programs during the month. Lou Viscusi presented three ten-round bouts featuring Lou Ambers in one, in preparation for his duel with Lew Jenkins. The show was held as a benefit for the Infantile Paralysis Campaign and was the first staged in the State Armory in Hartford since Ambers met Jimmy Vaughan here over a year ago. In New Haven, Nathan Mann defended his New England heavyweight title against the almost successful challenges of Charley Eagle of Waterbury.

In New Haven at the Arena, Nathan Mann, 189, Hamden, was awarded the decision over Charley Eagle, 180, Waterbury, in their 12-round bout before 3500 fans. Mann retained his New England heavyweight title by staging a late round rally, as Eagle tired. Mann was dropped for a no-count in the sixth round. George Fitch, 188½, New Haven Negro, kayoed Johnny Snyder, 177½, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., in the first round of the semi-final. Tony Gillo, 170, New Haven, repeated over Tubby Noble, 166, Wilkes-Barre, in a six-rounder. In a scheduled six, George Fuller, 181, Norwalk Negro, knocked out Lou Flowers, 203, New York, in the fifth round. Billy Brown, 154, Waterbury, defeated Art Tatta, 156, New Haven, in a fast four-rounder.

At Hartford in the State Armory, Lou Ambers, former lightweight king, defeated Norment Quarles of Hendersonville, N. C., in the top bout of ten rounds. Both fighters weighed 140½ pounds. Victor Corchado, 126½, Puerto Rico, subbed for Johnny Compo against Bobby Poison Ivy, 129½, Hartford, in a second ten, and surprised by holding Ivy to a draw. This was their fourth meeting, Ivy winning each of the others. Marty Servo, 140, Ambers' fighting cousin from Schenectady, N. Y., met a tartar in Mistos Grispos, 141, Greek One Man Gang, and was extended to a close decision in the third ten-rounder. Tony Falco, 137, bright prospect from Meriden, stopped Carlo Daponde, 140, Springfield, in the third round of the four-round opener.

Bridgeport, Pyramid Mosque—Joe DeMartino, Bridgeport's Bummy Davis, quit at the outset of the sixth round to Norman Red Rahn, Philadelphia 140-pounder. Both boys had been on the canvas and DeMartino had a slight lead up to the end of the fifth round. Frankie Terranova, New York veteran, won handily over Marty Shapiro, Bridgeport lightweight, in a rough eight-round brawl. Sammy Mammome, Stamford featherweight, won on a technical knockout in the sixth and last round over Eddie Voccia, New York. Billy Brown, 155, Waterbury, jabbed out a four-round decision over Dick Fuller, 158, Norwalk. Vin Pignatore, 132, Norwalk, flattened George Sarantos, 132, Stamford, in round four of the opener.

Bridgeport, Pyramid Mosque—Angelo Rodano, Norwalk comer, stopped Frankie Terranova, New York lightweight, when the club physician refused to allow Terranova to answer the bell for the sixth round. Rodano had meted out terrific punishment to the stubby New Yorker during the first five rounds. Joey Iannotti, New Haven's fistic star, was handed a soft touch in Al LaBarba, New York featherweight, whom he stopped in the second round of the eight round semi-final. Joe Symelic, New York lightweight, stopped Al Lopiano, Miami, Fla., in the fourth of their six. Dick Schaeffer, Bridgeport welterweight, kayoed Art Thompson, Jersey City, in the second of a four. Chet Simms, Bridgeport, kayoed Arthur Jacoby, New York heavyweight, with one punch in the first round. Marty Shapiro, Bridgeport lightweight, was awarded a close decision over Herman Carey, Norwalk, in an unscheduled four-rounder.

Norwich, Duwell Arena—Snooks Lacey, 129, New Haven Negro, knocked out Harry Bauman, 129, New York, in the third round of the six-round feature at the Duwell A. C. Arena. Lacey had outpointed Bauman for the first two rounds before catching the New Yorker flush on the chin with a left hook, dropping him for the full count. The rest of the card was made up of three-round semi-pro bouts.

Bobby Poison Ivy, Hartford's great little featherweight, pulled himself out of a boxing slump by punching out a decisive win over Joey Marinelli of Dayton, Ohio, in ten rounds at Providence. On the same card, Harry Gentile, Hartford veteran lightweight, returned to the ring wars to lose to Al Dutra via the decision route.

Connecticut fighters were kept busy out of the state as well as in. Willie Pep, a boy who bears watching, scored a sensational win over Ruby Garcia, clever little Puerto Rican at Holyoke. They fought a return bout two weeks later with Pep repeating . . . . Nathan Mann, Hamden, dropped a hairline decision to Gus Lesnevich at Detroit . . . . Billy Duffy, Hartford's school teacher-fighter, was stopped by Artie Dorrell in the fifth round of a six spot on the Ambers-Jenkins card in Madison Square Garden. Duffy had been undefeated in 14 previous pro engagements.

The Battling McCoys

(Continued from page 13)

prize pugdom has to offer—the heavyweight championship.

Then one night McCoy suffered an unexpected knockout at the hands of Andre Lenglet, a defeat that sent his dreams of a heavyweight title aglimmering. A loss to Bob Pastor aggravated the situation. But still Al McCoy was champion of New England, and little short of an idol in and around Boston. So in December last, Mike Jacobs, realizing the box-office ability of McCoy in his home town, took Joe Louis to the Hub city to give Al the shot he had been trying for all these years.

But in the Brown Bomber, Al McCoy found too much opposition. He was admittedly past his peak. Opportunity knocked too late at his door. He tried hard enough but they had to toss in the sponge for the veteran at the end of the fifth. There is a lot of good fighting left in Al McCoy. It is even conceivable that he might yet go on to win the 175-pound title if and when Billy Conn forsakes it.

But just as Al McCoy is passing out of the picture, young, up-and-coming Young Kid McCoy is crashing into prominence. He already has shown enough to make it certain that another of the long line of McCoys will be around for some time to come, trying to prove that it is he who is the "Real McCoy."

Fireside Chat

(Continued from page 23)

the neck or arm and throwing them right and left.

"He was shouting a few remarks in their direction and they weren't pleasant. In a few seconds, he had cleared that gang away. Then he put his arm around my shoulders and said: 'C'mon, Charley, nobody's going to lay a hand on you.' I'll never forget Big Jeff tossing those thugs around like rag dolls as long as I live."

Nearly all the champions liked to fight. In fact, it was the rule until the era of Tunney and Sharkey, when fighting seemed to be only a big business. I think Tunney liked a scrap, but that his reputation for making money in huge chunks and his yearning for Shakespeare obscured the facts. Sharkey gave the final boost to the dominance of finance in the ring game when he greeted the boos of the customers with his classic: "Let 'em holler. I got their money."

The game has had a hard time coming back to the point where there seemed to be any sport in it, but dwindling purses may be the medicine needed to bring forth some young contender who's in there because he LIKES it.

* * *

SOME years ago there was a hard hitting New Yorker who took up fighting. He was tricky and successful. One night he fought in a twenty-dollar bout at the old Dry Dock Club.

The fight had just started when he got a smash on the mouth. Immediately bending over, he looked intently at the canvas, and scuttled around the ring, yelling: "Look out for me teeth; don't step on me teeth!"

The Ring's Quiz

Copyright, 1941—The Ring, Inc.

HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters? If you can come through with three out of five you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—Identify the following famous fistic characters: Peter the Great; Livermore Max; Bendigo; Squire Abingdon; The Fighting Marine.

2—What was the first great International bare-knuckle fight staged between white men?

3—What was the time of the rest period in the bare-knuckle days? What is it today? How long was a round in the bare-knuckle days, and how long today?

4—What was the occupation of the following before each became a fighter: James J. Corbett; James J. Jeffries; Max Baer; Jack Sharkey; Jack Dempsey; Lew Jenkins; Bob Fitzsimmons.

5—Which of the folowing are illegal punches for which a penalty may be given the offender: Straight left; rabbit punch; kidney blow; punch to the groin; uppercut to the jaw; blow to the heart; back hand blow to the face; pivot punch?

The referee and the other fighter became involved in the search for the "missing" bridgework. As soon as he saw his opponent looking down, with his hands at his sides, the dentist reached up and clipped the poor sap on the chin, very neatly knocking him out.

Sportsmanship wasn't applied very much in small club fights in those days; a fellow was supposed to look out for himself at all times. 'Twas a trick, but a funny one and the man who pulled it, was Leach Cross, now a practicing dentist and a New York boxing judge.

He signs his name Dr. Louis C. Wallach—which was Leach Cross' name when he was not in the ring.

Leach made a great name for himself and rose to the top in the New York area. A wavy-haired Irishman named Packey McFarland was imported from Chicago to meet him. Packey had a great following in the middle west, where they knew him to be a tough, rough-and-ready guy from the stockyards. But he looked very handsome with his long wavy hair and some eastern critics thought Cross would murder him.

Shrewd Packey had an eye for psychology. He let the ballyhoo go on; but just before he entered the ring, he got a prison style haircut, which exposed dozens of scars on the top of his head from stockyard stone-throwing battles of his youth.

Leach Cross came out expecting to face a mild-looking Adonis and found himself pitted against a mugg who looked like an escaped convict.

Leachie seemed worried as he stared at McFarland. As the bout started, he cut loose with a desperate right that nearly tore Packey's head off. But McFarland was as rugged as he looked; he waded in and knocked Cross back on his heels. And being the master boxer that he was, kept Cross back on his heels for the full six rounds.

Only one other fighter ever did that to Leachie and that was the unforgettable Jem Driscoll—who even outclassed crafty Abe Attell and gave Abe the first real beating of his life.

Fitz's Dreams

(Continued from page 18)

Less than a fortnight later the fight took place. Fitzsimmons, who had never had a dream fail him, was all eagerness that night.

The fight got under way. As Fitz had dreamed, Corbett took an early lead. In fact, in the sixth round, he dropped Fitz, as Ruby Robert had foreseen. But thereafter, Fitz rallied. From that point on, he had been gaining an advantage. Then came the climax—not in the seventh round as Fitz had visioned, but in the fourteenth.

The fourteenth round had been reached. Fitz had been playing an attack to Corbett's body and he realized he was weakening the champion with those punches. They were in a mix-up. Suddenly Fitz unloosened his left. It sank wrist deep into the body of his opponent.

Corbett sank to the ground. He rested the palm of his left hand against the ground, but couldn't move his body. The punch—the famed solar plexus blow—had paralyzed the body.

Referee Siler began the count.

"One-two-three-four-"

Corbett, looking up at Fitz, realizing fully his predicament, pressed his palm against the ground as if he were trying to release the hold the ring floor had against his body. But it was useless. He just couldn't budge.

"Five-six-seven-eight," continued Referee Siler.

The crowd was shouting. There were groans from the backers of Gentleman Jim and shouts of encouragement from Ruby Robert supporters. They were visioning a knockout. They couldn't miss.

"Nine-ten. You're out," shouted Siler, as he raised the hand of Bob Fitzsimmons—the winner and new world heavyweight champion.

And so a new title-holder was crowned. A dream had come true.

* * *

WHEN the fight was over, Fitzsimmons went on the stage on a long vaudeville tour. That story—the dream come true—was his favorite yarn. He told how he always dreamt before an important fight and never had his dream failed him.

Two years later, when he clashed with Jim Jeffries at Coney Island, Fitz lost his title. A few days before the fight, as he related in a signed story in the New York *World*, he had dreamed that he had floored the Boilermaker twice in the first six rounds. Then he became cocky. He thought that Jeffries was a false alarm and began to josh his man.

Then—unexpectedly—as if from a clear sky, Jeff rushed him, tossed a terrible left from a crouch. It landed against the jaw. That was the end of the fight and Jeffries had won the heavyweight title.

"Win or lose," said Fitzsimmons on the stage, "my dreams never failed me. It was something supernatural. I believed in dreams as I did in my mother."

Ambers' Last Stand

(Continued from page 7)

Jenkins proved to me that my time has come. I'm hanging up my gloves and will call it quits."

With that he turned over to me his gloves to be placed in THE RING Museum. And so passed out of the picture a great little champion, a fighter who has been a credit to the sport, an inspiration to the youth of America.

And now a few words about the victor, who was considerably riled by the shabby treatment he received from the throng in the Garden. Jenkins did nothing to warrant the abuse hurled at him from the moment he entered the ring until, in disgust, he leaped out before Harry Balough, the announcer, could bring him to the microphone. True, Jenkins hit low twice in the sixth round, for which he was penalized, but that came long after the boxing and hissing began. The fouls were unintentional but delivered, nevertheless, and had not Ambers won the round on its merits, which he did, he would have had it on a penalty.

For the benefit of boxing, such tactics as were pursued by Ambers' adherents, should be abandoned by fair-minded fans. Let's hope that the ill treatment accorded Jenkins in the Ambers mill will be the last. He's a fighting champ—give him the breaks he deserves.

All Look Alike to Joe

(Continued from page 11)

praise him for his fine stand! No one who came to that show expected to see anything different than what had happened. All of those 15,425 persons who, like Senator Haluska and his colleagues, paid their way in, figured that Dorazio would be knocked out, but how soon none could tell.

Only Louis was able to answer that. When he was informed in his dressing room by the New York scribes that unless they could make the 11.21 train, they would be stranded in Philadelphia for the night or be forced to take the milk train back, the Bomber replied:

"No worry, you'll make it." And with that he held up two fingers to indicate the round. He calls 'em that way. Seldom has he missed when once his mind has been made up as to the deciding round. Therefore Senator Haluska should have blamed the New Yorkers for that quick knockout, and not Joe Louis.

What's the use of joshing. There is no one in the field who seems likely to take the measure of Louis. He is just that much too good and perhaps a year's vacation in the army will do the sport a load of good as it will permit the development of one or more likely looking contenders. At this writing only Baer, Nova and Billy Conn stand out, and one of those will soon be eliminated.

* * *

THE Louis who fought Dorazio was the Bomber at his best. He missed a few shots when Gus bobbed and weaved, but by degrees he has learned how to care for that type opponent and he solved the riddle quite early. Straight lefts to the face and a pounding to the head soon straightened Gus up for a perfect target.

It was a rifle shot while Gus was on the rise that bagged Dorazio. He came leaping in and started to toss a left hook for the face. With feet still in the air, he collided with a powerful short right to the jaw that knocked him part way across the ring.

He dropped his guard as he looked in amazement at the man who had struck him so hard, but he couldn't eye Joe for long, because quick as a flash, the Bomber came in for the kill. He let go a right to the jaw and poor Gus hit the canvas, face down, resting on one knee and both elbows. His left knee seemed paralyzed from the shot. It was off the ground, about a foot high, and Dorazio couldn't straighten it for several seconds.

The count was started, and Joe, realizing he had finished the job that would enable the New York boxing scribes to catch their train, walked slowly to the neutral corner. Dorazio didn't budge until Referee Irving Kutcher, a splendid young official, had reached the count of six.

Then Gus got to a sitting position. His eyes were closed and he was in agony. The count proceeded and Dorazio was still on all fours when Kutcher walked over to raise the hand of Louis, the victor and still world champion.

* * *

TO say that Dorazio had quit is nonsensical. He was fearless once he entered the ring. Like Red Burman, he went after Joe from the clang of the gong. He realized that his only chance was to tag Joe. He knew he would be knocked out, sooner or later, and gambled on that chance blow. Unafraid, the challenger rushed Louis with flying punches delivered from a crouch. It was one of those flying attacks that spelled his doom. Once a vicious right uppercut almost felled Gus but he regained his equilibrium on time.

Dorazio figured that by fighting from a crouch, he could forestall defeat, but it was only a matter of time, for Joe was quick to get him out of that awkward posture by pounding Gus over the head with stunning blows. At close quarters, Dorazio got home repeatedly with solid lefts to the body, but Joe never winced. He mixed it, pecked with his left, backed away when Gus attempted straight shots and then delivered with effect, short lefts and rights to the head to force open a path for a knockout wallop.

It was when Dorazio forgot for the moment his crouching and came leaping in in stand-up style that he was staggered with the short right that sent him on his heels. Then, with unerring accuracy, came the final blow.

Louis stood for two seconds watching Gus squirming on the canvas, then turned away and winked to Blackburn, his faithful trainer. Joe knew he wouldn't have to go back. He had satisfied himself that Dorazio was through for the night. He had made good his promise to end it in the second.

Pity that Senator Haluska didn't see that fight as we scribes did—an honest, fairly waged battle between a ring marvel, the champion, and a fearless challenger who, like other challengers, didn't fit into the picture!

The fight drew 15,425 persons for a gate of $57,199.

"No Surrender"

(Continued from page 10)

Sullivan against James J. Corbett at New Orleans in 1892 would have been lacking in the spectacular element had Sullivan merely lost the heavyweight championship on a fifteen-round decision. Nor, it is safe to say, would a majority of the spectators have been satisfied.

For there was real drama when John L. was beaten down and out in the twenty-first frame, drama enhanced by the blood-stained loser, when he leaned his bulky form on the ropes and assured the awed crowd in his thunderous bass voice that he was glad the championship title remained in America.

Bob Fitzsimmons went down and out in traditional "champion" style when Jeffries became heavyweight monarch in 1899 by kayoing the freckled wonder. Until he was put down for good in the eleventh round, Fitzsimmons stood up under a bombardment that would have made a less-lion-hearted gladiator take the easy way out. But there never was any "quit" stuff in Bob's make-up, he wasn't built that way, and he didn't stop trying until the fatal "ten" was counted over him.

* * *

BUT in point of spectacular realism, Fitz's second contest with Jeffries, at San Francisco in 1902, was miles ahead of the first meeting. Bob was out to regain his title, he had trained himself to a hair, and no bull terrier in a pit ever worried an opponent with such desperate savagery as the ex-Australian did on that momentous occasion.

For seven rounds he pounded the huge Jeffries vindictively. Jeff kept coming on, Bob fought him "on the retreat," countering repeatedly, slashing his face with a hail of hooks, jabs and uppercuts. Jeffries was looking just to get in one solid wallop.

Both the big fellow's eyes were closing, but he bore in persistently, and in the eighth round got home with a body blow that doubled Fitz up. Jeff followed with his famous left hook on the jaw, and Bob fell, to be counted out.

Jeffries afterwards said that the "old Rock Cod," as he called Fitz, punished him more severely than any man he had fought up to that time. Which was probably true. A couple of minutes had barely elapsed before the victor was as nearly blind as the proverbial bat, and groped his way to the dressing room, steered by his chief second, Billy Delaney. What might have occurred had the bout lasted another round can only be guessed. Certainly Jeff would have been in a bit of a tight spot.

Fitz's "last stand" against Jeffries was assuredly a pugilistic peach! One can easily recall Dempsey's three-round defeat of Willard as an extremely colorful specimen of storm-blasting, furious attack by the winner. But Willard's "last stand" in vain defense of his title didn't provide the correct melodramatic finish, because big Jess was unable or unwilling to stick it out, didn't answer the bell, but "resigned," as the French put it in their polished way.

Dempsey provided plenty of dramatic color in his "last stand" against Tunney. But it is undeniable that the "battle of the long count" would have pleased the fire-eating fans far more had it ended in a definite knockout either way.

New Faces

(Continued from page 31)

Not only does he box, or fight, as often as the limited servings of the sport in the state will permit, but he is coach of the Greensboro, N. C., Y. M. C. A. boxing team, an aggregation that is going places in "Y" circles.

E. A. Woodell, veteran printer by profession but a long time follower of boxing, amateur and professional, is managing and looking out for the interests of Ferguson.

* * *

TOMMY ARDEN

THE middleweight division has a future star in Tommy Arden, former amateur champion from Fort Wayne, Indiana, who is making rapid strides in the professional ranks at Louisville, Kentucky.

Arden boxed as an amateur for two years and during that time engaged in 40 bouts and won several sectional titles in Northern Indiana in the vicinity of Fort Wayne and Auburn, Indiana, besides boxing in the Golden Gloves Tournament at Chicago.

After meeting with success in the amateurs, Arden moved to Louisville to start his professional career under the direction of Jimmy Dell, a former fighter and boxing promoter. At this writing, Tommy has had five pro fights, meeting experienced opponents, and with the exception of his first bout, all were six-round main events. Four were won by decisions and the other by a knockout. Arden holds decision wins over Billy Sparks, Jimmy Davis, Joe Murphy, and Tony Kramer and a three-round knockout over Bruce Atwell.

Arden is only 18 years of age and weighs about 158 pounds, but he boxes like a veteran with plenty of experience and packs a hard wallop in both hands.

At the present time, Jimmy Dell, Arden's trainer and manager, has been keeping the middleweight ace in six-round competition in local rings and bringing Tommy along step by step. Tommy is headed for the Kentucky middleweight championship.

* * *

CHUCK HIRST

WILLIE SHAW, former Michigan bantam and welterweight champion, had a good prospect in hand in a young, hard hitting Jewish welterweight, Chuck Hirst by name. Chuck tossed aside amateur boxing after three fights, to enter the pro ranks and since joining the money squad, he has been doing very nicely.

In his first three bouts he gained decisions over Gordon Drake, Art Neyman and Henry Higgins. Then he went into a knockout streak. He stopped Barney Ross in 1:40 of the first round; Sammy Ketts in 58 seconds; Larry Ray in the second round; Ernie Montroy in the second; Jimmy Harper in the fourth; and then he sent Len Nelson to sleep in 1:20 of the first.

Chuck is anxious to get a crack at Young Al McCoy to settle the matter of Detroit supremacy in their class, and he will have a lot of folk behind him if the match materializes.

* * *

GLENN GRAY

IN Mineral Springs, Texas, where there is a huge army encampment, boxing is an important sport. Hailing from that district is a lad, Glenn Gray, whose father, Chester, saw considerable service in the army and navy, and according to dad, his son has all the earmarks of a good fighter. Glenn has had upward of sixty fights as an amateur but only recently joined the ranks of the money chasers. As a pro, he hopes to fight frequently around the army camp sector. He lost only one fight in five starts, that to Roy Salomey of El Paso. Pop Thomas, promoter at Lubbock, thinks well of Gray's chances. Recently at one of Thomas's shows, which Dempsey refereed, Gray beat Sonny Smyer.

Young Gray still goes to school. He is a senior in Mineral Wells High School, where he is idolized by his schoolmates. Gray's father was a boxer in the army and navy. He served thirty years before retiring, four in the navy and 26 in the army.

All Mineral Springs is behind the efforts of young Gray to make good. His record to date as a pro, follows: Kid Leva, won 8 rounds; Kid Leva, won, 10 rounds; Fanzo White, won, 6 rounds; Ray Salomey, T.K.O., 4; Sonny Smyer, won, 6.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

Copyright, 1941—The Ring, Inc.

HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 43:

1—Peter the Great, Peter Jackson; Livermore Max, Max Baer; Bendigo, William Thompson, British Evangelist-pugilist; Squire Abingdon, British sportsman who backed Jim Hall; The Fighting Marine, Gene Tunney.

2—The Heenan-Sayers fight at Farnborough, England, 1860.

3—Rest period in bare-knuckle days was half a minute, now one minute; round in bare-knuckle days lasted until a fighter was down, that ended the round; today it lasts three minutes.

4—Corbett, bank clerk; Jeffries, boilermaker; Baer, butcher; Sharkey, a sailor; Dempsey, dance hall bouncer, then a miner; Jenkins, cowboy and soldier; Fitzsimmons, blacksmith.

5—Illegal blows are: Rabbit, kidney, punch to groin, back hand and pivot.

Socking the Referee

(Continued from page 33)

at Goldfield, Nevada, in 1906 for the lightweight title, the battle went into the forty-second round before Referee George Siler declared Gans winner on a foul. The fight was notable for the colored champion's superb defense, and the wonderful precision with which he landed his punches; and the dogged persistence of Nelson, whose marvelous endurance was never exhibited to such a degree as in this gruelling contest.

Siler overlooked quite a number of fouling offenses by Nelson in the earlier stages of the contest. Referees weren't inclined to be squeamish in the days of long distance scraps, but as time went on Nelson got more and more impatient because of his failure to corner Gans and beat him down.

His impatience finally reached the breaking-point. In the forty-second session the Dane cut loose with all he had, using his elbows, wrestling in the clinches, butting like an enraged steer. When he tried to kick Gans, it was too much for Siler, and Bat was at last disqualified.

Tunney Boosts Boxing

(Continued from page 3)

'Tis the mightiest of sports, and because it is the mightiest it has become the most popular among Service Men, and the one most encouraged by wise and experienced officers. I urge all who can do so, after they have gone to camp, to take up boxing.

* * *

CONDITION is the most important factor in the life of a soldier or a boxer. For that matter, in any man's life. If one lacks condition, he is unable to meet the rigorous demands of life. That's why it is so important that those who are being trained for the service, no matter what branch, be physically fit for the tough task ahead of them.

There is nothing a man in the service needs so much as courage, alertness and self-confidence. Boxing gives him all three. I urge all boys who are in the service to follow boxing because it will help them to become good soldiers. The sport develops character and personality. It builds up health and gives to each the rudiments of self-defense, so essential in the service.

If every young man in America who enters the service would take up boxing as a pastime, we will have a fine, hardy lot of soldiers, sailors, marines and aviators to protect our country. In my many years' experience in athletics I have come to the conclusion that there is more actual benefit to be derived from boxing than from any other form of exercise. It develops every muscle in the human body, it quickens the brain, it sharpens the wits, it imparts force, and above all it teaches self-control.

The inestimable value of boxing as a training, discipline and development of our service men, has long been recognized by some of the greatest followers of physical training, including Theodore Roosevelt, an ardent student of the fistic sport. All classes of athletic training, except swimming and boxing, are partial and limited in their physical development. They bring into use only certain muscles.

In boxing, the lungs, heart, limbs, trunk, eyes—all perform their share. Each is thoroughly exercised.

I am happy to be among those in charge of the physical development of our young men now in camp. Boxing and our National Defense program go hand in hand.

I have a world of respect for the physical ability of the men in the Army, Navy and Marines. I have a dandy lot of enthusiastic young men in my charge and out of that batch of boys may come the man who will eventually dethrone Joe Louis.

The new champion will be even better and greater than Louis. I haven't seen him yet in my tour of the camps, but I'm sure he is now in training somewhere. I'm getting a great kick out of my work, and I know that those in training under me are getting just as much pleasure out of it.

Battle Thrills

(Continued from page 26)

There was real big-thrill drama that night at the Yankee Stadium, June 8, 1933, when Max Baer clipped Max Schmeling on the chin in round ten, partially stunning him, and following up with swings to the head that downed him. The German arose in a badly muddled condition, Baer hopped him again like a charging leopard, and Arthur Donovan jumped in, grabbed the dazed Teuton, and led him to his corner.

Donovan wasn't taking any chances. He knew that Baer's wallops killed Frankie Campbell in a California bout a few years before, and didn't want anything like that happening as regarded the helpless Schmeling. But the scrap had been a hummer from the time it started, and ended up in as melodramatic a climax as the most ardent seeker for sensation could desire.

It fell to the lot of the same Max Schmeling to register a couple of extraordinary thrill surprises for the edification of ring patrons in later years. On June 19, 1936, the German heavyweight knocked out the pugilistic wonder, Joe Louis, in twelve rounds. This was one of the biggest upsets in the annals of fistiana, as Schmeling was considered virtually a doomed man by the experts when he ducked under the ropes to face the colored man.

But a right-hand punch on the jaw in the fourth round dropped Louis. He was up before the count, but never recovered entirely from the stunning effects of the wallop. From then on Joe was groggy, but struggled on bravely under a veritable drum-fire of punches. After two minutes of action in the twelfth round, a right to the chin buckled Joe's legs, he fell to his haunches, rolled over and was counted out. The crowd at the Yankee Stadium went home that night loaded to the guards with thrill-emotion, for they had witnessed what they had believed to be impossible—a clean-cut defeat of Joe Louis.

Far different was the role assigned by malicious fate to Max when he again faced Louis in the ring. The scene was once more the Yankee Stadium. But now Louis was to come through as the flashing winner in the shortest heavyweight championship glove fight in ring history. Schmeling only had a chance to throw one punch, a right-hander which missed. Then a storm of right and left wallops hit Max on body and jaw. He was knocked against the ropes, floored by a short right on the chin, up at the three-count, dropped by another right, sent down again, and finally rescued from slaughter by Referee Donovan, who sent Louis to his corner, a triumphant victor in two minutes and four seconds!

It was a thrill-event all right. But it lacked something of the Dempsey-Firpo blitzkrieg, because it was altogether one-sided.

* * *

PROBABLY the biggest thrill New York's fight fans have experienced in recent times came when the great little welterweight champion, Henry Armstrong, was decisively beaten by Fritzie Zivic in fifteen rounds in Madison Square Garden last November. Like the first battle between Schmeling and Louis, it came as a stunning surprise, for the colored lad was looked upon by his numerous admirers as being practically invincible.

But the "amazingly unexpected" happened, as it so often does in love, war and box-fighting. Scarcely able to credit the evidence of their eyes, the spectators saw Zivic come from behind and batter Henry into submission. The Negro demon, who had held three world titles, feather, lightweight and welter. The first two rounds were in Zivic's favor, but from then on to the tenth, with one exception, it was all Armstrong's scrap. The going seemed easy for the champ.

But Zivic took charge of things from the tenth on. The last five rounds saw Fritzie cutting loose, showering punches on Henry blinding him, so that the latter could hardly see out of cut and swollen eyes. The air was vibrant with the hoarse roar of the crowd, howling like a wolf-pack for the prospective kill. With only a few seconds left of the final round, Zivic floored Armstrong with a right uppercut to the chin. As the bell rang, ending hostilities, Henry was lying face-down on the canvas. The call of time had barely saved him from a complete knockout!

* * *

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN witnessed one more vivid thrill-episode before the Old Year slipped into oblivion. In the month following the Zivic-Armstrong battle, Ken Overlin, world's middleweight champion by grace of the New York boxing commission, met Steve Belloise in a title-shot. The fireworks came in the sixth frame. Young Steve banged Ken with a short left hook, following up with a right cross on the chin that toppled the champ. Overlin was so dazed that instead of taking his time on the floor, he got up at the count of "two"!

Steve rushed, a left hook knocked Ken off balance and on to his finger-tips, but he was up without a count. Young Belloise lost his head at this juncture, went wild in his anxiety to stow the champ away, and kept swinging furiously from every angle, missing frequently as the ring-wise veteran swayed away, or slipped inside from Steve's frantic smashes. The onlookers had turned the Garden into a madhouse by this time, yelling in chorus over what appeared to be the passing of a champion. He didn't pass, but weathered the storm and went on to take a points decision. But that sixth-round thriller will linger long in the memories of those who watched a sorely-tried champ cheat disaster by the slimmest kind of a margin!

We have merely touched upon some of the highlight ring-thrillers during the life of the Walker Law. Doubtless every fight fan remembers thrill-battles not mentioned here that stirred his blood to fever heat. However, whatever thrills the past may have provided, you can always look forward to just as exciting episodes in the future, so long as the clanging gong sends modern gladiators into action between the ropes.

(In the next issue, "The Crusading Newspapermen." This series began with the March issue in which two articles were published, "Twenty Years of Walker Law" and "Great Frawley Law Fights." "The Walker Law Reviewed" appeared in the April number. These are invaluable historic articles. Save them.—EDITOR'S NOTE)

WISCONSIN NEWS
By MATT DOUGHERTY

PHIL ZWICK is one of the best featherweights in the world. He proved that before 1500 of his own home town fans at Kaukauna by knocking out Eu Eulien, Chicago Negro, in eight rounds. He is a veteran but still can take the young fellows into camp.

Determined to look his best before his friends, Phil came out flat-footed and tried to finish it quickly. Eulien waited cautiously and dumped Zwick in the second for nine. Zwick came back to floor Eulien in the fourth and from there on in chased his opponent for the finisher. The opening came in the eighth as Zwick drove a hard right hand to the chin and the referee counted ten.

Milwaukee fighters were featured in the remainder of the bouts. In the six-round semi, Ray McKnight won by a wide margin over Johnny Williams of Chicago at 150. McKnight showed considerable fire and had Williams ready for a knock-out from the fourth round. Williams bothered Ray occasionally with left hooks to the body.

Jimmy Pierce pounded out a good win over Tito Taylor, Chicago colored fighter, at 154. Pierce scored a knockdown in the third and used a left hook and hard right to advantage in taking the six-round verdict.

Matt Dougherty, 138, beat Eddie Parson in four. Dougherty suffered a cut eye in the last round. Mickey Hayes, Milwaukee, lost to Len Bostick in the opener. Bostick used a long left to win the decision.

FROM THE PRESS ROW—Tony (Cianciola) Martin scored a one-round knockout over Henry Schaft at Minneapolis and lost in ten to Dick Demaray . . . . Mickey Hayes lost by a K.O. in three at the Mill City . . . . At Chicago, Billy Pierce beat Sherman Edwards in four . . . . Johnny Roszina won over Johnny Williams . . . . Ray McKnight beat Tito Taylor . . . . Georgie Feltes lost to Speedy Schaefer.

Bill Mitchell has offered Pete Scalzo $4000 to meet Phil Zwick in a title match . . . . Milwaukee Golden Glovers again were eliminated before the quarter finals at Chicago.

Georgie Feltes no sooner returned from a seven month stretch in the navy, than he contracted for a bout at Chicago's Marigold. Just before leaving he had beaten Ralph Guajardo at White City. He spent most of his time at Key West, Fla.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

JIMMY ACE CLARK won over Armand Roy of Manchester twice in two weeks at Claremont, N. H. They topped the card both times. Roy is the fighter that had Tony Shucco on the floor recently in Manchester, N. H. Al Castonquay stopped Eddie Clancy in the second round of a six. Tommy Grady won two fights in two weeks from Al Mello of Manchester. Eddie Elie of Springfield stopped Phil Johnson of Manchester in the first round.

Pep McNine of Holyoke won and drew with Joe Sousa of Manchester in two fights at Claremont, N. H. Tony Dupre looked pretty good in polishing off Timmy Burns in four rounds in a main bout at Claremont, N. H. Eli Bourdon is the promoter and is putting on some very good cards.

Beau Jack stopped Lenny Isrow of Athol, Mass., in three rounds at the Valley Arena before a packed house. Willie Pep of Hartford beat Ruby Garcia twice in two weeks at the Valley Arena, once in a semi-final and once in a main bout.

The fans are sure going for Joe DeMaria's matches as he had banner crowds for his last ten shows. He is giving the fans seven bouts with six-round main events.

Jack Mundy a welterweight out of the amateurs, has located in Holyoke, Mass. He hails from Philadelphia, Pa., and will fight for Harry Borden. Stan Nowicki is the new promoter at Brattleboro, Vt. He is putting on five good bouts with an eight-round main. Marcus Pitts was in the hospital for two minor operations but is now well and training for any of the featherweights. He is under contract to Leo Bradley and the writer. Anybody wishing his services contact me at 50 Carlton Ave., Chicopee Falls, Mass. Phone 1062-W. Beau Jack of Springfield, Mass., had his picture and a story in the last issue of THE RING. Both Bobby Ivy and Johnny Compo have turned down offers for bouts with Marcus Pitts. New Haven Arena offers them both very good inducements but they turned them down. There is a report that there will be an open air club at West Springfield, with Leo Bradley as matchmaker. Mickey Canty who returned home from Miami with a broken thumb, is ready to resume fighting. He has 19 wins as a professional and is 19 years old. The Civic Club on Main Street in Springfield, Mass., is the best place to train in this locality. Eddie Nugent, a very genial person, is in charge and it is hard to reason why the shortage of patronage. At the present Jimmy Ace Clark, Eddie Elie, Art McAlpine, and one or two others are the only ones to take advantage of this fine gym.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

GEORGE (K. O.) KOVERLY and Jim Coffield of Kansas put on the most riotous wrestling bout of the year when they met at Memorial Auditorium. Koverly was hurled through the ropes no less than seven times but finally emerged a winner . . . . Deputy Commissioner John Hodges had to chase Kayo out of the ring after he continued to rage and storm around the ring. In a companion headliner, John Musovich tossed King Kong Cox in 23:36. About 5500 fans saw the show, which was staged by Jack Herman of the Great Lakes Club.

Bert Finch has something up his sleeve but won't give out any information. The 250-pound manager is either going back in the fight game with a new stable or perhaps start a new boxing club. He promises to give us some dope in the near future . . . . Rumblings around town continue that a new club will soon be licensed . . . . Jack Singer has been summoned to appear before the state athletic commission relative to considering his application for a club at Eagles auditorium . . . . The Crescent A. A., Inc., has been all set to go for some time and has the financial backing to stage after big time shows . . . . The poor crop of fighters around this section makes the promoters hesitate . . . . Meanwhile, Charlie Murray of the Queensberry Club, who lost a chunk of dough on his last show, will not go ahead unless he can line up some outstanding matches.

If there is a tougher referee in the wrestling business than Willie (K.O.) Brennan we have yet to lay eyes on him . . . . Brennan is always in the thick of the mixups and seems to be on the floor as often as the wrestlers . . . . Willie's friends are fearful that the former boxer will break a leg when he is manhandling the pachyderms . . . . Sonja Henie has been tops as a drawing card and her ice show packed the auditorium for five consecutive nights . . . . The Ice Follies also did a land-office business and filled all seats for every performance . . . . Boxing, a few years back, was the main attraction at the old Broadway auditorium . . . . Give the fans some real fights and new faces and the glove game will come back with a jump . . . . There is a great opportunity in this town for fighters who can fight.

JUST GOSSIP . . . . Big Tony Stabeneau, who fought a lot of good heavyweights around here in his day is a deputy sheriff in Los Angeles . . . . Lester McGowan, if he turns pro, might help arouse some interest . . . . The kid is only a bantam and there's little money around for the 118-pounders . . . . Lou Scozza, Buffalo's newest referee, has the respect and confidence of the fans . . . . Walter Kroening, who was maintenance superintendent of the Memorial Auditorium for several months, is out . . . . He has already grabbed off another job building cantonments in the south . . . . Tommy Moore never gives up hope of getting back with pro boxing in Jamestown . . . . and if the game ever gets going in Jimtown again Moore will be the man at the helm . . . . Charlie Bailey, former boxing writer on the old Buffalo *Times*, is doing a whale of a job as sportcaster on WGR . . . . Charlie's column-on-the-air goes on about 11 P.M. . . . . Listen in sometime! Eddie Tranter, one time *Times* sports editor, is now Director of Recreation in the city's Park Department . . . . Tranter was also in the boxing game for many years as matchmaker for the Velodrome A. C. . . . . Mickey O'Donnell, who could handle his dukes as a welter, left for the Canal Zone a week or so ago . . . . Mickey will work for Uncle Sam.

The first winter of action at the Memorial auditorium has seen all sports attract great crowds with the single exception of boxing. And the only drawback in the revival of the ring game is lack of talent . . . . Good fighters who are unattached and have no contractual obligations should write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Since Ed George turned the tables on Iron Talun and flopped the big Polish champion, local mat fans are again selecting George as the man to cop honors in Jack Herman's International wrestling tournament. George, now exhibiting splendid form, is due to meet such worthies as Bronko Nagurski, Jim Londos, Sliding Bill Hansen and others.

The Great Lakes club will continue to stage mat shows every Friday night until late in May. Matchmaker Herman is bringing on Ray Steele and Maurice Tillet (The Angel) to get in the scramble.

Wrestling is booming in Buffalo. Never before, not even in the days of Frank Gotch, Tom Jenkins, Stanislaus Zbyszko and Georges Hackenschmidt has the grapple game attracted such bumper houses. It may be that our new Memorial Auditorium has something to do with the boom, but I suspect it's the cagey promoting of Jack Herman that has aroused the interest of mat fans.

Results of bouts on the Great Lakes club card follow: Jim Londos threw Don Evans in 1 hour and 12 minutes; Bill Hansen tossed Bill Longson in 17:26; Sandor Szabo defeated George Koverly; John Musovich won from Jim Coffield; Sammy Stein was victorious over Juan Humberto and Cy Williams won from Frank Taylor. Officials were: Referee, Luke Carr; judges, John Krysinski and Dan Russo; timer, Ike Klipfel; announcer, Bob Kliment. About 7700 paid to see the show.

HERE AND THERE . . . Vince Plunkett tried hard but to date has made no money with his amateur shows at the Eagles auditorium . . . . Perhaps Vince will do better when he gets a few "name" attractions for headliners . . . . Billy Michael is shopping around for new battlers . . . . The expense of staging boxing at the auditorium is no small matter as Charlie Murray learned when he showed Harris Blake in a main event . . . . Buffalo is second to none as a fight center, although we haven't had any good matches for several years . . . . Clarence Jones, hard punching Negro middleweight, looks like the best scrapper in town . . . . Clarence is not any too hot as a drawing card but the boy might develop into one if given a chance . . . . Rumors of a shakeup in ring officials continues but nothing definite has developed . . . . Jimmy Goodrich is "burning up" because he has not worked as referee in over three months . . . . Jimmy's friends are wondering why he is being slighted.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THERE is a hot time in the old town these days. In fact, this sizzling status exists throughout this section under A.A.U. jurisdiction, which governs the activities of amateur boxing. After flourishing for many years, during which time the sport has served the vast number of amateur fight fans by providing clean, wholesome entertainment, and has served the professional game by providing talented recruits, amateur boxing in this entire end of the state seems doomed. All because of one or two higher up A.A.U. officials, who are levying unprecedented and uncalled for revenues on all clubs, large and small, conducting amateur shows in this, the Niagara District.

To top it off, suspensions are liberally being handed out to handlers, boxers and promoters for complaining.

FISTIC TIDBITS—Billy and Johnny Dickey, Cleveland boxers and students at John Carroll University, are cousins of the one-time Rochester favorite, Tilly Bellucci. Billy suffered the only knockdown of a long career in his losing brawl with Frankie Best. The two likeable Dickey boys have hung up their mitts, both bowing out the same evening in favor of the pursuits of higher learning . . . . Jackie Bullock continues to don the gloves almost weekly at the Elks. Jackie, a swell kid, recently passed the New York State Bar Association and has opened his own lawyer's office . . . . Another learned brother of biffers who recently made the news when he entered a Golden Gloves tournament down in Atlanta, Georgia, was one Douglas McClay, who, when not tossing punches, is listed as Professor Douglas McClay of Georgia Tech., Ph.D. Harvard. He was eliminated, but a great deal of credit should be given this professor who possesses a lot of spunk . . . . Jerry Spalma has his heart set on "knocking at the door" to the welterweight throne within two years. We think he can . . . . Slaughterhouse Lee Milo is the roughest, toughest piece of fighting bric-a-brac in this neck of the woods . . . . Johnny Burba, local amateur promoter, continues to dish up tasty bills of fare for his weekly shows, despite the many trying conditions he has been confronted with of late . . . . Jim Collins' Acme Sporting Club stages fine bouts . . . . Nello Nucelli, now a buck private at Fort Dix, has grown into a welterweight . . . . Every amateur boxer in town is of Italian lineage . . . . Private Jack Costello writes from Fort Niagara, "the Army is a great life for young fellows." Costello never missed a fight, amateur or pro, in Rochester and he'll be missed plenty . . . . Al Traino, Rochester's toy bull dog, is now a guard at one of the country's biggest factories in Rochester.

Following are the better amateur bouts during the month: Tony De Carlo, 147, Rochester, won decision over Regis O'Brien, Pittsburgh, five rounds. Johnny Rowe, 126, Cold Water, knocked out Paul Malatto, Rochester, in third round; time 47 seconds. Lee Milo, 175, Rochester, knocked out Willie Trucker, Pittsburgh, in second round; time 1:30. Charlie River, 175, Pittsburgh, won by technical when Dave Holscher, Buffalo, was unable to answer bell for third round. Harvey Bower, 175, Hilton, won decision over Buddy Knox, Buffalo, three rounds. Jimmy Mains, 160, Shortsville, knocked out Benny Smith, Buffalo, in first round; time, 1:07. Paul Malatto, 126, Rochester, won decision over Dominic Asposto, Rochester, three rounds. Johnny Rowe, 126, Cold Water, won decision over Sam Pirna, Rochester, three rounds. Howard Mains, Shortsville, 135, knocked out Frank Mattie, Rochester, in first round; time, 25 seconds. Billy Lewis, 147, Erie, won decision over Jerry Spalma, Rochester, five rounds. Johnny Green, 135, Buffalo, won decision over Frank (Smokey) Robinson, Oil City, Pa., five rounds. Jackie Bullock, 135, Shortsville, won decision over Jimmy Hixon, Buffalo, three rounds. Buster Hudson, 147, Rochester, won decision over Jimmy Mains, Shortsville, three rounds. Howard Mains, 135, Shortsville, knocked out Pat Mitchell, Rochester, in first round; time, 1:15. Frank Mattie, 135, Rochester, won decision over Stanley Scahill, Rochester, three rounds.

Fighters, fans, and promoters wishing advice or information concerning the fight game hereabouts, can address the writer at 47 Cleveland St., Rochester, N. Y. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

PAUL SALERNO, better known to Syracuse boxing followers as "Kid Polo," is getting to be quite a character around town. The "Kid" had a big following during his heyday in the ring and his style of fighting was of such a sensational order the fans were in a continual uproar every time he started. A southpaw, Polo could wing with the best of them and woe betide the poor bucko who ran afoul one of the Kid's portside twisters.

A few years ago Polo decided to hang up the padded mitts and go into business. He figured out a method of attracting attention and focusing publicity on his tactics by pretending to be "slap happy." At the tingle of a bell, real or imaginary, Polo would instantly swing into action and begin a shadow boxing repertoire that was as funny as any custard pie movie comedian ever executed.

Polo became a shoe-shine boy. With his shoe box strung over one arm he made every office building in town on a beat that would wear out the average seasoned floorwalker or mail carrier. He plugged all day long, put on his little act to the delight of his ever growing number of customers, saved his money, and eventually grew into quite an important figure. His stunt attracted so much notoriety newspaper columns were devoted to his actions and one sports editor even had Polo picking the probable winners of big fights. Strange as it seems most of Polo's prognostications came true. He developed a knack for picking winners.

Time passed. Today Polo at 28 operates a shoe shine stand in the downtown bus terminal, hires two boys to do the work, has a string of shoeshine boys making the office rounds, and devotes his time acting as custodian of the terminal, receiving a nice salary for this light task. Growing fatter with time, and wittier, he smokes an average of 15 cigars a day, and still puts on the punchy act!

Ralph De John hopes to be able to go through with his coast bout with Lloyd Marshall this month . . . . Ralph broke his right hand preparing for the battle two months ago and has been idle in California since . . . . Ground will be broken this month for Syracuse's new auditorium . . . . The Golden Glovers on the *Herald-Journal* team defeated the Buffalo team in an inter-city contest at the Coliseum that developed some swell fights . . . . Local Polish society is now sponsoring amateur bouts here . . . . Gabe Genovese is angling for a Joe Louis fight for his heavyweight charge, Tony Musto . . . . Henny Andrews hasn't dropped into town in months . . . . Wonder what Baron Von Stumme and Chuck Crowell are doing? . . . . Frankie Rex, pilot of Newsboy Millich, is now operating a cafe in San Francisco . . . . Marc Buckland is reputed to be angling for the Olympic license but Archie Ajemian denies anyone but himself will operate here this summer . . . . Billy Conn could make a mint in one shot here this summer if Uncle Mike would forget those chain-store boxing methods of his.

BOXING IN PANAMA CAMPS
By PVT. P. L. CAPARELL

BOXING this past month has been dead as prohibition, with no fistic events whatsoever. However, the month of June will buzz with action in view of the fact many of the boys have been signed for matches. Tony Passaro, who holds a verdict over Mike Belloise, will display his wares for the first time against Leocaddio Torres, Republic titleholder; also Young Shadow will stake his title at some future date against an unnamed opponent.

The Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. are planning on starting a boxing class. They evidently plan to produce an Army and Navy crop of their own.

I received a surprisingly small amount of photographs last month, and was utterly disappointed. I want to see better results this month. "Don't be afraid, fellows, there is no charge." "shoot the works to me, in doing this you will be giving yourself the break you deserve." Good photos only are wanted.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

LEW JENKINS, Sweetwater, Texas, slugger, who holds the lightweight championship, came from behind to dispose of Lou Ambers in a non-title match at Madison Square Garden in two minutes and 26 seconds of the seventh session in their scheduled 10-round meeting.

Jenkins fought with practically all the cards stacked against him. He was facing a crowd sympathetically inclined towards the former lightweight king, in addition to favoritism for Ambers on the part of Referee Arthur Donovan, in shielding Herkimer Lou from heavy attacks directed his way by Jenkins when the Texan had his man cornered and at his mercy.

In the second round, which furnished the high spot in the fight, Jenkins had Ambers in a plight and battered at him mercilessly with two hands. Several times it looked like the referee was about to stop the fight to save Ambers, instead, however, Arthur only stepped in front of Jenkins to give Ambers a chance to recover. There was no reason for parting the men or stepping between them. It smacked of favoritism and Jenkins complained bitterly about it in his dressing room. Jenkins' arms were free and he battered away like unleashed fury when given the opportunity. The rest that Donovan handed Ambers on those few occasions enabled him to survive the round.

Staging a miraculous rally after the second, Ambers came through in the third, fourth and fifth rounds to hold the upper hand, with Jenkins swinging desperately but invariably falling short of the mark. In the sixth round, Jenkins hit Ambers low and was immediately cautioned by Donovan. In that same round Ambers was guilty of the same offense but the guilt was overlooked yet the sixth round was taken from Jenkins because of that low blow.

So beginning the seventh round, the count stood four to two in favor of Ambers. But that did not prevent Jenkins from waging a desperate, two fisted offense and the onslaught proved too much for Ambers who fell in the way of the onslaught and the fight was finally stopped to save him from needless punishment.

Jenkins weighed 134 against 140½ for Ambers. The crowd of 15,402 fans contributed $46,443 to see this thrilling exhibition and to witness the finest set of preliminaries that were staged by Matchmaker Nat Rogers.

Terry Young, 132½, and Monty Pignatore, 135, waged a hurricane encounter in the six-round semi-final which went to Young because of a last round rally. Young won the first three while Monty captured the next two and everything hinged on the final round. It was a great exhibition of slugging in the final session. Maxie Shapiro scored a big upset when he kayoed Everette Rightmire in the second round of another six. Marty Servo outpointed Freddy Archer in a hectic six-rounder while Artie Dorrell disposed of Bill Duffy in the fifth after a whirlwind scrap. Frankie Ray stopped Jimmy Steers in the first of the four-round opener.

Aldo Spoldi emerged the winner by a technical knockout over Frankie Velez, rugged Puerto Rican, in the fourth round of their scheduled eight-rounder at the Royal Windsor Palace. Spoldi dropped his opponent in the third and Velez just about managed to survive that session. Velez proved an easy prey to Spoldi's hard clouts in the next session which proved to be the final one. Spoldi weighed 139½ against 144¼ for Velez. Lulu Constantino, New York's shining featherweight star, added another victory to his growing list when he vanquished Minnie DeMore in the companion eight-round affair. Lulu showed his class in convincing style and had little trouble with his adversary. Constantino weighed 126¾ and his opponent 135.

Steve Belloise looked the part of a first class fighter by the spectacular manner in which he knocked out Andre Jessurun in the seventh round of their scheduled 10-rounder at the New York Coliseum. Jessurun had previously beaten Steve in a big upset last month and the return match was responsible for crowding 12,000 spectators at the Bronx arena.

Belloise did not waste any time in going after Jessurun. Steve subjected his opponent to a raking fire of left jabs, left hooks and right crosses which all but finished Jessurun in the first round. He was shaky in returning to his corner but absorbed the punishment courageously. Jessurun came out with a rush in the second round and provided the thrill of the night. He bombarded Belloise with an assortment of left and right hand swings which forced Steve to retreat momentarily. Jessurun battered away at close quarters without letup and Andre captured the second round by a greater margin than Steve did the first.

Jessurun had released his heaviest fire in the second and was never in the race from that period. Belloise boxed with cool precision and was a marvel of accuracy and sure fire judgment. In the fourth, he dropped Jessurun and subjected him to a rough three minutes. He kept up the assault in the fifth and sixth and finally finished him in the seventh.

The round in which Andre was counted out was dramatic in every respect. Belloise had backed Jessurun against the ropes and Andre, tired and weary, was content to remain there. That gave Belloise the opportunity of cutting loose with a fusillade of heavy artillery battering away with two hands, solid and punishing. Andre was crumbling slowly and eventually dropped to the canvas completely exhausted and unable to regain his bearing. He was on the floor when the count of 10 was completed. Greater courage than that exhibited by Jessurun would be impossible to witness.

Jessurun was given a rousing reception for his plucky stand while Belloise, who never looked better, was also cheered by the fans. Jessurun weighed 152¼ while Belloise scaled 153½. Louis Casiano proved a little too strong for Harold Schwartz in the six-round semi-final. Schwartz was very effective with his jabs and uppercuts at close range but the Puerto Rican was too rough and rugged to be denied.

Monty Pignatore and Chief Crazy Horse (Frankie Martin) battled away to another eight-round affair at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn and the result was still the same—a draw. They fought at a fast pace and tried all the way but there was nothing decisive in either one's work and the verdict was even-Stephen. Tommy Roman and Frankie Conn fought the semi-final of eight with the outcome a tie, as in the feature event . . . . Gene Molnar disposed of Billy (Kayo) Tortoni in the fifth round of the headlining eight-round event at the White Plains Community Centre. Molnar was too experienced and his ruggedness enabled him to overcome his opponent with heavy body bombardment until the fight was halted by the referee. Jimmy Grimm scored over Benny Cartegena in the semi-final eight.

There is a lot of time hanging on the hands of Abe Elkins, enterprising New York manager, who brought Primo Flores into the front ranks of lightweight contenders and subsequently dwindled into the ordinary run of lightweights. Abe is anxious to contact out of town promoters who are seeking the services of a first class matchmaker and Abie lays claims to that distinction. He is a good hustler and knows his business well. He can be reached at 134 Elliot Place Bronx, New York City.

A record-breaking crowd of 5000 spectators saw the first professional defeat of Danny Bartfield, East Side lightweight aspirant, at the hands of Terry Young at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Bartfield, who was hailed as the future Sid Terris and Ruby Goldstein from the Ghetto district, failed to hold the lead over his sturdy opponent. At the five round mark, Bartfield had a comfortable lead but Young's rally in the closing rounds enabled him to pass his opponent and receive the verdict. Young weighed 132¼ and Bartfield 137½. In the semi-final of six rounds, Vinnie Rossano whipped Leo Mazzilli. Sammy Julian scored over Oliver White in another six-rounder.

Two first class welterweights staged a gruelling battle at the Royal Windsor Palace and while the fight was officially declared a draw, it seemed to be the general opinion that Mike Kaplan, of Boston, was entitled to the verdict over Tony Marteliano, of the East Side. Mike excelled with a classy display of boxing and scored the cleaner points at a long range. Marteliano was effective at close quarters but Mike's work seemed to be more impressive. Tony weighed 147¾ and Kaplan 145¼. In the semi-final eight, Lulu Constantino, New York's bright featherweight prospect, added another victim to his list when he vanquished Lou Barbetta. Constantino scaled 126 against 121½ for Barbetta.

Jimmy Webb lifted himself out of the contenders' class and placed himself in the category of championship material by the snappy manner in which he stowed away Tommy Tucker after one minute and 37 seconds of the ninth round in their scheduled fifteen-round encounter at Madison Square Garden. Six thousand and eighty-five fans contributed $11,955 to see the finish of a courageous, stout-hearted gladiator, but it also saw the ascendancy of a brilliant newcomer in Webb. Although Jimmy has fought here on previous occasions, this was the first chance that he was really on exhibition.

The fight for six rounds was fought along even terms. Tucker fought his typically aggressive and always trying style. Webb paced himself beautifully and never exerted himself at any moment. He was thinking of that fifteen round distance. Tucker started to crack up in the seventh and then Webb started his devastating execution. Short, snappy left hooks, followed by sharp jolting right handers had Tucker bleeding and floundering and the eighth round was a replica of the seventh.

Tucker went down in the ninth from a series of left hooks and a right on the chin. He arose at the nine count and Webb followed up with a merciless attack which prompted Referee Frank Fullam to call a halt. The halting of the contest occurred just at the right time. A few more blows might have seriously hurt Tommy. Webb weighed 169¼ and Tucker 173½.

Herbie Katz was counted out in the ninth round of his ten-rounder with Melio Bettina. It was a boring encounter, with the awkward Bettina stumbling his way through victory against Katz who could do nothing against the southpaw tactics of his opponent. Bettina weighed 181 and Katz 176¾. Maxie Berger gave a skillful boxing display in whipping Tony Ferrara in eight rounds. Ray Robinson, classy Harlem lightweight, and Bobby McIntyre staged the best scrap of the night in their six-round bout which went to Robinson. Roman Alvarez scored over Tony Iacovacci in the opening four-rounder.

Antonio Fernandez, South American champion, continues to roll up a streak of uninterrupted victories. His latest victim was Dem Wakerlis, rugged Greek from Boston, who went three rounds before the contest was halted at the Royal Windsor Palace. Antonio did not waste any time in attacking and after dropping his opponent in the third round with a left and right, Wakerlis arose only to run into another fusillade of blows which finished him. Fernandez weighed 149¾ and Wakerlis 155½. Ruby Garcia won from Johnny Cockfield in the semi-final six.

Cyril Angles, famed radio commentator from Sydney, Australia, who excels in all sporting events and who numbers a legion of friends from all visiting Americans to Australia, has started in a new field of endeavor. He is promoting amateur "New Talent Boxing Shows" at the Carlton Stadium, Sydney, in an effort to stir up more interest in boxing circles. Ron Richards, Fred Henneberry and Mickey Miller, who were the standard bearers of Australian boxing circles in the past few years, have been slipping gradually and Angles is desirous of grooming young talent who may eventually supplant the stars of today. Cyril's microphone voice has been known to charm the savage beast and it is bad that his inimitable technique cannot be brought to this country. Horse racing, dog racing, boxing and wrestling, all share alike in his favor and he is a past master in every line of endeavor.

Bobby Ruffin, Long Island's coming lightweight, turned the tables on Joey Fontana in their ten round return engagement at the New York Coliseum. These lads engaged in a torrid scrap last month with the honors evenly divided but on this occasion Ruffin showed his superiority in decided fashion and there was no questioning the verdict on this occasion. Ruffin weighed 133 and Fontana 132½. Bernie Miller won over Johnny Rinaldi in the eight round semi-final. George Martin, Boston's welterweight contender, added considerably to his prestige by winning decisively over Pete De Ruzza in the feature eight rounder at the White Plains Community Center.

Martin's speed and boxing skill were too much for the rugged, hard hitting New Yorker. Vic Dellicurti proved too rough and strong for Lou

Schwartz in the final eight rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Schwartz was handicapped by having both eyes opened and despite the handicap was still there at the finish. Dellicurti weighed 151½ and Schwartz 156. Harold Schwartz evened matters with Phil Cardy by winning the verdict in the six round semi-final.

Danny Bartfield, New York's coming lightweight, turned in a fine victory over Joe De Jesus at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Danny, winning all the way, disposed of his rugged opponent in the final round of their eight rounder via the knockout route. Bartfield has plenty of class. He will be fighting headliners in the near future despite his defeat at the hands of Terry Young. Vincent Rossano and Irwin Kaye Kaplan battled to a draw in the eight round semi-final . . . . Everette Rightmire, after suffering a two round knockout at the hands of Maxie Shapiro, made his final stand in Providence three days later. He took on Ginger Foran in a ten rounder and after winning the verdict in convincing manner, Rightmire announced his retirement from the ring. A veteran of ten years, Everette was of near championship caliber and was an ideal crowd pleaser. He always made return engagements, win or lose.

A short right hand punch delivered by Billy Soose in the first round of his twelve round return engagement with Ernie Vigh at the Garden, deposited Vigh on the canvas for the count of six and virtually decided the result of their clash. Vigh never recovered from the effects of that first blow and aside from making a courageous rally in the second and third rounds in which he backed Soose all over the ring, the class of Soose was in evidence at all times.

Too much left hand—too much reach—and too much boxing noodle. Those are Soose's chief assets but his hitting can certainly stand improvement. Vigh was rugged and tough but his thinking capacity was sadly deficient. Soose weighed 162½ against 160½. This cost Billy a suspension of thirty days for coming in overweight. A crowd of 12,341 contributed the gross figures of $27,942.

The class on the program was Georgie Abrams. He entered the ring with a badly injured eye and his opponent, Coley Welch, was far from an easy assignment. The form and all around skill that Abrams showed compared him favorably with Soose and Overlin. Welch weighed 159¾ and Abrams 160½.

Jose Basora scored a knockdown over Antonio Fernandez in the second round and appeared to have a comfortable advantage over his opponent at the finish, but the officials for some weird reason handed the palm to Fernandez. Patsy Giovanelli shaded Sonny Simon in a sizzling six rounder while Frankie Zezima whipped Jackie Martines in the opening four.

Two Harlem middleweight rivals clashed on the same night but at different neighborhood clubs. It was difficult to draw a line of comparison between them because of the conflicting styles of their opponents. Tami Mauriello disposed of Harry Ginsberg in the fourth round at the New York Coliseum while Steve Belloise had a tough time in whipping Vincent Fratello at the White Plains Community Center. Mauriello had the easiest assignment while Stevie was forced to fight at top speed in order to maintain the advantage. When Steve and Mauriello got together in the Garden on March 14, Tami furnished a big surprise by dropping Steve five times and scoring a kayo in 2:58 of the first round.

Norman Rubio and Al Smith staged their second duel at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn and on this occasion the contest was called a draw. The last time they fought Rubio received the award in the Garden but on this occasion Smith scored a knockdown in the fourth round and appeared to have the edge at the finish but the officials decided on an even up award. Nat Litfin whipped Frankie Conn in the semi-final of eight rounds while Art Lind captured the award over Joe Boscarino in the opening eight rounder. Bobby Ruffin, since moving to the lightweight class, has shown decided improvement. At the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Bobby was too much for Charley Varre in the feature eight rounder.

Carmelo Fenoy, highly touted Spanish lightweight, made his initial bow at the Royal Windsor Palace and was beaten by Tony Sarullo of Philadelphia in the feature eight rounder. Sarullo proved a rugged assignment and baffled the Spaniard at every turn. Fenoy weighed 136 and Sarullo 135¾. Johnny Colan was dropped three times by Joe Boscarino in the semi-final of eight, but floored his opponent once for an eight count and won the verdict which was highly unpopular. Colan weighed 160 and Boscarino 156½.

Lenny (Boom Boom) Mancini, Brooklyn's rugged and aggressive lightweight, returned to winning form when he banged out a decision over Chief Crazy Horse in the final eight rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Lenny, when paired with rough fellows, makes a slam-bang battle out of it and that is what occurred when he was paired with the Chief. It was a slashing fight all the way. Mancini weighed 137 and the Chief 135 . . . . Joey Iannotti and Curley Nichols fought to an eight round draw at the New York Coliseum after a nip and tuck fight. There was little to choose between them but they staged an exciting contest with little rest on either side. It proved to be a popular verdict with the crowd.

IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

BEFORE 3500 boxing fans at the Wilkes-Barre Armory, Billy Speary, one-time national amateur bantamweight champion was declared the winner over Mike Raffa, Ray Foutts' up-and-coming battler.

The bout was hotly contested and very close. Speary was floored for a nine-count in the ninth and tenth rounds.

In the six-round semi-final, Tommy Yarosz, another Ray Foutts protege, decisioned Stanley Derr of Allentown. "Young" Yarosz is a sharpshooter and has a left hand that reminds one of Billy Soose. This kid brother of Teddy Yarosz, one time world's middleweight king, is headed places. Watch him. At present Tommy is a welterweight but will eventually fill out into a light-heavyweight.

In the other bouts Willie Roach of Wilmington, Del., won a close six-round decisioner from Len De Andrea of Dunmore. Billy Eck, Allentown, light-heavyweight, won in six rounds from Vince Kozack of Hazleton. While in the opening bout Bob Kane, Wilkes-Barre, scored a two round T.K.O. over Bob Hayden, local scrapper.

In another show at Wilkes-Barre, Howard Burton, local colored elusive welterweight, was declared the winner in eight rounds over Francesco Montanari of Italy. Montanari forced the milling, but couldn't cope with the rapid-like left of the local Negro.

Joe Kelly, stablemate of Billy Speary's, drew in six rounds with Neil Miller, local welter. Both Kelly and Miller are the cream of the crop among present Coal Region glove wielders. These youngsters will soon be headlining local shows. In the other bouts on the Montanari-Burton card, Dom Fiantini, Reading, Pa., won in six rounds from Len De Andrea of Dunmore.

In the only show staged at Scranton in the past two months, Francesco Montanari, Italian welterweight scrapper, won in eight rounds from Billy Furrone, Syracuse Negro. Montanari won the unanimous verdict, was out front in most of the rounds. In the other bouts Rego Dell, Dunmore Italian, who in his last start drew with Billy Furrone, was held to a "draw" by Angelo Cali. This was the third time this pair met and on each occasion staged a whirlwind battle.

Jimmy Dolphin, Scranton's up and coming lightweight, added Johnny Lewis to his list of victims. Dolphin won via the T.K.O. route when the third man halted proceedings in the third round.

A BIT FOR ALL . . . . Eddie Leroy, Williamsport promoter, played to capacity. In his main bout, Stanley Mrak of Wilkes-Barre beat Rocky Luciano . . . . At Lancaster, Joe Bellott, Williamsport, beat Leroy Ponzi of Hazleton in six rounds . . . . Johnny Gall, Freeland, lost in six to Angelo Pantanelas . . . . Joe Donofrio, another Coal Region scrapper, lost to Herman Ferris on the Lancaster card.

Funny game, boxing? Big Jim Thompson, Ray Foutts' heavyweight, beat Abe Simon and Simon gets the shot at Joe Louis. Too bad Thompson isn't a white fighter, or probably he would have gotten the Louis chance . . . . Angelo Rodano, nineteen year old youngster boxing around the New England States, is the possessor of the "sweetest" left-hand in the lightweight division seen by the writer of this column in many, many years. Rodano, if and when he makes a New York appearance, will take the "big-town" by storm . . . . THE RING is on sale at most newsstands. When in Scranton you can purchase it at Spec's bookshop.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By NAT FRANK

IRVING ROMM and Eddie Carver, local sportsmen, have formed a promotional partnership and are staging weekly fistic duels at the St. Hedwig's hall, city of Chester. From what this pair is trying, it is a certainty that they will put the metropolis of Delaware County on the fistic map. The foremost gladiators in these parts will participate in battlefests at this Punch Parlor.

Harry Radel is getting many offers for his welterweight-middleweight trial horse, Wicky Harkins. Harkins, who has fought such men as Fritzie Zivic, welterweight king, Steve Belloise, Andre Jessurun, Young Gene Buffalo, Phil Furr and many others, would fight every night in the week if Manager Radel would accept the bids of the promoters for Wicky's services. Others under the Radel banner are Abie Kauffman, Jewish lightweight, and Charley Collins, youthful and promising featherweight.

One of the best showmen in the preliminary ranks around these parts is Flash Lightning, colored light-heavyweight. Here is a showman extraordinary, fearless as they come, ready to battle anyone his or over his weight, a sure fire attraction in every club he has appeared. Lightning is one fistman who STRIKES OFTEN once he shows at a club. He is being steered along the pugilistic highway by Al Jaslow, retired lightweight.

Johnny Myhasuk shows promise of developing into a heavyweight star. He has been undefeated in all of his battles and at the rate he has been progressing it looks like a sure fire bet that he will soon be punching it out with the first raters in the big boy ranks.

Marty Collins, one time outstanding welterweight of this city, has opened one of the most modern health building, weight producing and reducing places in the city.

Former Fighters Turn Trainers—Babe Ruth, conqueror of Billy Petrolle, Fargo Express, Mike Ballerino, former junior lightweight king and others, now conditioning the Al Perno stable of fistmen, headed by Frankie Donato, southpaw featherweight phenom and Johnny Noce, welterweight knockerout . . . . Tony Morgano, recently retired featherweight contender, trained Al Williams, son of Joey Williams, former featherweight challenger, for the latter's knockout triumph over Big Ben Moroz on the same card where Joe Louis spilled Gus Dorazio in the second heat . . . . Lew Massey, former threat for the lightweight crown, conditioning Wickey Harkins and Abie Kauffman. . . . . Jimmy Mendo, one time bantamweight menace, tutoring a group of promising youngsters who may make the headlines shortly . . . . Mickey Diamond, headman for the welfare of Tommy Forte, bantamweight challenger, Billy Maher, lightweight star and lesser lights.

The gamest fighter in the ring today—Jimmy Tygh with no ifs, ands or buts attached. We doff our chappeau to this miniature Mickey Walker of the present era. While he was beaten by Ray "Sugar" Robinson, who, to our mind is a sure fire champion in the making, we look for Tygh to reach the top in the welterweight ranks. Jimmy no longer is a lightweight and henceforth should concentrate on the 147-pounders, where he belongs.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By SPARKY RUDOLPH

JIMMY BIVINS beat Teddy Yarosz, ten to nothing on Promoter Bob Brickman's and Larry Atkins' show that drew $12,000. This was Jimmy's second win as a light-heavy. In his first bout, he knocked out Pete Tamolonis of Buffalo in 42 seconds of the first round.

Since Bivins has added this weight, he is stronger and is punching harder than ever. Though he did not get a good shot at Teddy he won handily.

Maxie Berger made his debut here on the Bivins-Yarosz card, stopping Mike Gamiere in seven rounds, but he had to knock Gamiere out three times to make it stick. At the end of the fifth, Mike was knocked dead but the bell saved him. In the sixth Mike was knocked dead again, the bell saved him another time, and in the seventh he was badly hurt when Referee Lew Parker stopped the contest.

Tony Musto defeated Buddy Knox in a pier six brawl, another good bout made by Matchmaker Larry Atkins. Although Musto won the bout, it was still a split decision, with Referee Joe Sedley and Herb Williams voting for Musto, while Judge Dibby Williams thought Knox had won.

Joey Pirrone knocked out Art Shipley of Cincinnati in one minute and 16 seconds of the first round, then came back on the next show to stop Max Schindler of Lorain in the second. There was some dispute from the Schindler camp when Manager Tom Stanley claimed Referee Sedley counted too fast and that he was not in time with the knockdown timekeeper. Schindler won the duke from Tony Lanese in a show stealer on the previous card.

Joe Horvath defeated Pete Phillipopolas, nee Tommy Phillips, in a good close slugfest. Beauford Glover continued his winning streak by beating Ervin Hicks of Pittsburgh and T.Kayoing George Costner in the first round.

Bobby Berry defeated Billy Burke in a five-rounder, while Steve Morgan, a Youngstown tough lad, beat Steve Kulick of Pittsburgh. Burke

Lee Sheppard and Lloyd Pine fought a ten-round draw at Akron, which was an Akron duke. Sheppard should have been the winner. They were rematched and again Sheppard defeated Pine but they didn't even give him a draw. This time the duke went to Pine. Pete Leone knocked out Frank Mucha in seven. Bobby Berry kayoed Don Blatchford in two. Bobby Root of Cleveland won over Frank Berry in six.

Youngstown, Ohio—Jackie Wilson of Pittsburgh beat Joe Marinelli of Dayton in ten rounds; Len Murray of Norwalk kayoed Dan Merritt in two; Popeye Donaldson defeated Tony Larich of Cleveland in four and Don Blatchford won over Steve Morgan in four.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 415 Western Reserve Bldg., Cleveland, O.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By TOM EPHREM

AN artistic success. That's the best way to quote the first Suwanee States Golden Gloves Amateur Boxing Tournament that was held in Jacksonville, Florida, last month. With the Lions' Club sponsoring and given 100% cooperation from the local Playground and Recreation Department, the G.G.'s will be an annual event, according to the chairman, M. W. Peterson. This should do plenty to arouse the fistic fans in Jacksonville and it must have, for at the finals night we saw a packed house which showed great enthusiasm. The success of this meet was due largely to the previous handling experience of Mr. Peterson and Bobby Wattles, the latter a playground board supervisor. Wattles ran off the local amateur boxing bouts a few years ago and provided the city with the finest group of simonpures ever developed around this section of the state. To these men gobs of credit must go for the future of coming American athletes down our way. Their time and efforts were not in vain and in all, nifty teamwork.

For Mr. Peterson, we can say with admiration that he neglected his business in order to be in every moment's picture to have the Suwanee States G.G. tourney a successful one. He had the very capable aid of Miss Grace Stevens. Noble work, Gracie . . . . On all fight nights, the fans enjoyed the fine third man part that Hugh Jones played. Hugh impressed the spectators with his impartial attitude and skill as referee. I saw in him why Southern colleges call Jones for refereeing services. One of his swell ideas conducted into the ring was the sportsmanship gesture of having opponents shake hands before and after their fight . . . . Tommy Todd looked O.K. also . . . . Savannah carried home the team trophy, placing five men in the finals and copping four titles . . . . Charlie Easley, Greenville, S. C. welter, was the outstanding boxer of the tournament. Jimmy Butler, Pensacola lightie, did O.K. and can look to furnish tough opposition in Madison Square Garden.

The Savannah team had two brother entries, the Lodge lads. Albert went to the finals but lost out to a more experienced Joe Castellanos in a great clash. These boys put on the best show in the finals . . . . De Di Matthews, the Savannah southpaw feather and finals winner, was a nice picture in there . . . . Leo Center, light-heavy, and Joe "Palooka" Merritt, garnered the other titles for the Georgia city. Merritt is a heavyweight . . . . Jacksonville had a good one in Ralph Herndon, with marks of ability. He went to the semi-finals. Johnny Fevec, Jacksonville middleweight, appeared twice and registered kayoes in the first canto of each bout. The first knockout was timed in 27 seconds and followed with a 35 seconder . . . . Charlie Easley appears to have the best chance to cop a national title. Jimmy Butler has been up there on several occasions and looks to garner it in his class this time . . . . Lonnie Lodge was another Suwanee champion, copping the bantam division.

I see where Eddie Borden tabbed Ruby Garcia as the best featherweight of the month . . . . Charlie Easley is from Clinton, S. C. . . . . The Golden Gloves is the latest word in Jacksonville's fistic circle.

Tony Mallem was a champion at that "mike" by the ringside. He boosted every entry and the boys received a nice hand all, upon introduction . . . . Fuller Warren, former legislator, supplied the comedy previous to action, with his own style as master of ceremonies . . . . Steve Freel, a great sports fan, was all work in a judge's role . . . . Bob Wattles also served as the A.A.U. representative . . . . Broadcasting facilities went over Station WJHP . . . . Petey Sarron, ex-featherweight king, was given a great hand when introduced.

From indications, Florida has the finest chance to emerge with a State Boxing Commission. The Ring Editor, Nat Fleischer, and this correspondent are both in receipt of letters from Governor Holland (Florida) who voices his favor for the body. Nat has given Representative Horrell's bill every consideration. He has aided Horrell to get the bill before the legislature.

The piece that Eddie Brietz gave us in his nationally famous sports column has been piling our letter-box. Among the many, I consider that from James P. Weaver as most important. Weaver is a former Washington (State) Boxing Inspector and is now a resident of Florida. He has been able to talk to a good number of senators and representatives about the Horrel Bill and gaining favor of their support. Letters from State Senator LeRoy Collins and Larry O'Neal, Legion man, pledge assistance. The latter is also Tallahassee's chairman of the boxing-wrestling commission.

Miami to the pre-Rickard days? Looks like it, as Jack Dempsey and several Miami friends are to erect a half-million dollar sports stadium in the Resort City, having a 20,000 seating capacity . . . . Bill Gore will be glad to hear from unattached fighters. His address is 211 Collins Ave., Miami Beach, Florida. Enclose picture and full record.

Jimmy Kidd Hatcher, featherweight sensation of the South, created more havoc down along Miami way when he punched out a well-earned ten round decision over tough Jackie Callura, Canadian champ. This win should mean a lot for Hatcher. Wishy Jones had too much experience for Jimmy Maddox and took a lightweight meet of eight rounds. Dixie Walker, 152, T.K.O.ed Ray Vachon in two. Knute Baker, 135, did likewise to Jackie Page, 131, in three heats.

Larry Anzalone, New Jerseyite, who is a popular lad in Florida rings, garnered two more wins for his belt. He beat Billy Cooper and Billy Colbert in ten rounders to raise his fistic stock. On the Anzalone-Cooper bout, Billy Murray, Bill Gore's promising featherweight, won the nod over Knute Baker in the eighth, semi.

In his second comeback event, a returner at Al Gilbert, Atlanta's Ben Brown decisioned his opponent in a ten-round meet which topped a Greek Benefit program. Al Jolson, of movie fame, was among those who saw the boy from Georgia jab his way to victory. West Palm Beach was the sight and Don Boggess promoted. Brown, in his next time up, outpointed Billy Colbert in Miami Beach. On the Brown-Gilbert card, Jimmy Lowery and Frankie Thomas continued their rivalry, but again went to a draw in eight heats.

At Tampa, Marty Clark, doing a comeback after suffering a one-round kayo at the hands of Tommy Gomez, won a disputed decision from Jack Marshall, a Texas heavy. Clark was down twice for counts in the early cantoes. Woody Jones T.K.O.'ed game Bob Monin in the seventh of the semi. Tommy Campbell and Ed Portugal drew and had the fans on edge in their six-round honey. Joe Leto's coming Pete Filippi, scored over Dick Way in six.

The pleasing Chet Jones surprised everyone by emerging evenly with Bobby Britton in a ten-rounder. It was a fast scrap and both were cut in their efforts. They are welters. The decision given to Tommy Campbell over Jimmy Maddox was roundly booed. This pair of welters fought as in a back-alley brawl, butting, back-handing, gouging and rabbit-punching. They were still at it even after the final bell . . . . Elmer Kid Ray, crack colored clouter from Florida's potato patch, clouted Larry Kid Lovett for a popular 10-round decision. They are colored heavies.

In the semi, the fastest bout on the card, Tommy Campbell and Ed Portugal again fought to a draw . . . . A young heavyweight from Atlanta, Warren Wilson, holder of the Southern Conference Collegiate crown, will get his big chance to see what he can do after graduating from Clemson College. He will be taken to New York City for grooming, this being made possible by Ben Gatins, Rumson, N. J. sportsman; Mrs. Rufus Finch, racing stable owner; and W. Strothers Jones, former polo player and present member of the New York Stock Exchange. They have set his goal as "champion" or nothing.

At Birmingham, Sammy Magro, the local welter luminary, won over Bobby Britton in so close a match that they have been rematched. The gate drew $1,600 . . . . At Sarasota, Jimmy Lowery and Freddie Barja battled to a draw. Lowery injured his right hand in the fifth but that didn't keep the scrap from being one of the season's best . . . . Johnny Colvin, a close pal of mine, has every Ring issue since this great book's introduction in 1922. Johnny is a Jacksonville boy . . . . Mark Fannon, The Ring writer from up New England, made heaps of friends while in Jacksonville. The boys have been asking about you, Mark.

Jimmy Lowery, Bill Gore's hard socking middleweight, wracked a nine round T.K.O. over Carl Sivers at Sarasota. The fight was a sweet one but stopped due to Carl's injured optic. Lowery's better condition was an able factor anyway. In the semi, Billy Murray, another protege of Gore, had too much on the ball for Lew Williams, Jacksonville, and took a win. Murray had the Jaxon down for several counts. The only Jacksonville boxer to win on the program was Johnny Bowden, who beat Joe Rodriquez.

It was a real close scrap and provided the customers with action, this fight between Tommy Kiene and Freddie Pope. Pope was given the decision, roundly and soundly booed, but a return may be in the offing. Kiene had the Ohio youngster down for four different counts, which I think was good for the win for him, but he failed to get. You can't blame Pope for that. He was in there all the time and made a big hit. We met his new manager, Whitey Morrett, who knows the game thoroughly. Johnny Bowden came through with another win and decisioned Bogieman Coleman. Bowden was able to score five knockdowns. In another sixer, Ray Holland T.K.O.'ed Chubby Meeks in three.

Steve Belloise, the hard socking middleweight contender, will be the boxing instructor at the local Naval Air Base, under Gene Tunney . . . . Jack Dempsey told me that a State Boxing Commission was the finest thing for the game in Florida and followed his words with a letter to Governor Holland. Send me your news at 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida.

IN SOUTHERN U. S. CAMPS
By TOM EPHREM

ANOTHER splendid movement on Uncle Sam's part. He assigned Lieutenant-Commander Edward William Mahan to the Jacksonville Naval Air Base to act as physical director in the future recreational and athletic programs, which is coordinated by Lieutenant-Commander Gene Tunney. Mahan, better known as Eddie Mahan, is a former All-America football player who attended Harvard University and was honored in that football selection for several years consecutively, around 1916. He will keep the fliers in good physical trim.

Petey Sarron, former featherweight titleholder and now a member of the Alabama Guardsmen, has been appointed assistant to the Regimental Recreation Officer at Camp Blanding. The little fellow continues his nice work in making friends among Jacksonville civilians and Camp Blanding soldiers. I saw Petey at the Navy-Army-Locker Club in the city and he was teaching some of the "wanta-be" fighters. Petey said that he is very much interested in Pvt. Earl Correll, a featherweight. Correll has had six bouts and won five now. Sarron also confides in young Billy Jones, who can and will learn. He is a middleweight and understands the use of a left jab nicely. And you can see the Birmingham Syrian in fight ensemble, doing several rounds with young soldier stalwarts, giving them pointers that I believe will in the future develop several outstanding glove wielders. Keep it up, Petey.

Am of belief that Camp Blanding is soldiering a coming heavyweight champion in Tampa Tommy Gomez. I had the pleasure of meeting Tommy and Pete Leto, the latter a brother of Gomez's manager and brother to the ranking welter, Jimmy Leto. Both Tommy and Pete regard The Ring very highly and carry word to the fellow soldiers of this great reading edition . . . . A nice sized gathering from the 124th Division saw jam-up bouts at their arena in Camp Blanding. And there were ladies on hand for the bouts and naturally the boys all did good work. Pvt. Luther Sellers and Pvt. Thomas Harris put up a good scrap, which was won by Harris. Pvts. Douglas and Leville, slugging for three rounds, were even at the end. Pvt. Bernard Stephens of Miami defeated Pvt. J. B. Barber of Live Oak, in a welter clash. Stephens had the ladies on his side to spur him to the win, lucky boy.

Fritz Cahn, another famous football All-American hero, is stationed at the Jacksonville Navy Air Base and also an amateur boxer of note in the early 30's. Fritzie gained national titles then. He knows the value of The Ring Magazine to the fight game, while Eddie Mahan has been told all about this fine book by none other than Gene Tunney. I was there, Charlie.

My close pal, Solomon (Sollie) Solomon, at the Navy Base also, is boosting The Ring skyhigh to the sailor boys. Sollie is the usual Ring enthusiast and one of the most popular fellows at the Base . . . . Frank McGrath, Jacksonville youth with Uncle Sam's Naval Reserves, has the goods and Fritz Cahn, who knows what it is all about, has a deep liking for the localite's ability . . . . Danny Kramer, an ace high fisticuffer of the 20's, is teaching aviation at the local Navy Base. He fought the very cream of the crop in his time and will prove a valuable teacher when the Navalites get started in their boxing. A swell fellow and mixer, Danny should develop the Base with some nice prospects. . . . . There are about 12 rings at Camp Blanding and weekly cards have been in the offing. In one section, 3,000 souls braved a chilly wind to see the bouts.

Baby Carlos DeGrasse drops a line from the Galveston, Texas, Army post and is to keep us informed on boxing activity around there . . . . Boxing was named as the No. 1 sport at Blanding . . . . Captain Ben Hudson, Blanding's Recreation-Athletic Director, was at the Jacksonville Golden Gloves meet with The Ring Magazine under one arm and taking peeps when the occasion presented. Ben is a great fellow and a worthy man for Uncle Sam's boys at the large camp . . . . Jackie Carter, former topnotch boxer, has signed up with the Marine Reserves and drops letters here from Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Tells me The Ring is a great seller there and that Col. Heinie Miller, former N.B.A. president, is the commander of the Fifth Battalion from Washington, D. C.

Two Camp Blanding boys left for the Eastern finals in New York City. The boys are Joe Castellanos, who won the Golden Gloves in Jacksonville for the right to compete in the flyweight class, and Fred Copeland, who came in second best in the finals with Joe Merritt. The latter injured his hand and makes it possible for Copeland to get the post.

Servicemen, send me all your fight news before the fifth of each month and read it in The Ring Magazine. I have seen that The Ring goes on sale at the Army and Navy Canteens, so get your copy quickly. If there are any questions you want on boxing books, how to box, etc., let me know. Your time is my time and I can be reached at 605 West Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida.

KENTUCKY NEWS
By JOE FRENCH

PROFESSIONAL boxing continued on its way in full swing during the past month with regular weekly cards being held at Louisville. Several promising main event boxers have been developed and they are good enough drawing cards to keep the boxing business going steadily in this section. Only a lack of good preliminary fighters keeps Louisville from having large gates. If more talent can be developed the Derby City will not only enjoy better gates but will support big time boxing without a doubt.

Jimmy Davis of Owensboro, Ky., who has been the loser by hairline margins in several of his most recent fights, finally got back on the winning side by scoring a six-round decision over Mack Thompson, local middleweight ace. A promising welterweight was uncovered in the semi-windup when Junie Welcher, local youngster, put the "freezer" on Hack Wilson of Dayton, Ohio, in two rounds. In prelim matches of four rounds, Bob Johnson, Negro light-heavy, kayoed Bob Grant in two sessions and Freddy Kramer drew with Johnny Kelly in a featherweight scrap. In the opening bout, Red Finley decisioned Jimmy Rankins, both colored welters.

Kentucky held the spotlight in Dixie amateur fight circles when a team of 1941 Kentucky State Golden Gloves champions traveled to Nashville, Tenn., for the Southern Tourney and won titles in five of the eight divisions. Kenny Barrett of Louisville, bantam king last year, advanced to the 126-pound class and carried off the 1941 Southern featherweight title.

Junie Welcher, Louisville's latest welterweight prospect, with a record of 17 wins out of 18 pro fights, received his first chance at a main event on Matchmaker Billy Jones' next boxing program by meeting Willie Cutsinger, free-swinging Cincinnati battler. Welcher showed his hitting powers by flooring the game Cutsinger in the first and fifth rounds and going on to win the decision after six rounds of fast action. Freddy Kramer won over Johnny Kelly, Cincy featherweight, in the six-round semi-windup that was a return match. In supporting bouts, Roy Grider, local lightie, won a first-round T.K.O. over Art Shipley; Frankie Lockwood scored a technical kayo over Billy Deetch in three sessions; Fuzzy Morganette, local light-heavy, stopped Frank Rogers in four heats and Bernard Davis decisioned Bull Becton in a Negro heavyweight battle.

ATTENTION FIGHTERS—This writer is looking for young fighters of all weights who are free from managerial tieups. Fight bookings are offered in the South, East and Midwest to any interested fighters who can fight. I can book over 25 boxers immediately at the present time. Send photo and complete record to Joe French, 517 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

Jimmy Grimm, young Louisville welter who is only 19 years old but has a record of over 60 pro fights, turned in a good win at New York during the month by scoring a six-round decision over Tony Reno at the White Plains club.

Johnny Durso, veteran Louisville puncher who holds the Kentucky welter crown, appeared in the six-round feature bout of the next Louisville fight card presented by Billy Jones and did not experience much serious trouble in taking a decision victory over Buddy Wright of Dayton, Ohio. Wright put up a stubborn battle but could not overcome Durso's cutting left and all-around cleverness. Floyd Howard, Cincy Negro light-heavyweight, decisioned Charley Banks, colored scrapper of Newport, Ky., in the six-round semi-windup. In four-rounders Fuzzy Morganette scored another win by defeating Jerry Murphy of Milton, Ky., and Jim McGuire of Dayton, Ohio, won a first-round T.K.O. over Charley Reider, an unknown local welter who was making his pro debut.

With the Sockers and Their Skippers—Carmen Cook of Bridgeport, Conn., writes us that he has a promising heavyweight in Johnny Cavalier, a 210-pound star with an impressive list of knockout wins . . . . Tommy Noble, experienced light-heavy of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., is looking for action in and around this territory . . . . Carl Moss of Savannah, Ga., sends us newspaper clippings which show how close the decision was that his bantam star, Tommy Kiene, dropped to Freddie Pope of Ohio at Savannah . . . . Kiene and Pope are two of the best bantamweight prospects in the ring today . . . .

Hutch Hutchinson returned as matchmaker at Louisville when Billy Jones was forced to resign from the matchmaker's post due to business obligations. Hutchinson presented a great card packed with action with the following results:

Curley Denton, 161, Cincinnati, decisioned Mack Thompson, 163, Louisville, six rounds; Charley Banks, 167, Newport, Ky., decisioned Floyd Howard, 167, Cincinnati, six rounds; Leo Duene, 133, Camp Washington, Ohio, decisioned Kenny Stevens, 128, Cincinnati, six rounds; Dick Beasley, 137, Cincinnati, knocked out Frankie Lockwood, 143, Cincinnati, four rounds; Bernard Davis, 195, Cincinnati, decisioned Jack Grant, 185, New Albany, Ind., four rounds.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

SIOUX CITY, IA.—Everette Rightmire, ranking Sioux City featherweight, returned to the home fires after spending a year in eastern rings. During his campaign under the direction of Eddie Mead, the Sioux Cityan fought 27 times. Rightmire will soon be 26 years old and during that time, 11 years have been spent inside the hemp where he fought some of the world's leading leather pushers. Reports are going around that Rightmire may retire—but we will know more about this later.

Des Moines, Ia.—The managerial dispute between Pinkie George and Lee Savold has ended. George announced he had sold his fighter to a group of Chicago sportsmen for $2,500. It is also reported that Hymie Wiseman, former Des Moines featherweight boxer, will manage Savold for the Chicagoans. The suit that the heavyweight contender has pending in district court asking for an accounting from George will be dropped.

Everette Rightmire scored a decision over Ginger Foran of Liverpool, England, at Providence, R. I. . . . Jay Matthews, popular middlewest referee, had his draft number come up, and he will soon be in the ranks . . . . Leo Mahon, Ponca, Nebr., middleweight, made his New York debut by defeating Frankie Fariello, at the New York Coliseum . . . . Mahon is a former Sioux City *Journal* Golden Gloves product . . . . He won amateur titles in 1939 and 1940 . . . . In 1940 he won two bouts in the Chicago tournament . . . . Later he was called back to Chicago as a member of the inter-city squad . . . . He has been boxing professionally since last summer . . . . Charley Varre, Brooklyn lightweight, scored an eight-round decision over Everette Rightmire of Sioux City at Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . . Efforts to match Lem Franklin and Paul Hartnek in Omaha are in the wind . . . . The wise ones say Tommy O'Loughlin, manager of Hartnek, demanded $2,000 for his end . . . . Less Huffman of Columbus, Ohio, has a dandy featherweight in Jackie Taylor . . . . Huffman also has several other good prospects, including Charley Bell, a lightweight who bears watching . . . . Archie Pirolli, Philadelphia, Pa.: Watch my notes from time to time . . . . Remember, our address is 2206 N. Lafayette, Sioux City, Ia. . . . . L. C. D., Des Moines, Ia.: Yes, it might have been a publicity stunt . . . A. D. F., St. Paul, Minn.: The records show it was Buddy McDonald, and the bout ended in a draw, the place, Superior, Wis., Nov. 11, 1922 . . . . R. F., Omaha, Nebr.: I have no fighter by that name in my records . . . . Yes, there was a fighter by the name of Perry Bliven.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

NOT in a long time has a visiting sports celebrity clicked with the fans as did Benny Leonard, the former lightweight champion, who came to Houston to act as referee in Promoter Bink West's inaugural fistic presentation. The personable Leonard besides turning in a first rate job of handling the Jerome Conforto-Don Eddy bout, had the fans in an uproar with a number of impromptu stories about happenings within the squared circle, many of them with himself the target.

Promoter's West's opening card was well received by the fans and it looks like Houston will once more become the South's leading fight town. Conforto, the flashy New Orleans welterweight, carried too many guns for Don Eddy, local boy who went away to make good, and was awarded a T.K.O. in the seventh round when Eddy sustained a badly cut optic. Eddy, a vastly improved fighter, made things interesting for the hard hitting Conforto and the fight was hotly contested all the way, although Jerome was leading at the time of the halt.

Carl "Dynamite" Dalio, the kayo kid who has never lost a bout in nearly 30 starts, added the veteran Roy Beard to his win column, but by a very close margin. For the first time Dalio found an opponent who was rugged enough to withstand his devastating punches, and promptly proved himself a real fighter, by displaying a first rate brand of boxing skill.

"Sad" Sam Slotsky, who is positively the world's champion hard luck promoter, had his usual share of bad breaks but still managed to stage one first rate card at San Antonio during the month. Three times, Sam had a card lined up, only to have various things happen to mar things. He finally came up with a triple 10 round bout card that was a honey. Eddie Ownby, young San Antonio soldier, proved definitely that he has reached the stage where he must be reckoned with by winning over Roy Beard in a fast slugging affair that went the full ten heats. Irish Eddie McGeever, who is once more in top form, scored a T.K.O. over Chief Ramey and Jose Mendoza did likewise to Sammy Musco. Musco sustained a broken hand, but was ahead at the time. Wesley Pryor, classy lightweight, stopped Noah Valdez in three.

THIS 'N' THAT . . . . This month's nomination for the outstanding prospect goes to Corporal C. O. Wiley, flashy young lightweight, formerly of Houston but now located at the army camp at Brownwood. In three starts the past month, Wiley flattened Eddie Flores and won decisively over Bobby Doly and Al Lopez. This youngster has the makings of a really good fighter, so mark him down for future reference . . . . Another very promising member of Uncle Sam's Brownwood troop, is Maxie Pickard, dynamic young welter who ko'ed Leonard Davis and trounced Gordon Seaborn . . . . Golden Gloves tournament were the best yet and the state tourney was well conducted by the Ft. *Star-Telegram* staff who really put on a great show each year . . . . Johnny Ray Holland, first of the simon-pures to turn pro, scored a hit in beating Jimmy Farren, a really tough boy. Holland, who comes from a small central Texas village, looks like a comer.

ARKANSAS AND NEARBY FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

THE following bouts were held at Hot Springs: Patsy Severo, 138, Cleveland, knocked out Manuel (Kid) Leva, 137, Dallas (3). Vernon Hogue, 130, Hot Springs, stopped Bob McAllister, St. Louis, Mo. (3). "Kid" Lawrence, 169, Oklahoma City, stopped Joe Evans, 172, Hot Springs (3). King Kong Williams, 175, Hot Springs, stopped Al Pennington, 179, Memphis (2). Willie Winston, 133, McGhee, Ark., kayoed Curtis Sterling, 135 (3).

Al Dorlac, 141, St. Louis, stopped "Irish Mike" Richardson, 138, Camp Robinson (3). Don Marshall, 151, Bauxite, Ark., kayoed Jack Ryner, 147, Springfield, Ill. (3). Woodrow Bell, 144, Hot Springs, and Pat Donovan, 142, Minott, N. D., six-round draw. Kid Hill, 168, knocked out Joe Evens 170 (2).

Joie Welles 122, Cleveland, outpointed Joey Palmo, 126, Cincinnati (10). Billy Davis, 143, Hot Springs, defeated Eddie Baker, 137, Memphis, T.K.O. (7). Rusty Jones, 143, Bauxite, outpointed Doyle Venable, 147, Dierks (6). Lester Jordan, 138, Jackson, Miss., stopped Willie Winston, 136 (3).

Patsy Severo outpointed Al Dorlac (10). Billy Davis scored a T.K.O. over "Irish Mike" Richardson (2). Rusty Jones outpointed Dick Richards, St. Louis (6). Kid Lawrence stopped Kid Hill (2).

Ft. Smith—Eight young boxers, champions in their respective weight divisions, were eligible to participate in the Chicago tournament of champions. Jackie Swing, flyweight, Ft. Smith; Ransom Dick, Warner, Okla., bantamweight; O. D. Hightower, Clarksville, featherweight; Burl Schaberg, Ft. Smith, lightweight; Raymond Walton, Clarksville, welterweight; Charlie Pranter, Hot Springs, middleweight; Rodney Shaw, No. Little Rock, light-heavyweight; Ragon Kinney, Hartman, heavyweight.

"He'll stiffen anybody he hits." Chino Alvarez has a remarkable record. He has fought such boys as Jimmy "Kidd" Hatcher, Bus Breeze, Norment Quarles, Eddie Cool, Wesley Ramey, Johnny Dean and Lew Jenkins, lightweight champion.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—The champions of Oklahoma retained their seats to Chicago Golden Gloves: Brocy Murrow, 112; Melvin Hanson, 118; Gus Stanford, 126; Billy Tiger, 135; Jake Stephens, 147; Vincent Myers, 160; Asa Howlingwolf, 175; Tom Proctor, heavyweight.

Get your RING Magazine at Vaughan's newsstand, Longview, Texas . . . . Lloyd Montgomery, Bauxite heavyweight, enters the air corps at Hicks Field, Ft. Worth, Tex., as a flying cadet.

Pine Bluff can call itself lucky for obtaining Lucien Morrow as its new wrestling and boxing promoter. Morrow, a veteran in the business, once was promoter at Little Rock, Memphis, McGehee and Arkansas City. Jack Dempsey fought Dan O'Dowd for him in Arkansas City in 1924.

Noble Mullins, my scout at Hot Springs, has a very good boy in Vernon Hogue, who has had 25 fights, 12 knockouts, and has lost only one by a decision.

The Arkansas Tech boxing team returned from a 3100-mile boxing trip which included matches at New Orleans, La., and Washington, D. C. . . . . William Hornsby, son of Rogers Hornsby, baseball manager, is a member of the Missouri Military Academy boxing team . . . . Jimmy Webb, native of Little Rock, Ark., punched his way to a shot at the world's light-heavyweight championship by stopping Tommy Tucker in nine rounds . . . . Lew Jenkins was a visitor at Hot Springs . . . . Promoters wishing to book Chino Alvarez of Tampa, Florida, get in touch with yours truly at 1003 E. Magrill St., Longview, Texas.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

PETEY SCALZO may or may not be the featherweight champion, but he certainly has the heart of a champion. Scalzo went down to defeat at the iron fists of Guy Serean at the Hollywood Stadium but Pete was still on his feet and begging for the chance to fight on when the bout was stopped in the eighth round. And what a fight it was! Bull terriers never fought with more zeal and stubbornness. Serean's sledge-hammer blows put Scalzo on the floor five times. Pete was decked twice in the first round, twice more in the second and once in the third. Every minute of those first three rounds appeared to be the last one for Scalzo, as Serean found little trouble nailing Pete with those murderous punches, and Guy was relentless in his attack. But the Idaho socker tired from his supreme efforts to finish Scalzo and the N.B.A. champ grabbed the fourth round. Serean stirred up enough oomph in the fifth to belt Petey around, but Scalzo garnered both the sixth and seventh rounds and Guy seemed to be fading.

This turn of affairs thrilled the crowd more than ever, for it appeared that the badly battered Scalzo might take command from here on and even the score before the finish. But the Carnival Kid upset all such hopes by coming out in the eighth with a two-fisted attack that Scalzo could not stave off. Pete fought back every second of this furious onslaught, but he was bleeding so badly from a cut over his eye that Referee Charlie Randolph halted the bout and called in the commission doctor to examine the wound. Dr. Carver decided that the bout should be stopped, in spite of Scalzo's pleading. Serean weighed 130, Scalzo 128½. Leon Zorrita, 160, outpointed Jimmy McDaniels, 155, in the six-round semi. Richie Shinn, 133, decisioned Ray Campo, 128, in the special prelim.

Al Lang gave his Downtown Arena fans an "uptown" fight when he staged the Jimmy Casino-Leon Zorrita match. The scrap was a honey. The flashy Zorrita found Casino an easy target for his fast left hooks, but Jimmy connected with hard rights just often enough to make the bout very close at the end of the fifth round. Casino dizzied Leon early in the sixth and thereafter belted him around plenty to cop the decision.

Verne Earling, 170, Idaho, scored an easy decision over Al Globe, 171, Chicago, in their six-rounder at the Ocean Park Arena. Earling had Globe on the canvas in the fifth. Sterling Clements, 145, kayoed Billy Shaw, 140, in the first round of semi.

Promoter Jack Means is putting boxing over in San Bernardino, a spot that has broken the hearts of many a promoter. Improved business conditions may have something to do with it. Means is putting on better fights than have been staged in the San Bernardino ring in years. The youthful promoter is booking such colorful boxers as Jimmy Garrison, Nick Peters, Babe Brandelli and the Hogue Twins, all big club talent.

Sonny Boy Walker, 205, Arizona, belted out Red Nibert of Louisiana in the fourth round of their main event at the San Diego Coliseum. Nibert was floored twice in the second round for counts of 7 and 9, and Walker finished the southern redhead with a left to the body early in the fourth.

Georgie Hansford of Los Angeles won over Cleo Shans of Brawley in the six-round semi-windup. Hansford dropped Shans with a right to the body in the second round and put him on the canvas again in the fourth with a right to the jaw.

Jimmy Garrison and Tony Chavez had it out again, but this fifth meeting, which took place at the Hollywood Stadium, was not a replica of their former blitzkriegs. Neither boxer displayed the fire, pep or stamina that they possessed in previous clashes. Garrison recently underwent a nose operation and Chavez has seen little action in recent months, which may account for their listless bout. The contest was mostly a left-handed duel. The referee's verdict was a draw. Garrison weighed 142, Chavez 143.

The fight of the night was the six-round semi between Andy Scrivani of Chicago and Larry Cisneros of Questa, N. M., which was declared a draw. Each weighed 137.

Verne Earling, blond slugger of Idaho, and Oscar Rankins, veteran redheaded Negro, belted one another with everything but the ring posts in a brawl at the Downtown Arena in Los Angeles. At the end of six bruising rounds the affair was called a draw. Odell Polee, colored heavyweight, bested Frank Riggi in the semi-final.

Promoter Jack Means imported two real toughies for his second offering at the San Bernardino Arena. Means matched Nick Peters, the Roaring Greek of San Antonio, against Eddie Stanley, the unruly Soldier of San Francisco, so that his San Bernardino fans might get to see how it is done down on Pier 6. The brawl came to an early ending, as Stanley suffered a deep cut on the forehead and Peters was credited with a third round T.K.O. Pancho Ramirez, 167, Wilmington, outslugged Al Globe, (Martinez) 170, of Chicago, in a stubbornly fought six-round semi-windup.

The veteran Eddie Simms of Cleveland decisioned the youthful Jim Lane of Long Beach in a six-rounder at the Ocean Park Arena. Simms connected with an overhand right to floor Lane for a nine-count in the fifth round and earn the nod. Sterling Clements, 145, scored a T.K.O. over Louis Rios in the sixth of the semi. Bob Crittenden, 138, kayoed Al Miller in the third round of a special.

Babe McCoy reopened the Eastside Arena at Los Angeles with a main event that had the fans on their feet yelling themselves hoarse. McCoy's initial offering was a knockdown affair between Carlos Chavez, undefeated Mexican bantamweight of Los Angeles, and Tommy Cobb, little Irish spitfire of San Jose. The scrap lasted less than three rounds, but there were ten rounds of thrills in the seven minutes of fighting. Cobb floored Chavez in the first minute of fighting and easily won the first round, for, although Carlos tossed a hundred punches, most all of them fanned the air. Chavez punched the San Jose cutie all over the ring and dropped him for a nine-count in the second. However, the little Irish gamester came up off the floor and swapped punches with the Mexican buzz-saw for the balance of the heat. It was after one minute of toe-to-toe slugging in the third that they collided head on, which inflicted a deep gash over Cobb's left eye and caused him to take a count. Although up before the count of ten, Referee Benny Whitman considered the cut too serious for Cobb to continue and awarded the bout to Chavez.

Calexico is another California spot to get back on the boxing map. Pete Buzukos is the promoter to bring back the glove-tossing pastime to this lively little city. Promoter Buzukos' first show featured Manuel Ortiz, hard hitting flyweight of El Centro, against Joe Robleto, Pasadena bantamweight. Ortiz floored the game Robleto three times for long counts before stopping him in the sixth round.

Cleo Shans, Brawley featherweight, kayoed Babe Antuna of Los Angeles in the third round of the semi-windup.

Pancho Ramirez, club-fighting middleweight of Wilmington, came from behind to get a draw with Jimmy Casino in their six-rounder at Los Angeles' Downtown Arena. Serio Mendoza, Los Angeles featherweight, and Harry Wicker of Detroit, battled to a five-round draw in the semi.

Matchmaker Charlie MacDonald dished up a double main event for Hollywood Stadium fans by matching four crack semi-windup fighters in two 10-rounders. The idea was to give the two winners top billing in future bouts. The first 10-rounder between Cecil Hudson, colored flash, and Chief Evening Thunder, red-skinned club fighter, ended in the third round when Hudson pole-axed the Chief with a right to the jaw. Hudson, a smooth boxer with a KO punch in both hands, was the standout of the four battlers on trial. Each weighed 138.

In the other half of the double main-event, Larry Cisneros, 138, Questa, N. M., pounded out a decision over Andy Scrivani, 136, Chicago. This bout started at a snail's pace, gained momentum after a few rounds and ended in hurricane fashion. Cisneros was out in front at end of sixth because of Scrivani's back-pedaling and grabbing tactics, but the Italian did some fast and furious fighting in the seventh and eighth rounds, to make the affair a toss-up. But, the tough going against the rugged Mexican, sapped Scrivani's strength and Larry punched the Chicago boxer around plenty in the last two rounds, to win by a comfortable margin. A crowd of 5000 braved a rainstorm to witness this "new talent" show.

Two of the classiest boxers in middleweight division, Archie Moore of St. Louis and Eddie Booker of San Jose, went ten fast rounds to a draw at the San Diego Coliseum. However, the draw verdict was a "break" for Moore, as Booker was credited with seven of the ten rounds and the decision was unpopular. Booker was down for a one count in the first and Moore was down for nine in the fourth. Booker weighed 159, Moore 161.

Richie Lemos rocked Jimmy Liddell to sleep in the fourth round at Ocean Park arena. Lemos boxed in lukewarm fashion for three rounds, barely keeping ahead of his inferior opponent, but he came out in the fourth determined to end it immediately, and did. A left hook stretched Liddell on the canvas for the count.

Louie Carranza and Urban Hernandez, welters, fought six rounds to a draw in the semi.

Promoter Jack Means featured Jimmy Garrison, Kansas City Irishman, and Babe Brandelli, Venice Italian, at the San Bernardino arena. Garrison copped the six-round decision over Brandelli, but only after a close tussle, in which Babe was a dangerous foe to the end. Garrison weighed 140, Brandelli 145.

Black Joe, Filipino importation, and Pancho Perez, Mexican bantam of Los Angeles, topped Promoter Pete Buzukos' second offering at the Calexico Arena. Perez, a youngster of little experience, was no match for the Filipino veteran and the bout was halted in the fifth round.

Jimmy Garrison, 142, Kansas City, easily won over Chuey Vargas, 147, in a six-rounder at the Los Angeles Downtown Arena. Jimmy, boxing nicely, shaded Vargas in each of the first five rounds and then turned on the heat in the sixth to punch Chuey around plenty.

Garrison, who was off form in his last Hollywood start, is fighting on the smaller circuit to sharpen up for "big time" matches, and he is doing a nice job of it.

Promoter Babe McCoy was the victim of the rains on the night of his second card at Los Angeles' Eastside Arena. The small crowd that braved the bad weather was well rewarded, for the main event between Chico Romo of Denver and Ran Jackson of New Orleans was a wow. They swapped punches every second of the six rounds, each being on dizzy street a number of times, and the draw decision was a popular one.

Cecil Hudson, classy colored boxer of Los Angeles, kept his undefeated record intact, with the help of Referee Abe Roth, by being awarded the decision over Larry Cisneros of Questa, N. M., at the Hollywood Stadium. The bout was fast and hard fought for the full ten rounds. Hudson outclassed the curly-headed Mexican for the first half of the fray, but Cisneros' continual boring-in, slowed the Negro and Larry appeared to have evened the score at the end of eight rounds. Cisneros forged ahead in the last two rounds and the crowd was somewhat stunned to see Hudson's hand raised. Hudson weighed 138, Cisneros 139.

A very unpopular decision was also handed out in the semi-windup when Genero Rojo, 135, was given a draw with Richie Shinn, 133, of San Francisco. Shinn was down for the count of five in the first round, but he forced the fighting all the way, causing Rojo to do considerable clinching and resort to some foul tactics.

Promoter Willie Clar got off to a bad start with his opening show at the Huntington Park Arena. Clar did not have an attractive card to start with, then it rained on this night, three of the prelims ended in the first round, and the referee gave an unpopular decision in the main event. Oscar Rankins was awarded the nod over Verne Earling at the end of six rounds, although Earling appeared out in front. A small crowd witnessed the brief program.

Richie Lemos of Los Angeles was credited with a first round KO over Zeke Castro of Denver, at the San Diego Coliseum. After two minutes of fast action with honors about even, Lemos uncorked a left to the jaw that put Castro on the floor. Zeke regained his feet at the count of nine, but was in a fog and Referee Charlie Randolph stopped the bout. Lemos weighed 131, Castro 134.

Jack Hill, Bloomington, Ill. middleweight, decisioned Jimmy McDaniels of Los Angeles, in the six-round semi.

LEST I FORGET—Wesley Sellers, classy Los Angeles lightweight, is now doing his bit for Uncle Sam . . . Eddie McKenna has a dandy club fighter in Rubin Shank . . . Ralph Volke, veteran trainer who has been doing gangster roles in the movies in recent years, returned to the game to condition Petey Scalzo for the Serean go . . . Tommy Cobb, the little San Jose cutie, made a big hit in his Hollywood debut . . . The most popular individual in Los Angeles fistic circles is Jimmy Garrison's two-year-old, Jimmy, Jr. . . . Johnny Maurry's amateur lightweight, Art Rojo, looked real good in his pro debut . . . Shorty Hogue is coming right along. In whipping Archie Moore and Lloyd Marshall he won over two top-notch middleweights . . . Baby Breese is back in Los Angeles, accompanied by George Ades . . . Joe Lynch, former promoter of Honolulu, is to be the matchmaker at the Olympic in Los Angeles, when the big arena reopens for boxing . . . Stanley Hasrato of Yonkers, N. Y., is out here . . . George Parnassus has added Black Joe, Filipino bantam of Honolulu, to his stable . . . Benny DeStefano, flashy amateur welter, was very impressive in his pro debut . . . Anton Theodorescu, Rumanian welterweight, is in L.A. . . . Joe Rhodes' classy colored welter, Sammy Walker, is adding some good names to his list of "guys I can lick" . . . Georgie Crouch is back from Honolulu . . . Joe Waterman, one of the best matchmakers in this, or any other country, is soon to be out of the hospital and back on the job . . . Tommy Martin has gone to South America on a three months' tour . . . Willie Clar, the new promoter of the Huntington Park arena, is the former Young Abe Attell . . . The game is picking up a bit out here. Three new clubs have opened in the past month, and in spite of some heavy rains, the fans have been turning out.

To the readers of this column who have received no reply to their inquiries, I repeat, a self-addressed, stamped envelope must accompany your letter. Also, I regret to state that I do not have the time to write out complete records of boxers and I have no photos to give out. This information service is primarily for the managers and boxers who contemplate a trip to the Coast and wish information on boxing conditions out here. This writer's address is 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

THE N.B.A. middleweight championship fight between Champion Tony Zale, the hard hitting Pole from Gary, Ind., and the challenger, Steve Mamakos, Greek from Washington, D. C., provided Chicagoans with one of the finest fighting exhibitions seen here in many moons. Tony Zale, after regaining his bearings from a merciless beating in the early part of their scheduled 15-round embroglio, stretched the ever-aggressive and staunch challenger out cold in the 14th session.

In the first four stanzas, Zale was impressive with that dynamic right-hand thrust of his. But after two minutes of fighting in the fifth canto, Steve crashed a pile-driving right hand on Tony's jaw that staggered the champ. Zale was hurt, which was obvious to all of the 14,306 paid fans who contributed a gross gate of $37,450.52, and Steve went right after Tony, clubbing him unmercifully in hopes of gaining the title. Zale stumbled around the ring like a drunken sailor and the bell halted a further drubbing.

Mamakos came out in the sixth intent on ending festivities. He swarmed all over Zale. He hit him quite frequently and Tony was on the receiving end throughout.

The seventh was won by Mamakos by a shade. And in the eighth Tony went after Steve with his pile-driver—that trusty right mauley of his and began to show to advantage. Here again, Steve connected with a solid smash that turned the tide back in his favor.

The "Capital City" contender bore in again for the ninth session and utilized his enormous strength and practically closed the Hoosier champ's left optic. The tenth found Zale coming back. He won the round and damaged Steven's eye.

From the 12th round, Zale really went to work on the gallant challenger and won each session thereafter. Mamakos came out for the 13th frame full of fight and took an early lead, when "zoom" a powerful Zale left-hook caught Steve flush on the jaw and the Greek gamester took an eight count, arose, and was given the same amount of punishment that he in turn extended to Zale earlier in the fight, and dropped once more, the bell saving him from being counted out. With the clang of the bell Zale went out for the "kill" and he stopped Steve in the 14th round.

The ex-middleweight champ, Al Hostak of Seattle, Washington, proved his championship quali- George Burnette, in round one. Hostak went after fications when he spilled the "Motor City" nifty, his prey from the start. He lashed out dynamite rights on two occasions that dumped the bronze Detroiter for two nine counts. Upon arising for the second time, a lightning left-hook sprawled the game Burnette out on his face for the count and then some. This was to have gone ten heats.

In another ten-round bout Gunnar Barlund of Finland was given the nod over Chicago's Altus Allen. The verdict was lustily booed as Barlund fought in the manner of a trial-horse, revealing very little.

In the opening contest, a six-round conflict between Henry Wacker of Chicago and an elongated colored heavy from Detroit, Mich., Howard Williams, was won decisively by the Wolverine fighter. This promotional effort on the part of Impresario Bill Rand proved to be another feather in his cap.

Bill Rand has the approval of Johnny Ray, Billy Conn's pilot for a stadium shot. The opposition was to have been Gunnar Barlund, but Mike Jacobs, boxing's strong-arm, refused permit for the match. Reason—no financial inducement for Uncle Michael, who feels he should have his hand in every crustworthy pie.

That gallant, pugnacious Tony Musto, a favorite heavyweight of Chicagoans and Blue Islanders, pounded out a clean victory over Buddy Knox of Dayton, Ohio, thus squaring off a previous draw venture, both along the 10-round route. Their initial affair was perpetrated in Florida and this time in Cleveland, Ohio.

On the Billy Soose vs. Ernie Vigh middleweight sockaroo, the consistent lightweight glove-artist belonging to amicable Nate Lewis, the ole' bald eagle, Leo Rodak, pounded a decisive triumph over Lenny Mancini in the eight-round semi-final.

Ross Mullen, son of the famous James C., pioneer fight-promoter of the Middlewest, and Babe Barron, well known turfster, have been called into Uncle Sam's army. Young Ross is the manager of Johnny Barbara, two-time winner over Champ Fritzie Zivic of the welters. Now Sr. Mullen will handle the destinies of Barbara.

A tragedy occurred to a likable pugilist from Sweden, who has been fighting out of St. Paul, Minn., for Karl Ogren. Arne Anderson died in his fight with Lou Thomas, Greek 200-pounder from Indianapolis, Ind. Arne collapsed after being separated in a clinch—the ten toll was completed but not a stir was noticed from Anderson's frame. Then the attending physician stepped into the ring and found that Arne had died. Arne's body was cremated and his ashes were sent in a bottle container to his father back in Sweden.

Other fights on that program resulted as follows: Bobby Berry beat Billy Pierce, middleweights, five; Bill Parsons won over Floyd Hagen, stablemate of Anderson's, four; Richard Rigali scored over Bill Hawkins and Johnny Rozina defeated Tony Vino, also in fours.

Settimio Terricina, former European light-heavyweight champ in the amateurs, has been making progress in his professional invasion in the United States. Settimio has been confining most of his boxing to Chicago. In his last appearance he lost a questionable verdict to Frank McBride.

In the fours, Richard Rigali won over Billy Blake of Moline, Ill., featherweights; Tito Taylor beat Bobby Berger, Pittsburgh, Pa., 150-pounders, and Eu Eulien beat Floyd Hagen, St. Paul, Minn., lightweights.

Selman Martin, durable colored heavy from Chicago's Southside, was meted out a terrific lacing at the hands of the blond terror, Lee Savold, in ten rounds at Des Moines, Ia.

And in Omaha, Neb., Lem Franklin, who has forged into the limelight in THE RING'S competent and unbiased ratings, kayoed Carl Vinciquerra in one. The fight drew a gate approximating $3,500.

Eu Eulien, Chicagoan, fought Phil Zwick in his hometown, Kaukauna, Wis., and suffered a knock-out in the eighth round.

Other Chicagoans on the bill were: Tito Taylor, who lost to Jimmy Pierce; Eddie Carson, who wound up second best to Matt Dougherty, and Leonard Bostick, formerly of St. Louis, Mo., who won over Jerry Hayes. These were all four-round conflicts.

Yours truly has been working in the capacity of publicity agent for the Hammond Boxing Club in Hammond, Ind., with Promoters Mac McClure and Ray Cantele behind the fistic wheels.

Inclement snowstorm weather held down the attendance in a natural wind-up glove duel between Joe Ghnouly, formerly of St. Louis, Mo., who has decided to reside in Hammond, and Gene Spencer, elongated South Chicago lightweight stalwart.

At the end of five rounds, with Ghnouly having a slight lead, Manager Pete King of Spencer, wouldn't let his fighter come out for the next heat. A slight cut was King's out.

Spencer, in a match four days prior to this loss, was stopped by that hurricane from New York City, Ray "Sugar" Robinson, in round five, on the Lesnevich vs. Mann heavyweight number in Detroit, Michigan.

In the preliminaries on this Hammond Civic Center program, Bill Parsons, overhanded puncher from Danville, Ill., floored George Dixon for nine counts in each of the first three rounds, then lost the next three on points, but had enough margin to spare to earn decision.

In the concluding boxing show held in Chicago as this column goes to press, Nate Bolden, bronze middleweight boxer, won from Billy Pryor of Boise, Idaho, in a ten-round tiff.

SWAPPING PUNCHES FROM THE GRANDSTAND—Joe Kniff's protege, Sam Morris, good looking heavyweight with a terrific wallop in his right hand, is finding it just as difficult to obtain matches in the pro ranks. Morris has had two fights in Florida, in the town of Clearwater, and ended both contests in kayoes.

Nick Castiglione is rounding into condition . . . . Pete Lello is back in training . . . . Izzy Kline has sold Willy Joyce's contract for $500 to an unknown Southsider—they didn't get along.

Attention fighters: Any experienced fighters, with or without managerial connections, would do well to get in touch with Gene Engel for bouts in the Middlewest. Enclose photo and clippings of your past record, giving complete won and lost compilation. I can be reached at Trafton's Gym, 180 West Randolph St., Chicago, Illinois.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI
By ROBERT D. DANA

GOLDEN GLOVES activities occupied the local fistic spotlight for the past month, as February marked the eleventh month professional boxing has been a fugitive from St. Louis. The Gloves tournament marked a new high for customers, over 30,000 fans attending the four-night show, and a new low for talent. Colored boys, who have so monopolized the tournament the last few years, were discouraged by one means or another and few of the better ones entered.

Colonel John Griffin is still athletic commissioner of this state. The gubernatorial mess has now been straightened out and a new solon is in all likelihood on the way. Perhaps such a change may get boxing back into its own again. After both Missouri boxing promoters were shorn of their licenses by the present board, there was no doubt about where the good, gray Colonel stood.

NUGGETS: As is usual, the *Globe Democrat's* First Nighters was not represented in the finals at Chicago, though Milton Jones was apparently victimized as were Haire and Cooper last year . . . . *The Globe* thought that Jones was discriminated against . . . . Slaughter's famous James Reddick had a fever and was ruled out by the *Tribune's* doctor. With any kind of a break in the draw, Jim would have gone through, though it is doubtful if he could have beaten Hezzie Williams . . . . Ray Standifer of Kansas City lost to the classy Hezzy in the finals and Ray is not in Reddick's class via our book . . . . Jim Richie, only St. Louis boy to win a National G.G. title, beat both Hezzie and Standifer. Richie said his fight with Williams could have gone either way, it was that close. He kayoed Standifer, however, without much ado . . . . Jim said Hezzie was a cinch to win this year . . . . Phil Brown, Gillespie lightweight, who always shows up as a featherweight for the Gloves, was flattened out by Jack Haley in the semi-finals . . . . For the third straight year, our boys drew a first round "bye." This is often followed by a "bye-bye" in the second round for most of them . . . . Ray Brown, who fought for Slaughters a summer ago, went to the finals for the second straight year, only to be turned back by decision . . . . Slaughter's white heavies, Bob Sullivan and Connie Norden, won titles in Washington and the Pacific Coast, respectively, their colored ones, Whiteside and Lowell Strong, fighting out for the local title.

IN HAMMOND, INDIANA
By SAMUEL THOMPSON

A CORRECTION: Johnny Rhodes subbed for Jake Carter against Mike Sopko and Joe Doty lost to Joe Ghnouly.

Civic Center, March 3—Eddie Kit Carson, Chicago Negro lightweight, knocked his opponent down at least a half dozen times to win the decision in the four-round opener. Johnny Rhodes, Chicago middleweight, lost to Anthony Jones, Champaign, Ill., in another four. Mike Sopko, Harbor middleweight, left handed his opponent Bob Dalia, Chicago, dizzy for three heats. The referee stopped it during the rest period.

Big Bill Peterson, Harbor heavy, chalked up his seventh kayo in nine starts when he belted his opponent out in the first. In the semi-final sixer Bill Parson, Danville, Illinois lightweight, who recently whipped the hard hitting Floyd Hagen, copped a win over George Dixon II, Chicago. Joe Ghnouly, St. Louis lightweight, won over Gene Spencer, Chicago, by a T.K.O. in six. Spencer received a cut over his eye in the early rounds and his handlers signalled the referee during the rest period at the end of the sixth to call a halt.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JIM BRADY, Southern Area bantamweight champion, came through with flying colors in his contest with Kid Tanner, British Guiana fly, bantam and featherweight title-holder, in a fifteen-round contest for the British Empire bantamweight title.

George Grant, the genial promoter from Dundee, was sure that this contest would be a big draw in Dundee, Scotland, where Brady is the local lad, and Tanner is a very big favorite. He was not wrong, for although the weather was not up to the standard of open-air boxing, nevertheless a very large crowd turned out for the show, and the promotion showed a good profit.

When the first gong went, Brady tore into the tall colored lad and pasted him about the body, and then Tanner would rip two or three body blows to the Scot's body to remind him that he also knows a little about infighting.

Brady would not alter his tactics for the first eight rounds, and this effort put him in the lead, although Tanner was never far in arrears. All of a sudden, Tanner in this round let go with both hands to Brady's head, causing the Dundee fighter to stagger back with blood flowing from a nasty cut on the right eyebrow.

When the gong ended the round, Referee Eugene Henderson went over to Brady's corner to inspect the damage and the crowd was forlorn, as it seemed that the chance of the local lad making good was to come unstuck owing to a cut eye, but the referee thought that it was not serious enough for him to stop the contest.

This gave Brady more heart to fight on as never before, and although he forced the contest, he came in for considerable punishment from Tanner, who would seem to be getting over the cold air and was overtaking the lead from the courageous Scottish lad from Dundee.

Brady, seeing that his opponent was getting up to him in his quest for the coveted title, made another spurt and threw all defense to the winds. This he kept up from the twelfth to the fifteenth round and Jim deserved the decision that came his way, amid loud cheering from the happy, jovial crowd from Dundee.

Backing up the promoter's top-liner was a match between Jackie Paterson, British and Empire flyweight champion, in a contest with the Scottish flyweight champion, Billy Clinton, who, after receiving a bit of a shellacking for a while in the first round, met a right swing to the jaw that put him down and out for the full count, leaving "Wee" a popular winner.

A day before this contest, Jackie took to himself a wife, lovely Miss Hermann Bell, an 18-year-old Glasgow girl, who was also known as Paterson's "Blonde Mascot," and she has brought him every confidence in his battles. Congratulations to the two of you, Mr. and Mrs. Paterson.

The other contest of importance was that between Sergt. Jimmy Watson of Edinburgh and Sergt. Tom Smith of Sunderland, who recently met Nel Tarleton for the featherweight title.

Sergt. Smith was declared the winner at the end of eight rounds of fast fighting, but the decision met with a very mixed reception.

I have been asked by a reader to put in my notes a reply to his query: "The dates and opponents of the first battles for the original Lord Lonsdale Belts that denoted the official champions of Great Britain." Well, here goes:

Flyweight—Dec. 4, 1911; Sid Smith defeated Joe Wilson.

Bantamweight—Oct. 17, 1910; Digger Stanley defeated Joe Bowker.

Featherweight—Feb. 14, 1910; Jim Driscoll defeated Seaman Arthur Hayes.

Lightweight—Nov. 8, 1909; Fred Welsh defeated Johnny Summers. (This was the very first contest for a Lord Lonsdale Belt.)

Welterweight—May 21, 1910; Harry "Young" Joseph defeated Jack Goldswain.

Middleweight—Dec. 20, 1909; Tom Thomas defeated Charlie Wilson.

Cruiserweight—March 9, 1914; Dick Smith defeated Dennis Haugh.

Heavyweight—April 24, 1911; Bombardier Billy Wells defeated William "Iron" Hague.

Ernie Roderick, British welterweight champion, who, it will always be remembered, made a bold bid to win the world's welterweight title from Henry "Homicide" Armstrong at Harringay Arena, is now in the R.A.F. and while giving an exhibition at Llandudno, twisted his ankle that forced him to cancel several bouts that were arranged for him by his manager and brother-in-law, Featherweight Champion Nel Tarleton.

Ernie has had a successful operation on his ankle and it will not be long before he will be boxing in actual combats in the squared circle.

Corporal Freddie Mills (R.A.F.), who scored a good win over Jock McAvoy some time ago, is longing for a chance to meet Len Harvey for the latter's cruiserweight title. In the meantime, Mills took part in a contest with Seaman Ernie Simmons of the Royal Navy.

This contest took place at the St. James Hall, Newcastle and after five rounds, Simmons looked the worse for wear. It came as no surprise in the sixth round, after Simmons had taken some more punishment, that his seconds threw in the towel as a token of defeat and Mills was proclaimed the winner.

Corporal Peter Kane, R.A.F., is soon to make a comeback to the ring.

The "Eddie Cantor" of the squared circle is now completing arrangements with Johnny Best, the Liverpool promoter, for a series of contests to take place at the Stadium, Liverpool, where the bright-eyed Golbourne youth had most of his earliest successes.

Kane will in future box as a bantamweight, and is out with a challenge to Jim Brady of Dundee for the latter's Empire bantamweight title.

Jack Hyams, the Stepney cruiserweight, has made himself a firm favorite around Blackpool, where he has met Ted Barter of Kingston, now in the R.A.F., and won on points at the Tower Circus, Blackpool, under the promotion of Johnny Best.

Jack, who is in the R.A.F., again appeared there against Ron Linley of Sheffield and again won on points.

"Somewhere in England"—that is where I shall have to write of the contests that take place in some of the forces camps.

Two contests that are of interest to readers took place in one of these training centers between Tom Reddington, R.A.F. and Salford, and Johnny Rice, R.A.F. and Hounslow. These two heavyweights fought over six rounds, with Tom Reddington a ready winner on points.

Dave Finn, R.A.F. and of Stepney, gained a points decision over Sergt. Jim Bultidude, R.A.F., who is known in the professional ring as Jim Bolton. These two lightweights put up a grand scrap, with Finn a clever winner.

At the end of the show, an air vice-marshal presented Finn and Reddington with traveling leather suitcases, as boxers in the services cannot receive money prizes when competing in service boxing.

Where it is ever possible to give results of contests in the services, I shall do so, for I believe it is essential news for the boxing world.

I shall be glad to get boxing news from any of the lads who are in the services whenever there is a show run in their camp. And I promise not to use the name of the camp, hence it will come under the caption of "Somewhere in England."

More power to you, lads, and good luck.

Norman Rees, the younger brother of Boyo Rees of Wales has turned out to be a useful middleweight, and now that he is in the Army, he is sure to be in great condition. This was proved when he squared up to meet the tough Irish middleweight, Pat Mulcahy of Cork.

The contest took place at the Ulster Hall, Belfast, and was over ten rounds, with the Welshman proving the superior over the aggressive Irishman, and he was awarded the decision.

Pte. Tommy Steele of South Shields gained a clear-cut victory over Mick Magee of Belfast after eight rounds.

Over six rounds, Jim Leathem defeated Barney Smith in the sixth and last round when the referee stopped the contest in Leathem's favor, as Smith had a badly cut mouth and was behind on points. Jim Derby drew with Billy Donnelly, and Danny Madden stopped Jim Pedlar in the third round.

The mayor of Loughborough staged a successful boxing tourney in the local Town Hall on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. hut fund, which drew a packed house, with the following results:

Pte. J. Morbey (K.O.Y.L.I.) outpointed L/C Boston (R.O.A.C.); Sergt. Bramwell (R.A.F.) outpointed Pte. Higginbottom (R.A.P.C.); Sergt. Goodwin (R.A.O.C.) was a good points winner over Signalman Milinch (Army); Gunner Richards (Scottish Horse) stopped Gunner Baker (R.A.) in the first round; A/C Childs (R.A.F.) outpointed Cpl. Heward (Leicestershire Regt.); Cpl. Catlin (R.A.P.C.) was too good for Gunner Berry (R.A.); Cpl. Charlton (R.A.O.C.) and Cpl. Palmer (R.A.F.) showed that they had professional experience and put up a great battle, with Charlton receiving the referee's decision; two heavyweights, Cpl. Wilby (K.O.Y.L.I.) and Gunner Hunt (Scottish Horse) put forward all they knew and dealt out some hard punching, with Wilby getting the verdict; L/Bomb. Dench (R.A.) outpointed Pte. Hinchcliffe (K.O.Y.L.I.); Pte. McMahon (Army) received the decision over Cpl. Anderson (R.A.F.) and the verdict had a very mixed reception from the fans; Cpl. Taylor (R.A.F.) was too good for Gunner Barker (R.A.) and the referee intervened in the second round.

Pilot Officer Len Harvey, cruiser and heavyweight champion of Great Britain, boxed an exhibition with Flight Sergt. Wilby, who was amateur cruiserweight champion in 1937, and a good time was had by all.

Arthur "Ginger" Sadd and Dick Turpin of Leamington Spa met in a scheduled ten-round contest at Nottingham and the form of both was not up to their previous performances.

Sadd took the offensive from the start of the fifth round, after both had showed too much caution and he put Turpin down for a long count. Turpin did not seem to relish his job and he tried enough in the sixth, midway through the round.

Jack Butler (Sutton) punched too hard for George Marsden of Nottingham in their contest, scheduled for ten rounds. Butler cut Marsden's nose with a terrific right, and as this got worse as the contest proceeded, he was advised to retire in the eighth round, leaving Butler the winner of the best contest of the evening.

Tommy Armour, welterweight champion of Northern Ireland, again proved superior over L/Cpl. Jimmy Duffy (Liverpool) in their ten-round contest at the Ulster Hall, Belfast, and won on points.

Jerry McCready (Lurgan) outpointed Eddie Downey (Dublin) in a hard-hitting ten-round contest.

Jack Casey (Belfast) beat Jack Carson (Belfast) in the second round, and in the six-round contests Jack Gillen outpointed Bob Tumulty and George Davies (Birmingham) outpointed Billy Smith (Belfast).

Some time ago, Tiny Bostock, the Leek flyweight now in the R.A.F., outpointed Seaman Gus Foran of Liverpool after a close contest at Liverpool. Promoter Johnny Best soon matched them up for a return at the Tower Circus, Blackpool, and a large crowd saw a magnificent contest over ten rounds, with Bostock a clear winner at the end.

In the chief supporting contest, Peter Barrett (Wigan) K.O.'ed Jack Ryder (Bootle) in the second round.

The Marquis of Queensberry's boxing tourney at Reading on behalf of the local Red Cross was a huge success, and the Noble Marquis was ably supported by the capable matchmaking of Jack Harding.

The star bout was between Arthur Danahar of Bethnal Green, who is now serving with the Irish Guards, and Paddy Roche (Ireland) over eight rounds. There is one thing that tough Paddy Roche can do, and that is have a fight. This was not to the liking of Danahar, whose best performances at the Earl's Court were open boxing.

Roche forced the pace from the start, and always seemed to be able to get at close quarters. He scored with a two-handed attack to the body that Danahar could not frustrate, and at the end Roche received a hard-earned decision.

In the two chief supporting bouts, Freddie Simpson (Basingstoke) produced some of his best form to outpoint Mick Carney of Middlesborough over eight rounds, and Cpl. Harry Groves (R.A.S.C.) gained the decision over Joe Slark of Egham, also over eight rounds.

"Spider" Kelly, former featherweight champion of Great Britain, showed splendid form in his contest with Fred Morris (Stepney), whom he easily outpointed in a ten-round contest at Belfast.

Tommy Steele (South Shields) outpointed Jackie Campbell of Belfast in the supporting ten-rounder.

At the Ulster Hall, Belfast, Jim Keery (Lisburn) won on points after a good contest over ten rounds against Vic Andrews of Yorkshire.

Ginger Walsh (Belfast) defeated Len Wiggins (Oxford) also on points at the end of a good ten-round contest.

Boxing again in London. Thanks to jovial Jim Wicks always a gambler. He said that he would stage a big boxing show in the heart of the Big City. He looked around for available talent and leased the Cambridge Theatre. On the day of the show it was found that the theatre was not large enough to house the huge crowd that turned out to see the show. Those who had booked in advance were able to take their positions but there were hundreds that failed to gain admittance.

This show was a sample of what could be done in times like these and so many other promoters are now forming their cards for the over-eager fight crowd. Jack Berg a corporal in the R.A.F. met a fighter after his own heart in Harry Craster of Middlesborough who is also in the R.A.F. as a sergeant.

They met in the star bout over ten rounds and what a battle these two warriors put up. Berg, in his old makeup, forced the issue from the start, pinning his superior N.C.O. in a corner and planting lefts to the body and rights to the head, that made the onlookers dizzy, but if anything Craster was always known to be a game fighter, and he took all that came his way without flinching.

Craster's chance came in the sixth round when Berg seemed to be tiring and as he came forward a hefty right to the jaw, sent him staggering back across the ring obviously hurt but Berg as everyone knows, has a fighting heart and although in a bad way, he would not go down. After he had taken considerable punishment the gong came to his assistance.

Recuperating marvelously, during the minute's respite, he again took the fight to Craster much to the sergeant's surprise and scored with a long left to the head. He made the Northerner miss on

Soldiers — Sailors — Marines
Read THE RING for
Boxing News from Your Home City
Subscribe for It

numerous occasions trying to land one haymaker that would end the contest, but Berg weathered the storm and finished the contest amid loud cheers when he received the decision.

Dave Crowley ex-lightweight champion of Great Britain and now in the R.A.F., met his old opponent, Johnny Cunningham of Bethnal Green, who is in the army. They clashed over ten rounds. Although the contest was not as thrilling as the star bout, Crowley undoubtedly was well ahead when the contest terminated and thus went one better, for their last contest was declared a draw.

Sergeant Instructor Dave McCleave scored a points win over Johnny Blake of Notting Hill after six interesting rounds. Sergeant Instructor Syd Hart of Croydon outpointed Trooper Jim Gully in an eight-round contest. Fred Sorrel (Bethnal Green) defeated Idris Pickens of Wales at the end of six rounds and Stoker Fred Clark knocked out Danny Williams of the Coldstream Guards in the third of a four-round contest.

When "Homicide" Henry Armstrong told reporters "My eyes won't hold up any more" and that he was through with the ring as a participant he kept a promise that he made to me and others here after his contest with Ernie Roderick at Harringway, May 25th 1939.

When someone asked Henry in the presence of Eddie Mead and Eddie Walker when he thinks of retiring he calmly answered that "As soon as I feel that I can no longer keep the top of the class, I shall retire from the ring." That gave me much joy.

Well, Henry, I can say this for the British sporting people that were fortunate enough to witness your contest with Roderick in London, that you proved yourself one of the most outstanding fighters that ever visited these shores, and we, in these days when bombs rain on England, still get enough time to talk about the wonderful way you non-plussed Roderick and the fans with your non-stop fighting for 15 rounds.

May you enjoy your retirement.

Jack London of West Hartlepool, a sergeant in the R.A.F., met Sergt. Larry Gains at Liverpool in what was scheduled to be a contest over 10 rounds, but Gains, who was conceding 31 pounds to the hefty Northerner, soon made headway by his clever boxing, but a right swing to the body in the fourth round put Gains down on the canvas for the full count. Gains claimed that he was hit low, but the referee continued till the out was called.

Eddie Mallet staged a successful show at Watford, which drew a large crowd with the following results: Mick Carney (Middlesborough) outpointed Joe Slark of Egham in the chief bout over 10 rounds.

Laurie Buxton, the colored local lightweight, defeated Johnny Sage of Bethnal Green in a hard hitting 10-round contest.

Jim Pettingal (Edgware) stopped Bob Eggleton (Kentish Town) in the fifth of an eight-round contest.

Eric Boon, British lightweight champion, who will soon be given a commission in the R.A.F., boxed three rounds with his pal, Harry Silver of Clapton, and now in soldier's uniform. Both received a great reception from the crowd.

In an inter-services boxing show at Fleetwood, a 19-year-old Home Guardsman, Patrick Connelly, won the light-heavyweight championship of the inter-services, and a Pole in the R.A.F., A/C Milewski, won the middleweight title.

I regret that I have to write of the death in so tragic circumstances of Tancy Lee, one of Scotland's greatest fighters, who was knocked down by a bus in Leith during the blackout. Tancy, who at the time of his death was 59 years of age, was the first Scottish boxer to win a Lord Lonsdale belt, when he defeated the great Jimmy Wilde, who was beating every one and everything up to 126 pounds. Tancy won in the 17th round. Lee, after leaving the flyweight division, became champion of Great Britain in 1917 when he won the featherweight title outright. Tancy Lee did not retire from the ring until he was 45 years of age.

No fighter fought more fairly in the ring, and was a credit to the sport and will always be remembered as the first Scottish boxer that blazed the trail for other flyweights from Scotland—Elky Clark, Johnny Hill, Benny Lynch, and now the formidable Jackie Paterson.

Well, Tancy, it was good to have known you, and "may your dear soul rest in peace."

Jackie Paterson of Glasgow, British and empire flyweight champion, gained a decisive victory in defense of his titles, when he was called upon by the B.B.B.C. to meet Paddy Ryan of Manchester. Paterson proved himself a worthy champion, one that should be given a chance to battle for the world's title.

Bill Lazerini, the promoter of the show at Nottingham, was all smiles when a crowd of 6,000 fans turned out to witness the show. Paterson wailed into his opponent and soon had him on the defensive and receiver general, but Ryan did not wince. He proved gameness personified. In the sixth round the Scot caught Ryan with a left to the jaw that sent him through the ropes out of the ring. Ryan managed to beat the count, but he came in for some considerable amount of punishment, and during the eighth round Ryan was lying helpless on the ropes with Paterson dealing out heavy blows to his head and body, when Referee Ben Hardwicke of Wales decided that it was time to call it a day, so he stepped in and stopped the contest in the Scot's favor.

British officialdom put a damper on the project put forward by Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING Magazine and "Uncle" Mike Jacobs. The idea was to stage a series of contests between the champions of Great Britain and the leading star boxers of the United States, for the funds of the British Red Cross. It was only natural that government permission was to be obtained and when this was about to be done, a message was sent out by the authorities that this project would not get the blessing of the government offices, and as the boxers making the trip would have had to receive an exit permit from the Home Office, the proposed trip was squashed.

Here is how Nat Fleischer and Mike Jacobs became interested in this project:

A number of British sportsmen approached Mike and Nat for their co-operation in this matter and their reply was that it would be O.K. with them, providing the leading mitt slingers from this great island would be allowed to make the trip. Here was the lineup Nat and "Uncle" Mike Jacobs had in view: Tommy Farr vs. Joe Louis for the world's heavyweight title; Len Harvey to fight for the cruiserweight world's title vs. Billy Conn; McAvoy for the middle title against Overlin; Roderick for the welter title against Zivic; Eric Boon and Jenkins for the lightweight title, and Jackie Paterson to meet Little Dado for the flyweight title. Anyone with any idea of figures at all could see that this would be the beginning of a sound idea of yearly international boxing and would net $100,000 for the fund.

I hope the matter does not rest there and red tape will easily be cut, so that this friendly feeling of raising money for war or any other charity should not be handicapped by officialdom.

Sergt. Tom Smith, the Sunderland featherweight who some time ago was defeated by Nel Tarleton for the latter's titles, made amends when he met the champion in a return contest at Newcastle over 10 rounds at 130 pounds. Smith was out to show that his previous showing was not as it should be, and he was promised another shot at the title, if he beat Tarleton on this occasion, and beat Tarleton he did. He tore into the champion from the start and won well on points.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

CANADA'S fistic fronts were pretty quiet as spring drew near, which had pretty well been the case all winter. Toronto had a little action while Montreal and other spots were just about dead. For a while it looked as though a redhot "natural" between Dave Castilloux and Harry Hurst, Canada's ace lightweights who are both Montrealers, would attract a $10,000 gate at the Forum but Hurst's left hand was injured in a tune-up fight and the match was postponed.

Dave Castilloux established his superiority over Tommy Speigal in their 12-round "rubber" match at Toronto, winning in decisive fashion though the battle was a stormy one. Their feud highlighted the winter season in Toronto, Speigal winning a surprise verdict in their first encounter, the first duke Castilloux has blown in many moons. After Castilloux had whipped him in the return bout a "rubber" was a natural. Castilloux now has his sights trained on matches with Lew Jenkins and Sammy Angott but will first have to have it out with his local rival, Harry Hurst.

Hurst pounded out a convincing eight round win over Chester Rico at the Ridgewood Grove for his 18th win in 19 starts, the other being a draw. Though stretching his unbeaten sequence to 19 the bout was a costly one for Hurst as his left hand, in which a bone was broken in a December fight, was damaged again, necessitating a postponement of his Canadian title match with Castilloux.

STRAY SHOTS . . . . Oliver Shank, dynamic punching heavyweight, should be in action before this comes off the press though handicapped by non-existence of sparring mates . . . . Pete Montesi, popular New York-Connecticut commuter, is now booking Ray "Dynamite" Powell, hard hitting Newark welter, a 20-year-old lad who has lost only one of seventeen fights . . . . Montesi is also booking Earl Roys, Connecticut bantam champ, who is in demand . . . . Wilfie Shank, Oliver's kid brother, won his debut as an amateur boxer, scoring a decisive win over a McGill boxer . . . . Young Shank displayed an ability to punch by flooring his opponent in the second round and the bell saved the collegian, clanging while he was still down . . . . Amateur boxing is pretty slow in Montreal now . . . . shows are few and far between as war work and the army has depleted ranks of boxers.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

THE best heavyweight prospect to be uncovered in the Rocky Mountain region in many, many moons is a burly Irish kid from the mountain metropolis of Steamboat Springs, Colo., answering to the thoroughly Irish name of Rodie O'Dooley. O'Dooley copped the regional amateur meet at Denver by scoring a three-round kayo over the tourney favorite, Sterling Ingram. The regional Golden Gloves meet at Pueblo, Colo., was a huge success. This meet, sponsored by the Pueblo *Star-Journal and Chieftain*, and capably handled by Ed Orazem, resulted in the discovery of several promising young ringmen.

At Denver, Colo.: Adam Shank, Fort Morgan lightweight, registered his second six-round victory over Dick Diamond, Salt Lake City warrior, in recent weeks. Shank had Diamond on the floor for a nine count in the second round, and went on to win five of the six rounds by wide margins.

In the semi-final, Ice Mancinelli, Denver's North Side Italian lightweight, scored a three-round technical kayo over Al Allard, a rival Denverite.

At Albuquerque, N. M.: The big four night A.A.U. regional amateur tournament proved a huge success. More than 3000 fans were on hand for the finals, featuring a heavyweight contest between Sterling Ingram of Denver, and Austin O'Jibway, a local product. Ingram, a colored warrior, beat O'Jibway easily in each of the three rounds, only to see the award go to his opponent. To most it looked like a mighty poor decision. It is just such examples of judgment that prove such a stumbling block for boxing in this region. Ingram avenged this verdict by beating O'Jibway in a return bout in the regional A. A. U. tourney at Denver.

At Boise, Idaho: R. J. Lewis, Denver colored middleweight, knocked out Jack Rainwater of Newport, Ore., in the last round of a scheduled 10-round bout. Lewis had Rainwater on the floor four times before polishing him off.

Though this year's A. A. U. amateur tournaments in this section of the country proved very successful, it does strike this corner that the Colorado Boxing Commission and the A. A. U. officials leaned over backwards in their efforts to overlook some of the contestants with previous professional connections. The A. A. U. meet at Denver had at least three contestants entered in the meet who have fought professional bouts in regional rings. It couldn't be that the powers who are supposed to look after this sort of thing turned their heads in the interest of the gate could it?

The pro game in this neck of the woods is still hanging on the ropes. Whether the summer season will give the game a much needed shot in the arm, remains to be seen.

The writer will be more than glad to answer any inquiries relative to the fight game in this region. Please inclose reply postage, and please, fellows, don't ask me for pictures.

Address all mail to: T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

The HISTORY of BOXING

A complete story of

The Prize Ring in America

The only authentic, complete classic of The Roped Square

Only a Limited Number Available

Printed to sell at $3.50

Our special price while they last—

Only 80 copies available—$2.50

A book every one interested in boxing should have.

Fill out the coupon below and mail to **The Ring Book Shop, 307 West 49th St., New York City.**

If you are in any branch of the service, you may deduct with our compliments, 50 cents and send only $2.00.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Nat Fleischer's Latest Thriller

The Flaming Ben Hogan

His Steep and Thorny Way to Heaven

Champion, Pugilist, Pirate, Gambler, Confederate, U.S. Spy, Oil Magnate and Evangelist.

One of the Prize Ring's Most Adventurous, Romantic Figures of Civil War Days

A daredevil whose hair-raising adventures gained him fame and fortune.

The most unique fighter in ring history.

The strongest athlete in America.

You'll enjoy the story of this famous bare-knuckle fighter. Once you get started, you won't leave until you've finished the book.

LIMITED EDITION

Only 900 Copies Printed

To be sold while they last at the price of only Fifty Cents

A book every follower of boxing should read.

If you are a collector of Fistiana here's a book you should obtain.

There will be no second edition.

Get on the band wagon early.

Send a money order, or check to Nat Fleischer, THE RING Magazine, 307 West 49th St., New York City and get a copy of

The Flaming Ben Hogan

His Steep and Thorny Way to Heaven

The first of a new series of fifty-cent books by THE RING Editor.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

By SHERIDAN BROWN

EDDIE BLUNT and "Babe" Hunt, co-chairmen of the We Beat Buddy Baer Club, fought each other at the Oakland Auditorium and Blunt bolstered his latent claims to fame by stopping the towering Oklahoman in seven rounds. Although fresh from a series of "comeback" victories in Texas rings, Hunt was seemingly no more than a tired old veteran and Blunt had things pretty much his own way. The Negro's busy left hand opened several nasty cuts on Hunt's face and the Babe was bleeding and exhausted when it was stopped.

Despite his stunning victory over Baer and the anti-climax with Hunt, Eddie is not regarded too highly by boxing experts in this region. The consensus of local opinion seems to be that Blunt, Baer and Hunt are three sorry excuses for top-flight heavyweights, with Blunt possessing the nearest thing to real ability.

Stanley Hasrato, the Yonkers, N. Y. light-heavyweight, fought a ten-round draw with Billy Metcalf, L. A. Negro, in a feature-length semi-windup.

It is a good thing that citizens in these parts have abandoned the custom of toting a six-gun on the hip. If they hadn't, Referee Frankie Carter would have been shot full of holes for handing a decision to Verne Bybee over Eddie Marcus at the Coliseum Bowl. As it was, Carter was showered with folded newspapers, violent language and a tidal wave of boos.

Marcus, a handsome kid from Los Angeles, was a decided underdog against the local lightweight, but he gave Bybee nothing but misery for ten rounds and won hands down in the opinion of 99% of the attendance. A picture boxer, Marcus poked Verne with a steady stream of pretty, if painless, left hands. Bybee landed all the damaging blows but Marcus' flashy efforts and underdog status won him the support of the crowd.

Little Ray Price, a chocolate-colored Gatling gun out of Portland, Ore., cracked the durability of tough Nick Peters with a two-handed attack that put the Greek lightweight out of commission in three rounds of a main event at the Coliseum Bowl. By the explosive manner in which he reduced Peters from a dangerous cookie to a punch-dizzy victim, Price served notice on every Coast lightweight that he is coming into his own, after too long in the background. Peters had previously held Verne Bybee to a draw and was touted a 2 to 1 shot over Price.

Middleweight Milo Theodorescu, an animated mustard plaster from Rumania, stuck to Eddie Booker of San Jose for ten rounds at the Oakland Auditorium in the greatest exhibition of clinching since Rudolph Valentino was grappling with Hollywood's fairest. Booker won every round and the decision but Milo grabbed and wrestled and hugged until Referee Billy Burke was dead tired from peeling him off the disgusted colored boy. Eddie couldn't land a clean punch until the last round when he blasted Milo with both hands, although failing to knock him down.

Theodorescu is also a concert violinist and he can come back to Oakland any time, but preferably as a violinist.

Stanley Hasrato knocked out Larry Derrick, Sacramento Negro light-heavyweight, in the fourth round of a companion feature scheduled for ten. Hasrato splattered Derrick on the canvas eight times and the latter was a badly shell-shocked colored boy when the end came.

For the third time in as many meetings, "Sheik" Rangel of Fresno and Joe Ybarra, El Cerrito welterweight, fought ten rounds to a draw. This latest inconclusive episode of their feud came off in the Oakland Auditorium, while the first two were staged at Fresno. All three bouts have been loaded with thrills, consequently a fourth shouldn't be tiresome and it might prove something.

Gus Wilson, one of boxing's better-known managers, brought Yancy Henry, colored Los Angeles heavyweight into town for a Coliseum Bowl windup with Harold Blackshear, the Monterey Negro, and the Bowl is still echoing the screech of protest Gus let out when Referee Joe Gorman named Blackshear the winner.

Yancy plastered Blackshear with telling punches time and time again during ten fast rounds but Harold's steady attack to the body and a strong finish influenced Gorman's opinion in his favor.

The crowd joined Wilson in voicing their disapproval of Gorman's justice and not without cause. Henry looked like a sure winner from any seat in the house.

Horace Mann of this city registered the upset of the month when he gave Rush Dalma, Filipino bantamweight, a terrific lacing in their ten round topspot at the Oakland Auditorium.

Dalma had lost only one fight since coming from the Islands, while Mann has been considered through for some time. But the local boy battered Dalma viciously with his talented left hand and the Filipino was shedding blood almost all the way.

Slated to launch his comeback during the month past, Ray Lunny was put out of commission by a jolt of the flu that necessitated delaying his return to the wars. The undefeated Mission District phenom will tackle rugged Georgie Hansford, Los Angeles veteran, at the Coliseum Bowl before these notes are on the newsstands.

RESIN DUST: Pete Reilly was in town as we went to press, handling Solly Krieger and Petey Scalzo, both of whom were billed for appearances at Benny Ford's Coliseum Bowl. Krieger, former middleweight champion, was paired with Pat Valentino, local heavyweight, and Scalzo, N.B.A. featherweight king, with Verne Bybee . . . . Cecil Hudson, the sharp young Negro welterweight from San Jose, scored an easy win at Hollywood when he starched Chief Evening Thunder, the Indian shock-absorber, in three rounds.

Big Connie Norden, the Olympic Club heavyweight who was Pacific Coast Golden Gloves champion and National Diamond Belt titlist, has turned to the pro ranks. In his first salaried effort, he flattened Tony Dani, Watsonville unknown, in one round on the Blunt-Hunt program at Oakland . . . . Harold Blackshear decisioned Eddie Simms, veteran Cleveland heavyweight, in a ten-rounder at Fresno . . . . At Stockton, Soldier Ed Stanley, battle-scarred San Francisco lightweight, and Jimmy Florita, tough Stockton juvenile, stepped six good rounds to a draw . . . . Donnie Maes of Los Angeles technically kayoed Toby Crooks, Vancouver featherweight, in three rounds of a topspot at San Jose.

Eddie Sargota of Fresno chopped down Blimp Williams, 300-pound Los Angeles Negro, in nine rounds at Fresno . . . . Horace Mann squelched Joho Shiroma, aggressive Japanese bantamweight, in a six-round main event at the California Hall, which is now closed to boxing. Mann was altogether too smart for Shiroma and won in a breeze . . . . Carl Moss, our friend in Dixie, who handles Tommy Kiene, the outstanding southern bantamweight, forwards a clipping which would indicate that Kiene was deprived of a deserved victory when he lost a decision to Freddie Pope of Ohio . . . . Fred Spetrini of Rhode Island has a list of boxers' addresses, neatly compiled, which he will send to you for thirty-five cents . . . . Correspondent Jack Goebert of Johnstown, Pa., is soon to publish the first issue of a paper dedicated to the amateur end of boxing.

As green as the grass on the college campus which he left for a fling at professional mittling, Don Presley, 224-pound ex-San Jose State Teachers football star, was kayoed by Harold Blackshear, Monterey Negro, in two of ten scheduled rounds at the Coliseum Bowl. It was Presley's eleventh professional outing and the preceding ten had been largely quick knockouts over Grade D has-beens. He had no business in the ring with Blackshear, who is a capable, seasoned heavyweight . . . . Pat Valentino will realize the dream of every young boxer in the game when he appears against Bob Nestell in a supporting bout at Madison Square Garden . . . . Johnny Mattero, North Beach middleweight, floored George Evans of Fresno twice before knocking him out in the second round of a slated six-rounder at California Hall. The Negro had previously scored an upset win over Mattero at National Hall.

The National A.A.U. boxing trials are in full swing at the Civic Auditorium as we mail these notes. Mareld Tidwell, the Olympic Club's veteran lightweight, stole the opening round spotlight by registering two impressive wins in one night . . . . College boxing is coming to life in northern California. The St. Mary's College squad, directed by Football Coach Eddie Erdelatz, is the newest addition to a field that includes Stanford, California, San Jose State, the Cal. Aggies, San Francisco State, San Francisco Junior College, the University of San Francisco and others . . . . and good-bye for a month.

IN THE NORTHWEST

By DAVID CAVADAS

CHUCK NICKASON, one of the gamest fighters from this sector, came to the end of his career when Eddie Powell, Seattle colored battler, kayoed him in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round light-heavyweight scrap. The fight ended a brilliantly promising career for Nickason, a career that was marred by managerial disputes, poor matchmaking by some promoters, and various other incidents which included the loss of half of one of his thumbs with an axe. Chuck Nickason had actually built himself up from a skinny weakling to where he had one of the most perfectly developed bodies ever seen by this writer.

Promoter Sid Beech who put on the Nickason-Powell fight is in line for an orchid bouquet as he presented one of the greatest cards ever seen in these parts. The show was studded with action and thrills from beginning to end. This is amazing considering the lack of talent there is to work on in the Northwest, with so many fighters being drafted into the army or engaged in vital war industries which does not allow them time to do anything else.

In the prelims, Ralph Clarke won a six-round decision over George Adams. Gordon Woodhouse (his first pro start) stopped Bobby Woods early in the second round. Tommy Burns scored his fourth one-round kayo when he stopped Al Reado and Sailor Pat Madden scored an upset in taking a four-round decision from Dud Miller.

HOOKS FROM HULA LAND
By KEN MISUMI

HONOLULU, capital city of the Hawaiian Islands, witnessed its first world championship fight February 21 at the local Civic Auditorium. Little Dado, N.B.A. flyweight champion, successfully defended his crown against Jackie Jurich, California contender. The gross take was $5300 with some 4500 fans taking in the show. The poor attendance, however, could be explained by the current street car strike in town. Another contributory factor was that both boys had fought four times previously.

I gave Dado seven out of the ten rounds. Jackie took the last two rounds while the remaining round was called even.

Tearing into Jackie from the opening gong, the Filipino champ maintained a terrific pace up to the final gong.

Dado's two fisted flurries to the face and body were a constant click with Jackie seemingly bewildered at the avalanche of gloves being thrown his way. Jurich hit the canvas six times in all. Twice he dropped for knockdowns without being hit.

Dado's aggressive style has installed him as a standout favorite not only with Filipino fans but with the other races.

Dado weighed 111½ for the Jurich bout. Jackie came in at 110⅜.

Jimmy Murray, veteran ex-coast fight handler and promoter is now promoting all Island fight shows. As we go to press he has the clever Henry-Hal Hoshino fight scheduled. Hoshino has been wowing 'em since he was imported here by Murray several months back.

In five fights here, Hal stopped Don Ponce, 3; Eddie Salazar, 1; David Kui Kong Young, 8; Cris Crispin, 3; and drew with Adolph Samuels in six rounds.

Hal is from Pendleton, Oregon, where his folks are in the truck farming business. He's an American citizen of Japanese ancestry.

In 31 fights to date Hoshino has won 21 by kayo or T.K.O.'s. Lonnie Austin, veteran Pacific Northwest manager, is handling him.

Just before hitting this town Hal lost to Tomboy Romero via a T.K.O. in the eighth in Sacramento. Hal broke his hand in this fight.

His kayo win over Kui Kong Young remains his outstanding achievement to date. In justice to Young it must be admitted that the Chinese southpaw was outweighed by five pounds.

Hoshino is a legitimate featherweight.

Tony Olivera, making his second start here after his disastrous setback by Little Dado, T.K.O.'ed Frankie Baron, local prelim veteran, in two minutes and fifty-one seconds of the first of a scheduled ten on the Dado-Jurich card.

Tony had too much class for Frankie.

Danny La Verne, California lightweight, here with Manager Joe Herman, Olivera and Jurich lost via a foul in the eighth round of another scheduled ten-rounder on the same card against Clever Henry. Danny played rough that night to repeatedly hit Henry below the belt. Referee Otto Allgoewer finally stopped the fight. La Verne had the better of the argument were it not for his foul blows.

Yoshio (Hank) Nakamura, local born featherweight who fought around New York in past years, remains on the shelf with a dislocated right hand. Hank got this injury in his recent Danny La Verne fight.

Johnny Hutchinson, Philadelphia Negro lightweight, hit port after a two and a half year Aussie tour. Johnny claims but two losses out of 37 while working Down Under. He's due for an indefinite stay here.

In what looked like the worst beating he has ever suffered, Little Pancho, 116¾, lost a one-sided fight to David Kui Kong Young, 118, at the civic auditorium.

It was his first fight since he lost on a kayo to Hal Hoshino. The Chinese southpaw took nine out of the ten rounds by decisive margins. The house grossed $5700 with 5000 fans or so attending. Pancho looked puzzled and helpless against Young's southpaw attack. It was Pancho's first fight against a portsider in years and he showed it. Going in for a surprisingly good brand of boxing, Young started giving Pancho the works from the first round, terrific left hooks to the jaw connected repeatedly.

Young's win elevated him back to popularity overnight with local fans. He has looked pretty terrible in some of his earlier fights here last year.

Danny La Verne decisioned Gene Espinosa in a ten-round supporting bout. Gene gave Danny a tough fight all the way.

Toby Vigil, Mexican lightweight, has arrived here with Manager George Blake . . . . Blake, incidentally, was the third man for the Young-Dado fight on April 5 . . . . Baby Arizmendi is slated to arrive here soon . . . . Al Schaaf, former California welter, is now refereeing pro and amateur fights here and turning out commendable work . . . . Hawaii amateur champs trek over to Cleveland in middle April to meet Ohio's best simon-pures . . . . Tommy O'Brien, one time well known welter who fought Ace Hudkins in his heyday, is working as a steel worker at a local naval defense project.

NORTHERN ONTARIO
By BUCK KYLE

SOO—Arnold Terbush, Camp Brady, Mich., rugged light-heavy, climaxed Promoter "Tupper" Toombs' all-action card with a five-round K.O. of powerful Johnny Ross, INCO Club, Sudbury, 165-pounder, with a "bolo" punch that caught Ross on the back of the neck and knocked him cold. Lou Pezet, undefeated Michigan State 135-pound champ, scored over Stan Delabbio in six. Wally Fouches, Soo, Mich., 138-pounder, was too rugged for "Bud" Delabbio, 128 pounds, from Sudbury, and won in five. "Kid" Adams, U. S. Coast Guard, scored an easy win over Pete Rogy, Swift Current, Sask., in four. Joe Bumbaco gained the nod over Jim Bradley in three.

North Bay—A mild flu epidemic caused the postponement of Promoter "Buck" Kyle's first Canadian Army training camp show at North Bay and it is hoped to arrange these shows monthly in the near future. Gordon Wallace, former Canadian welterweight champion, is an N.C.O. at the camp and has full charge of the trainees. These camp boxers will meet the pick of the north in nine-bout cards. The new drill hall will hold two thousand and is an ideal location for shows.

Creighton Mine—The entire proceeds of this show were given to war charities, and a dandy crowd was on hand to see Mickey Doyle, Creighton Mine light-heavy, score a decisive win over Bill Metcalfe, Calgary, Alberta. In the semi, Johnny Ross, 165 pounds, and Albert Gendron, Nickel District 175-pound champion, ended in a draw. A draw between Stanley O'Hagen and Vince McCoshen opened the show.

Soo—The large crowd was stunned by the quickness of the decision in Promoter Toombs' semi-monthly Soo Boxing Club offering when Arnold Terbush, Camp Brady, Mich., light-heavy, scored a sensational one-round knockout over the highly-touted Billy Metcalfe, Western Canada K.O. artist. Previously Metcalfe had scored thirteen K.O.'s in twenty-one bouts.

Harden Palmer, Michigan state welterweight Golden Gloves champion from the U. S. Coast Guard, scored a two-round K.O. over Gordon Holmes of St. Ignace, Mich., with a smashing uppercut. "Kid" Adams, U. S. Coast Guard cutter "Ossipee," colored middleweight, won a close and unpopular decision over Gordon Holmes, St. Ignace, in five. Lou Pezet, undefeated in twenty-three bouts, won as he pleased from rugged Wally Fouches of Camp Brady, Mich., in five. In the opening bouts, Joe Bumbaco, Soo, won from "Irish" Mahony, Mich., Soo, and Jim Bradley, 122 pounds, won a three-rounder from Harold Neil, Mich., Soo, feather.

Don Cameron, former Nickel District heavyweight champion, now of the Royal Canadian Flying Corps, won the Camp Borden training camp heavyweight championship, and Gordon Boivin, former Sudbury middle, was runner-up in the middleweight championship. "Red" Flesher, former ace bantam, is now in the Army at Toronto. He is one of the best boxers produced in the North.

Sudbury—Promoter "Buck" Kyle featured Harden Palmer, Michigan state welterweight Golden Gloves champion, against Alec Sandulo, INCO club welter, and after five rounds of good action, Palmer caught the eye of the Sudbury judges. A "no contest" marred the semi-final when Russ McCarthy was "bulled" from the ring in the second round by "Tops" Tellino, Timmins feather, and the resulting fall from the ring caused McCarthy to be rushed to the hospital, where he remained for three days. Cliff Beckett, 150 pounds, from Levack, lost a decision to Johnny Teale, Copper Cliff welter, by losing two rounds on low blows. Al Douglas, son of Jack Douglas of the Mich Soo, former good pro, scored an upset in five, when he defeated Freddy O'Hagen, INCO Club lightweight. Herb Beckett, Nickel District middleweight champion, scored a decision over rugged Billy Metcalfe, Soo, in four.

The local Sudbury branch of the United Cigar Store, Canada's largest tobacco retailers, featured a window display of THE RING and local boxers' photos, and Manager Leo Liley reports he tripled his monthly sale of THE RING . . . . Contact "Buck" Kyle, writer of this column, at 286½ Hazel Street, Sudbury, for news and ring contacts of the Northern Ontario area . . . . Johnny McIntyre of Detroit, Mich.: Write to me.

Sault Ste. Marie—"Buck" Kyle's plan to show Sault fans real action received wild acclaim. Jack Tebo, former sparring partner of world's champion Joe Louis, put up a brilliant exhibition of boxing, weaving and ducking with Arnold Terbush, Camp Brady, Mich., heavy. Johnny Teale, Sudbury welter, outboxed and outfought Harden Palmer, U. S. Coast Guard, from Mich Soo, in the main event and copped the judges' decision. Russ McCarthy, Toronto, made a mess of the local idol, "Tiger" Sawchyn, in five. Billy Metcalfe, Soo, 170 pounds, slugged out a win over Harold Cool, Fort Brady, Mich., in four, and Joe Bumbaco, Soo feather, scored over Jim Bradley, Soo, in four.

Here is another treat!

With a complete sell-out of

"MODERN WRESTLING, its Holds and Methods"

A newly revised edition has been printed and now is for sale

Following the requests of many of our wrestling students, we have added several chapters and photographs to our unexcelled wrestling book.

For the same price that you paid for the first edition of our book, you can now buy the

REVISED EDITION

with special chapters on

Frank Gotch's Famous Holds Explained

and Fully Illustrated,

and George Bothner's Hints on Training.

Seventy illustrations like the above, showing all important Holds, in addition to 80 photographs.

The Most Complete, up-to-the-minute, most thorough book on wrestling ever published.

A training, Muscle Building, Wrestling and History book, all Combined into one.

"Modern Wrestling"

By Jack Curley

Internationally Famous Promoter,

and

Nat Fleischer

Editor and Publisher of THE RING

The addition of the chapters on Gotch's Famous Holds and Bothner's invaluable Hints on Training for Wrestling, makes this book the most prized textbook on wrestling ever published.

Nothing like it ever brought out nor attempted before.

A book that tells you all there is to explain on training methods, your gymnasium workouts, how to build up your muscles for wrestling, what to eat and what not to eat when in training in addition to explaining in minute detail the following:

The Various Holds Most Commonly Used.
How to Counter and How to Block.
How to gain a hold on your opponent.
Describes the most famous holds used by the Most Famous wrestlers of all time, and in addition, with the aid of seventy full-page photographs of present-day and old-time stars, shows pictorially how the holds are obtained.
A book that every wrestler should have.
A book that every high school, prep school and college boy should study.

Even if you purchased the First Edition, you can't miss by investing an extra dollar for the New Revised Second Edition of

"MODERN WRESTLING" Its Methods and Its Holds,

You Get Everything that was in the old edition which is now out of print, and new material on Gotch's Famous Holds and Bothner's Training Hints.

You can't beat that for one dollar. Other concerns ask from $2.00 to $5.00 for books on wrestling that cannot compare to "Modern Wrestling." Get on the band wagon now.

Get your copy today by sending $1.00 in money order to

Nat Fleischer
THE RING BOOK SHOP
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
307 W. 49th Street, New York City, N. Y.

FILL OUT THIS ORDER

Enclosed find $1.00 for a copy of "The Revised Modern Wrestling, Its Holds and Methods," with the chapters on Gotch's Famous Holds Explained and Bothner's Training Hints.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

POSITIVELY NO C.O.D. ORDERS MAILED

Bound Volumes

Now ready—1940 Bound Volumes of The Ring
Handsome black leather covers
Price—$7.00 per Volume. Only 25 available.

THE RING BOOK SHOP
307 West 49th Street, New York City

To Our Foreign Readers

Would appreciate various stamps, old and new issues, for our "Ring" collection.

NAT FLEISCHER, The Ring, 825 Eighth Avenue, Madison Square Garden, New York City, N.Y., U.S.A.

GALENTO THE GREAT

An authentic and authorized story of the life and battles with pictures and record, of

TONY (TWO-TON) GALENTO
By JOSEPH G. DONOVAN
PRICE $1.00
THE RING BOOK SHOP
307 W. 49th St., Madison Square Garden, New York

Here it is

The book on wrestling for which you have been looking.

The book that specializes in the sport as practiced in intercollegiate and Olympic competition.

WRESTLING
Intercollegiate and Olympic

The latest treatise, covering every angle, the ideal instruction course for college and amateur wrestlers.

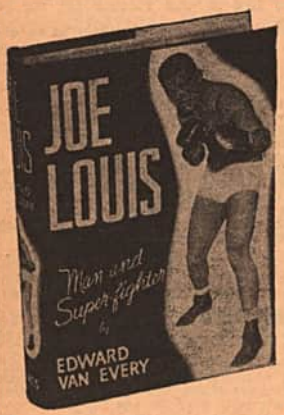
330 pages of instruction
More than 100 illustrations

The book that every college and amateur wrestling enthusiast should have.

By Henry A. Stone
Assistant Professor of Physical Education in the University of California

Send a Money Order for $3.00 to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
307 West 49th St., Madison Square Garden
New York City, N. Y.



The authentic story of Joe Louis, the detail of all his fights, the policy of his managers,—an indispensable book for fight fans and fighters. A book every boxing fan should have.

Send $1.00 to THE RING BOOK SHOP, 307 W. 49th Street, Madison Square Garden, New York City, N. Y., U.S.A.

RHODE ISLAND NEWS
By DANNY NARDI

A FINE boxing carnival was staged by Matchmaker John T. Toomey under the auspices of the Manchester Unity I.O.O.F., with all the proceeds of the show going to the British War Relief Fund. The bouts, held at the Providence Auditorium for this worthy cause, consisted of four ten-rounders, and the response to the show was very good as 2156 fans paid $4180.50. In the main go, Bobby "Poison" Ivy, 130, from Hartford, Conn., upset the applecart when he defeated the 3 to 1 betting favorite, Joe Marinelli, 128¾, of Dayton, Ohio, the sixth ranking featherweight in last month's issue of THE RING Magazine. This bout was a nip-and-tuck affair with both boys throwing caution to the winds and just slugging it out, toe-to-toe, Ivy won seven of the ten rounds.

In one of the other tens, Everette Rightmire, 130¾, of Sioux City, Iowa, one of Rhode Island's favorite adopted sons, ended his ring career in a blaze of glory by defeating Ginger Foran, 127¾, of England, in most decisive fashion. Rightmire used his famous left hand to advantage throughout the bout, and almost had Ginger out in the last round, to win the bout hands down. Everette opened a gash on Ginger's left eye in the second round and pecked away at the same eye throughout the bout.

After this great win, Rightmire announced his retirement from the ring at the age of 26 and after 11 years of ring warfare. Everette plans to return home to his native city, where he hopes he can volunteer as an army boxing instructor . . . . In still another ten, Pedro Hernandez, 125½, of Puerto Rico, defeated Joey Stack, 128¾, of Philadelphia. Pedro was far too much for Joey and carried all the ten rounds against his opponent, winning the unanimous vote of the judges and referee.

In the opening ten-rounder, Al Dutra, 137, of Cambridge, Mass., kept his professional record clean by winning over Harry Gentile, 136, of Hartford, Conn. Dutra, the Portuguese boy from Cambridge, who seems headed for bigger things in the ring, met a Tartar in the rough, tough kid from Connecticut. Although he won eight of the ten rounds, Al knew that he was in a scrap.

If any of you RING readers want a giant list of fighters' names and addresses, send me twenty-five cents in cash or money order and I will mail to you my Fighters' Directory. Write to Danny Nardi, 9 Canton Street, Providence, R. I. Any fighters who would like to get work in and around this vicinity would do well to get in touch with this writer . . . . Glad to report that Jimmy D'Ambra and Dave Cashman who are running boxing shows in the nearby towns of New Bedford and Fall River, respectively, are doing very good with the bang-up shows . . . . Billy White, classy colored welter from Baltimore, Md., and new addition to Bobby Viti's stable of fighters, went to bat four times since the last issue and came out with two wins, a draw and a defeat . . . . Billy, a combination of a very good boxer and a fair hitter, always gives the fans a run for their money . . . . Three local amateur aces have turned pro recently and all are doing very well . . . . Ernie Forte, 1939 135-pound state champion, who was undefeated in three years of C.Y.O. competition, and then went out to win 12 out of 13 amateur battles, is the proud winner of five straight pro fights, two kayoes and three decisions . . . . Nat Cannata, Federal Hill product and 1939 sub-novice 135-pound All-Hearst champion, also is undefeated to date, winning four in a row . . . . Gene Boulden, local colored welterweight flash, with a great amateur record behind him, dropped his first pro fight but went out to win his next four by kayoes.

BOXING IN MAINE
By DAVE SILVERMAN

PORTLAND—Coley Welch, Portland's middleweight contender, added the name of Jay Macedon of Newark to his list of victims, by knocking him out in eight rounds, before a large crowd. Welch was ahead all of the way, and fought one of his best battles.

Other bouts saw Paul Herrick, Portland's young bantam star, get a draw with Eddie De Angelis of Boston, after winning five of the eight rounds they fought. Herb Lynch of Boston won a six-round decision from Eddie O'Tash of Dover, and Mike Green of Lewiston won a four-rounder from Herb Tracy of South Portland.

South Berwick—Young Pelky of Suncook, N. H., won by a technical kayo from Jimmy Cook in two rounds when the latter received a bad cut over his eye. Henry Perry of Portland won a six-round decision from Young Cloutier of Suncook; Young Nelson of Somersworth and Ernie Nedeau of Suncook battled four rounds to a draw, and so did Curley Johnson of Epping, and Lee Martin of Farmington.

South Berwick—Everett Ladd of Westbrook, Me., won by a knockout in three rounds from Young Clancy of Manchester, N. H. Ted Wells of Manchester won a six-round decision from Billie Constance of Dover. Eddie Berry of Portland defeated Joe Gonic in four, while Young Nolan of Newburyport and Young Tanguay of Somersworth battled four rounds to a draw.

Augusta—Ted Lowry of Portland defended his light-heavyweight championship of Maine by knocking out Jackie Fisher of Waterville for the second time in five rounds in the Augusta City Hall, before the banner crowd of the season. Other bouts saw Jimmy Cook of Rumford hang a kayo on Maurice Beauchane of Brunswick in four rounds. Young Chalfioux of Lewiston won a four round decision over Jimmy Duvall of Portland, and Eddie Berry of Portland defeated Bert Tracy of Elsworth in four.

South Berwick—Eddie Letourneau of Fort Williams won a six-round decision from Young Pelky of Suncook. Henry Perry of Portland defeated Young Nedeau of Suncook in another six; Lee Anderson of Portland knocked out Bob Miliare of Suncook in three rounds, and Eddie Maloney of South Portland defeated Curley Johnson of Epping in four rounds.

Brunswick—Lefty La Chance of Lisbon won an eight-round decision from Harry Hitlian of Worcester at the City Hall in one of the best shows of the season. Other bouts saw Maurice Beauchane defeat Danny Norman of Waterville in six rounds, and Salem Thomas of Waterville knocked out Red Overlocke of Brunswick in 16 seconds.

Ted Lowry, Portland's light-heavyweight, evened scores with Johnny Seeman of Boston in New Bedford, when he gained a 10 decision over him in a hard fought battle, on Washington's Birthday. Jimmy Cook of Rumford has headed for Miami where he intends to do some battling. He has been matched with Red Guggino, and if he wins has several other good offers waiting for him.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

BOB PASTOR of New York stopped Mike Alfano in the sixth at Newark. On the same card Phil Furr of Washington kayoed Vinnie Vines of Schenectady in the sixth.

It seemed like old home week when we attended a press party given by Jack Kearns in Miami Beach previous to the battle between Pat Comiskey and Domingo Valin for the British-American Ambulance Fund. Prominent names in the fight game were there, all well known to New Jerseyans. There were Bill Daly, manager of Comiskey, from Paterson; Tex Pelte, manager of Johnny Juliano, who was in Miami with Daly; Eddie Pierce of South Africa and Paterson; Charles Fichandler, owner of the gym in Hackensack; Dave Walsh, former Passaic County amateur champion; Maxie Rosenbloom, Lew Tendler, Jack Britton, Tom Heeney, Jim Fontaine, Herman Taylor, Jimmy Grippo, Al Schacht, and many others.

Larry Anzalone, Lodi middleweight, continues to win in Florida rings. He is very popular in West Palm Beach where he has scored some good wins.

We have just received a letter from the former RING correspondent, George W. Farmer, who is now fighting with the Royal Air Force in England. George reports boxing is almost at a standstill and is hoping for the day when he can resume writing for THE RING. He says Jack London, who visited New Jersey, is now an RAF sergeant.

Romance item: Pat Comiskey and Marian Foley, the Boston beauty, have heartening of the arteries. We saw them admiring each other on the beach at the Sands Hotel, Miami Beach. Miss Foley was runner-up to the title in the Miss Florida beauty pageant.

Boxing is doing very well in Newark, our scouts report. Word has come that there will be a new indoor arena near the Elizabeth boundary line with Morris Kanengeiser having a say in the promotion.

We have been handling local and national publicity at the Versailles Hotel, swankiest hotel in Miami Beach, but can be reached through our former address, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

Max Baer, still as popular as ever, refereed at Elizabeth even though he knew he couldn't be paid very much. Baer gives even the small fellow a break, so here's three cheers for Baer.

Maxie Fisher should have returned to Miami after his fight with Freddy Archer. Maxie would do well in the South.

Willie Gilzenberg wants a match with Fritzie Zivic for his Red Cochrane . . . . Tom Ephrem's column in THE RING is a corker . . . . To Barbara Pond, Chicago: Thank you for your kind letter . . . . To C. Luippold, St. Louis: You were right. Mickey Walker does hail from Rumson, N. J. and Elizabeth . . . . To Margaret Alsobrook: Harry Rapaport is now day manager of the Club Bali in Miami.

COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By MARK FANNON

BOSTON GARDEN—Sal Bartolo, one of the country's best featherweights, whipped Georgie Salamone, his East Boston rival, in 10 rounds. In the third session, Sal suffered a cut eye, which was so bad the referee wanted to stop the fray. This was Georgie's last chance, however, as Bartolo went on to give his fellow townsman a thorough trouncing.

In another feud of long standing, Honey Mellody, Charleston lightweight, repeated his win, scored a few years ago, when he won the nod from Abe Denner, New England featherweight champion, in another ten. Mellody, who seemed all through in view of his many defeats recently, caused a surprising upset in taking the high ranking Denner.

Bill Weinberg, Chelsea heavy, and Johnny Hayes, Roxbury, travelled through ten hard fought rounds, with the decision the same as when they battled a few weeks ago—a draw.

Lefty La Chance, Lisbon, Me., a new face in these parts, held that tough little Malden feather, Harold Harris, to a six round draw.

Al "Red" Priest, former amateur star from Cambridge, made his pro debut by stopping Larry Zangia, South Boston, 147, in the first.

Fall River—Joey Stack, Philadelphia feather, won a split 10-round decision over rugged Al Mancini, Providence. Jackie Small, 135, Boston, easily won over Billy Barbour, 136, Apponaug, R. I., in six.

Claremont, N. H.—Jimmy "Ace" Clark, New York colored heavy, handled by George Kid Ross, RING correspondent, won the eight-round decision over Armand Roy, Manchester. Joe Sousa, Nashua, and Jack Munsley, Springfield, battled to a six-round draw.

Boston—The best amateur battlers from Cleveland, Philadelphia and Boston, met here in a tri-city tournament. A special added attraction—something new for Boston—was a five two-minute round bout, between Orlando Fanti, N. E. and All-American 118-champion and Lester McGowan of Buffalo, National champion. McGowan, but 17, a pupil of that old master, Jimmy Slattery, displayed plenty of class in outpointing Fanti, who is a classy boy himself. Intercity winners were: 126—Francis Leonard, Taunton; 135—Jerry Flemia, Cleveland; 147—Johnny Lawer, Cleveland; 160—Martin Nelson, Cleveland; 175—Elton Evans Philadelphia; heavy—David Horblett, Boston.

New Bedford—Ted Lowry, 169, reversed the decision suffered at the hands of Johnny Seeman, 165, Worcester, a few weeks previous, and this time pounded out a unanimous decision in ten rounds, to give Johnny his first defeat in pro ranks. Al Scully, 134, Worcester, stopped Ollie Barbour, 135, Apponaug. Billy Campanale, 150, Worcester and Bill White, 149, Providence, fought a draw.

Fall River—Freddie Camuso, tough Fall River welterweight, whipped Ray Napolitano, New York, in a 10-round bout. Billie White, Providence, shaded Tony Reno, New York. Frank Topazio, Bristol, 127, won over Jackie Small, 132½, Boston. Gene Boulden, 142, Providence, kayoed Roland Renard, 140, Fall River, in two.

Boston Garden—Before a scattering crowd of 2219 fans, Mike Kaplan returned to his home ring after an absence of two years. His opponent was Irish Eddie Dunne of New York—a sub for Vic Dellicurti—who is an unknown quantity here. Dunne was made to order for Mike, in his style of fighting, offering little opposition and looking in none too good condition. The first two rounds found Kaplan dancing around the slower New Yorker, having no difficulty landing solid smashes to head and body. Hardly had the third started, when the Dorchester Dazzler staggered Dunne with a right to the jaw. Kaplan quickly took advantage of his foe and punched short lefts and rights, a-la-Armstrong, followed by a terrific right that put Dunne out for good.

Mike has changed plenty since his last Garden appearance against Jimmy Leto. He is much more aggressive, hits harder, does more infighting and is more willing to exchange blows—a seasoned, hardened fighter, who will be the next world's champion, in our opinion, if given the chance.

In the co-feature of ten rounds, Abe Denner, 126½, was given a last minute opponent in Florant Desmarais, 128½, Manchester, N. H., a sub for Nat Litfin of New York—a disappointment to the fans. Desmarais, a stocky southpaw, was plenty game and was trying every minute to make a go of it, but had little to offer against the elongated Denner, who towered above him. Landing an occasional long left that shook Denner to his heels, Desmarais spent most of his time covering up, in an effort to block Denner's short choppy blows, one of which opened a cut over his eye in the second. From then on Desmarais was on the receiving end of a continual stream of gloves, which though failing to drop him, so battered his face—eye in particular—that he was forced to retire at the end of the fourth.

Earl Roy, 118½, Bristol, Conn., made quite an impression in winning over Eddie De Angelis, 121½, Revere. Roy has a lot of class. He has nice footwork, punches well with both hands, and is very strong for a bantam. This lad should do much to liven up this class in N. E., which has been dormant during the past few years.

Al Sforza, 128, Boston, was given a stubborn test by Bob Allard, 131½, Lynn, for his first pro go. Sforza's faster punching and body work earned him the nod.

RING NOTES—Charley Lake, hard hitting light-heavy from New York, is working out at Joe Beston's gym, in preparation for his pro debut . . . . One thing that can be said for Natie Mann is that he is ready to defend his N. E. title . . . . He defeated Charley Eagle in his last encounter . . . . Natie defended his crown six times in 1940 . . . . Fred Cabral, Cambridge welter, has gone to California for a series of matches . . . . Steve Casey, former wrestling king, has joined the army . . . . Both Steve and The Angel, who are natives of Europe, have taken out their citizenship papers . . . . Congratulations to Tony Shucco and Sal Bartolo for making the first ten in RING Ratings . . . . A natural for New Hampshire, saw Tony Dupre, once a classy boy, still good enough to take his rugged southpaw fellow townsman, Florant Desmarais, into camp at Manchester . . . . Gene Molnar was given the fight over Bill Tordiglione (Tortoni), by the referee in New York, who thought Billy's eye was too badly cut to continue . . . . Billy was ahead until it was stopped in the fifth.

Cuts suffered in his bouts with Nate Bolden and Georgie Abrams, are keeping Henry Chmielewski in moth balls . . . . Henry promises to defend his title as soon as his eyes are properly healed . . . . Eddie De Angelis of Revere, former amateur star, held that classy bantam, Paul Herrick, to a draw, on the Welch-Macedon card at Portland . . . . Beau Jack, Springfield colored 130-pounder, is raising havoc with the lightweights around Holyoke . . . . He is quite a drawing card, too . . . . Willie Pep, up and coming feather from Hartford, is a better prospect than was Poison Ivy, according to Don Hamill, RING scribe . . . . With Mike Kaplan, Coley Welch and Larry Bolvin promised title matches, New England has a good chance to see one of these cop a world crown.

There has been a sudden rush of amateur stars turning pro of late . . . . Al "Red" Priest, Al Sforza, Eddie De Angelis, Harold Harris, Al Dutra and Larry Pacino are the new ones casting their lot with the money chasers . . . . Why do the Boston sportswriters keep the pro shows a secret? . . . . If it wasn't for THE RING, we wonder if the fans would recognize the local lads . . . . Write us at 28 Front St., Ashland, Mass . . . . State Senator Joseph L. Murphy has accepted the challenge to wrestle The Angel, in an effort to prove that the wrestling game is a racket . . . . The youthful Senator weighs 200 pounds, and is trying to put wrestling under the rule of the boxing commission . . . . Tony Shucco is being talked of as the next opponent of Joe Louis.

New Bedford—John Henry Askew, 154, rangy colored Brockton lad, chalked up his most notable victory thus far, in knocking out punch absorber, Jack Dubois, 152, Fall River, in the sixth. Askew has been a consistent winner in the small clubs but his win over the tough Frenchman stamps him as a much improved battler. In the eight-round semi-final, Billy Barbour, 136, Apponaug, R. I., and Jackie Small, 135, Boston, met for the fourth time this year. The win this time went to Barbour on a split decision. The score is now two wins each.

IN WATERBURY, CONN.
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

THE Waterbury A. C. puts on shows that attract capacity houses. Other fisticuffing emporiums throughout the state draw record crowds. Evidently the boxing game is on an upward trend.

Irish Eddie Dolan, rated as one of the best welterweights in the game, is a perpetual winner. Winning each time he goes to post, he has added another victim to his already long string of consecutive triumphs, Eddie Carroll, Canadian battler, via technical knockout route in the seventh round of what was to have been an eight round main attraction at Buckingham Hall. Carroll offered little opposition. It was Dolan all the way and he won as he pleased. Referee Cluney stepped in between the two warriors and ordered Carroll to his corner to save him from useless punishment.

In the bout succeeding the main event, Tony Gillo, New Haven light-heavyweight, punched his way to gain a points decision over Dula Kovach, who missed countless blows.

In a hotly contested six-rounder, Maxie Katz, hard socking middleweight, captured the duke over Red Johnson, Pittsfield, Mass. warrior. It was a thrilling encounter. Eddie Suggs, double-fisted welterweight, won handily from Red Doty in a six-round bout. Suggs floored Doty in the third round for a count of five. Billy Brown, middleweight, easily scored victory over Joe Firpo, on a technical knockout in the third round of a four-rounder.

At the Buckingham Hall, Carl Dell, welterweight, punched out a clear cut decision over Ernest "Cat" Robinson in a furious eight-round top bout. Tubby Noble, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., wild-swinging right hand puncher, and Dula Kovach, exchanged blows for six rounds, which was ruled a draw. Tom Alteri, heavyweight, was no match for Ohio Gianelli, Waterbury heavyweight, which prompted the referee, McCarthy, to stop the hostilities in the second round to save Alteri from a bad beating. Alteri twice hit the deck in the second round. Sammy Craig slammed out a six-round win over Frankie Young in what was an exciting bout. The other six-round bout between Johnny Warren, welterweight from Meriden, and Carl Sperandi ended on even terms.

Something New

"Training for Great Strength"

By CHARLES T. TREVOR

British Authority on Muscle Building

An introduction to the science of strength and body building by means of progressive weight lifting.

Only twenty copies available

While they last $1.00

THE RING BOOK SHOP

307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.

A Story with a PUNCH

The Most Stirring Biography of a Fighter Ever Written

Revised Edition

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana

with additional chapters, bringing the life story of the most popular fighter since John L. Sullivan's time, up-to-date.

Heaps of pictures—Enjoyable reading. Even if you have a copy of the original edition of this famous book which had a record sale of 16,000 copies, you'll want the latest, newly revised edition of **Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana**, for your library.

Send Money Order for $1.25 to **Nat Fleischer, THE RING BOOK SHOP**, 307 W. 49th St., Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City.

Enclosed find Money Order (Foreign subscribers should make certain that a MONEY Order, not a Postal Order which cannot be cashed in America, is sent) for $1.25 for a copy of Nat Fleischer's Latest, Revised Edition of **Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana.**

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

-:- MANAGERS' DIRECTORY -:-

GUY ANSELMI
613 Grandview Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tel. Pioneer Gymnasium, Circle 6-6177
Representing
IZZY JANNAZZO, World's outstanding welterweight contender
LES GUESNO, New York star featherweight

JIMMY BIVINS
Light-heavyweight Contender
under management of
CLAUDE SHANE
234 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Day Phone: CHERRY 5811 — Night Phone: RANDOLPH 4766

JOHNNIE BUCKLEY
58 Kirkwood Road, Brighton, Mass.
Phone Stadium 5840
Office: 249 Friend St., Boston
Phone Lafayette 9423
Managing the Following Boxers:
JACK SHARKEY, former world's heavyweight champion, available for refereeing of boxing or wrestling matches.
TIGER WARRINGTON, leading light-heavyweight contender and holder of the Canadian light-heavyweight and heavyweight championships.
LOU BROUILLARD, former world's welterweight and middleweight champion, and now challenger for world's middleweight title.
HONEY MELLODY, real lightweight contender.
PAT FOLEY, lightweight contender.
IRISH JIMMY O'BOYNE, middleweight.
ITALIAN JACK DEMPSEY, middleweight.
JOHNNIE SEEMAN, middleweight.
JOHNNIE SHKOR, heavyweight.
CLINT MORAN, heavyweight.
ROY KELLEY, light-heavyweight.

LEW BURSTON
Mylton Spiro, Associate
1650 Broadway — Circle 5-8255
Pedro Montanez.....147 pounds
Anton Christoforidis.....160 pounds
Maurice Arnault.....135 pounds
Sal Bartolo.....126 pounds
Carlos (Nono) Cuebas.....118 pounds
Jarl Johnsen.....Heavyweight
Joey Torrens.....147 pounds
Eric Armstrong.....147 pounds
Angelo Brocato.....140 pounds
Tommy Madden.....Heavyweight

Ohio's Heavyweight Champion
JACK "BUDDY" WALKER
Only major undefeated heavyweight in world
Exclusive Booking Agent
C. R. "WHITEY" MORRETT
165 N. High St. — Columbus, O.
Phone MAin 3464

FRED APOSTOLI
Former World's Middleweight Champion
Managed by
JOE NIDEROST
126 Post St., San Francisco, Calif.

CARMEN COOK
270 Frank Street, Bridgeport, Conn.
Phone 4-9004
MANAGING
JOHN CAVALIER
Ohio's Leading Heavyweight contender
Winner of Notre Dame Heavyweight Tournament
Former Notre Dame Football Star
Fighters that can fight get in touch with me, if you are without a manager.

ISSY KLINE
Trafton's Gym
180 West Randolph St. Chicago, Ill.
Day phone—Dearborn 4268
Home: North Park Hotel, Mohawk 3200
Managing:
Pete Lello, Chicago's outstanding lightweight contender
Bob Sikes, Southern Heavyweight Champion
Bob Nestell, Heavyweight
Jack Marshall, Heavyweight
Willie Joyce, Chicago Lightweight
Eddie Dempsey, Irish Featherweight
Leonard Bennett, Jewish welterweight
Jim Merritt, Heavyweight
Jack Doyle, Heavyweight
Billy McFarland, Welterweight

CHRIS DUNDEE
Oliver Cromwell Hotel
12 W. 72nd St., New York City
Day and Night Phone—Endicott 2-2000
KEN OVERLIN — World's Middleweight Champion.
IRISH JIMMY WEBB—175. Next champion.
GEORGIE ABRAMS—160. Coming champion. Beat Billy Soose twice.
PHIL FURR—148. Knocked out Steve Mamakos in four rounds on June 3rd, 1940.
IRISH EDDIE DUNNE—147. Lost split decision to Steve Belloise.
FRANKIE CAVANNA—147. Holds knockout victory over Milt Aron.
NORMENT QUARLES—138. Recently boxed draw with Bob Montgomery.
DON EDDY—135. Just beat Yucatan Kid, boxed Jenkins and Angott close bouts.
ART LIND—158. Young protege of Ken Overlin.
RAY LANDIS—135. Undefeated youngster.
PHIL CARDY—126. Undefeated East Sider.

JULIE KOGON—New Haven Lightweight
MAX MINNICH—New York Heavyweight
LOU LAURIE—Cleveland Featherweight
Under management of
JACK BLUMAN
667 East 34th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Phone—Buckminster 4-4264

DEWEY FRAGETTA
1585 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Circle 5-9807

—Booking—
Buddy Knox.....190
Joe Marinelli.....130
Larry Bolvin.....126
Pete DeRuzza.....147
Vince Pimpinelli.....156
Lou Transparenti.....120
Lee Q. Murray.....200
Slugger White.....140
Joe O'Gatty.....190
Joey Stack.....126
Red Lewis.....170
BENNY LEONARD
on Refereeing Tour
Promoters, Managers and Fighters wanting a reliable New York agent should contact me.

JIMMY REEVES
1939 Golden Gloves and A.A.U.
Light-heavyweight Champ
1939 International Middleweight Champ
168 lbs.
Leading contender for light-heavyweight title.
Managed by
JAY GROSSMAN
1220 West 9th St., Cleveland, Ohio
Business Phone, Main 0887
House Phone, Garfield 3667

PAT COMISKEY—Irish Heavyweight Contender.
"WILD" BILL McDOWELL—150 pounds.
MAXIE LONG—Texas middleweight.
EDDIE PEIRCE—South African middleweight.
Under management of
BILL DALY
9 Norma Terrace, Hawthorne, N. J.
Nite and Day phone—Hawthorne 7-1377J

HENRY ARMSTRONG
Former Welterweight Champion
Under management of
EDDIE MEAD
R.K.O. Bldg., Radio City,
1270 Sixth Ave. — New York City
New York, N. Y. Phone Circle 6-5827
Also Handling
JACKIE DONOVAN, Buffalo's Irish Middleweight.
SAVERIO TURIELLO, Italian Welterweight Champion.
EVERETTE RIGHTMIRE, Sioux City featherweight contender.
BUDDY MOORE, former Golden Glove Heavyweight Champion.
ARTHUR DORRELL, Texas Welterweight.

ARCHIE MOORE
World's Uncrowned Middleweight Champion
Under management of
JACK RICHARDSON
Claridge Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.
Write, Cable or Wire

BILL NEWMAN
325 De Young Building
San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone—Douglas 3036
Managing the following Stars
JACK DELICH ..... Heavyweight
ATILIO SABATINO ..... Middleweight
RED FARMER ..... Middleweight
BILLY LATKA ..... Middleweight
FREDDIE DIXON .....Welterweight
VERNE BYBEE ..... Featherweight
KUI KONG YOUNG ..... Bantamweight
TONY OLIVERA ..... Bantamweight
JOHO SHIROMA ..... Flyweight

JIMMY SANTORE
1211 Wolf St., Phila., Pa.
Day and night phone—Fulton 3822
Directing
FRANKIE DONATO ..... 122 pounds
JOHNNY MARCELLINE ..... 126 pounds
EDDIE ALLEN ..... 136 pounds
LENOX DINGLE ..... 138 pounds
JOHNNY NOCE ..... 140 pounds
CARL MOSS ..... 140 pounds
BILLY DAVIS ..... 142 pounds
FRANKIE SAIA ..... 145 pounds
RALPH JOHNSON ..... 147 pounds
ELTON EVANS ..... 165 pounds

SAM PIAN & ART WINCH
180 W. Randolph St.
Chicago, Ill.
Day—Phone Dearborn 4268
Night—Phone Franklin 9600. Pian
Night—Phone Buckingham 0920 Winch.
Managers of
TONY ZALE—World Middleweight Champion
DAVEY DAY—Lightweight Contender
PETE FERRAND—140 Lbs.

BILLY CONN
World Light-heavyweight Champion
JOHNNY CREAGAN—145 pounds
Managed by
JOHNNY RAY
808 Belefont St. — Pittsburgh, Pa.

GEORGE SHEPPARD
Boxing Enterprises
685 Van Siclen Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Office phone Circle 7-3094 — Home phone Skidmore 4-3172
HARVEY MASSEY.....Middleweight
COCOA KID.....Welterweight
TOMMY SPEIGEL.....Lightweight
CHARLEY GOMER .....Lightweight
HARRY HURST.....Canadian Lightweight
RAY FOURNIER.....Bantamweight
FRANKIE ALBANO.....Middleweight
PAUL LEE.....Featherweight
YOUNG JOHNNY BUFF.....Featherweight

EDDIE WALKER
President Hotel West 48th Street
New York, N. Y.
Circle 6-8800
Representing
MIKE BELLOISE—Ex-featherweight champion of the world, defeated Petey Scalzo and fought Henry Armstrong.
CHALKY WRIGHT — Uncrowned featherweight champion of the world.
NAT LITFIN—Defeated Joey Archibald, Sixto Escobar. Bars no one 126-30.
FRANKIE WALLACE — Has boxed seven world's champions. You pick the opponent 135-40 pounder.
LEW FELDMAN—Hebrew Lightweight contender. Never fails to give the fans a run for their money.
JOE GHNOULY—One of the roughest, toughest Lightweights around. Recently boxed Davey Day to a draw.
JIMMY JONES (White)—A good audience pleaser in middleweight ranks.
ARTHUR DORRELL — The Best Looking prospect in welterweight ranks in 1940.

AL WEILL
1585 Broadway, New York City
Office Phone Circle 6-8459 — Home Phone Academy 4-6734
LOU AMBERS—Ex-Lightweight Champion
JOEY ARCHIBALD—Ex-Featherweight Champion
ARTURO GODOY—South American Heavyweight
AL NETTLOW—140 pounds
JIMMY LETO—147 pounds
CAL CAGNI—152 pounds
SAMMY LUFTSPRING—147 pounds
SPIDER ARMSTRONG—126 pounds
MARTY SERVO—140 pounds
CARL DELL—147 pounds
AUSTIN McCANN—142 pounds

Managers' Directory—Continued

STIFFIE WILLIAMS SPORTING ENTERPRISES
OFFICE AND GYMNASIUM
12½ Boulevard, N.E. at Edgewood
Atlanta, Ga.
Phone—Jackson 4785

BOOKING

JACK BAGGETT	170 pounds
FLOYD SHIFLETT	130 pounds
TOMMY CAMPBELL	135 pounds
PUG SMITH	147 pounds
EMORY JACKSON	147 pounds
GENE STAFFORD	146 pounds
NELSON PRYOR	160 pounds

RAY FOUTTS
1321 Fairmont St., E. Liverpool, Ohio
Day and night phone—2115
Exclusive Management of

TEDDY YAROSZ — Former Middleweight Champ. Conqueror of Conn and Ken Overlin.
MIKE RAFFA, 126 pounds, "The Blonde Baby Bomber," undefeated featherweight knockout sensation.
"BIG JIM" THOMPSON, 240 pounds (colored). Undefeated in 1940 and the best crowd pleaser in the Heavyweight Division.
OSSIE "BULLDOG" HARRIS, 155 pounds (colored). Pittsburgh's Henry Armstrong and the greatest Club fighter in the country.
TOMMY YAROSZ, 147 pounds—Teddy's Kid brother. Undefeated and a great prospect.

FRANK PALERMO
605 Shubert Bldg., 250 S. Broad St.
Phila., Pa.
Day and nite phones—Kingsley 0916-9710
Managing:

JIMMY TYGH—Phila. Irish lightweight contender
TONY SARAULLO—Crack Philly lightweight
GENE BUFFALO—Game, aggressive 150 pounder
VERNON WOODLAND—126 pounds
FRANKIE TYGH—147 pounds
MAYON PADLO—147 pounds
JOE SANKY—154 pounds
EDDIE MILLER—165 pounds
ARMY RULLO—167 pounds
NICK FIORENTINO—Heavyweight

JOE GOULD & TEX SULLIVAN
7 Central Park West, N. Y. C.
Circle 5-9766
Managing:

YOUNG KID McCOY	Welterweight
TEDDY YAROSZ	Light-Heavyweight
LEE OMA	Heavyweight
NATHAN MANN	Heavyweight
STEVE DUDAS	Heavyweight
TOMMY FARR	Heavyweight

Also JAMES J. BRADDOCK, former world's heavyweight champion, for refereeing tours.

LUKE CARNEY
128 Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Telephone—Court 4307
Managing:

FRITZIE ZIVIC	147 pounds
	World Welterweight Champion
CARMEN NOTCH	147 pounds
SAMMY PARROTTO	130 pounds

HARRY FINE
424 11th St., Oakland, Calif.
Oakland Gymnasium Phone Higate 7141
Managing

RUSH DALMA, Bantamweight Champion of the Orient.
FLASHY SEBASTIAN, Welterweight Champion of the Orient.

JESS DARCY
Presents

NICK CASTIGLIONE—135 pounds (Forthcoming lightweight champion of the world. Has fought ten rounders with Sammy Angott, Billy Marquart, Yucatan Kid, Willie Joyce and Eddie Lander.
Latest feat was a clean cut victory over Jimmy Tygh.

STANLEY MURCYZEK—150 Pounds
A Rugged, two-fisted fighter.

JIMMY O'MALLEY—150 Pounds
Former National Golden Gloves welter champion.

Write—Phone—Write
Day—Trafton's Gym—180 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.
Telephone Dearborn — 4268. Evenings — 361 West Hill St., Chicago, Ill.
Telephone—Diversey 8344.

HYMIE CAPLIN
1576 Broadway, New York City
Telephone: Col. 5-8995
Managing

LEW JENKINS	Lightweight Champion
LOU SALICA	U. S. Leading Bantamweight
ALLIE STOLZ	133 pounds
HERBIE KATZ	175 pounds
PACO VILLA	128 pounds
JACK MARSHALL	192 pounds
WILCE RIVERA	118 pounds
FRANK TARANTELLI	165 pounds
ABE FELDMAN	190 pounds
STEVE VACARELLI	126 pounds
MAXIE LONG	172 pounds

CHICK HAYES
548½ Congress St., Portland, Maine

Nite Phone	Day Phone
3-7175	2-4811

Managing
Coley Welch, Irish Middleweight Contender

Attention, Managers!

Your job is to get all the publicity possible for your boy. By doing that, you automatically place your fighter in a position to obtain lucrative bouts.

Here's your chance to aid your boy—get him the kind of publicity he deserves by sending to **The Ring** his complete record, showing dates, places and decisions, for publication in **The Ring's** records—absolutely free.

Whether your fighter is a beginner or a veteran, whether a champion or one who is fighting his way to the top—you should forward his record to **The Ring.**

Please type name and use only one side of the paper. Bring dividends to yourself and your fighter by getting busy now.

Don't delay. Follow the style used in this issue.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

PABLO ROCA, alias "Baby Coullimber," was crowned featherweight king of Cuba by his seven-round knockout over Pedro Poey at the Cristal Arena in Havana. Coullimber, who is managed by Mr. Joe Prieto, is a tough, aggressive, two-fisted battler. Baby Coullimber, by winning the 126-pound title, has followed his father's footsteps, as dad "Jack Coullimber" was Cuba's first boxer to hold that title. Poey, a sterling performer, shot all his works in the first three rounds.

Larry Anzalone, Miami welterweight, went over big in Havana in his initial appearance. Anzalone, who fought in Miami on a Friday night, winning a ten-round decision, took the plane over to Havana the following day, arriving just in time to weigh in, and at night, took on Joe Caballero of Spain. Larry outboxed and outpunched his rival. A bombardment of lefts and rights in the seventh round floored Caballero for keeps.

Joe Pedroso, Cuban lightweight king, had little difficulty in disposing of Mario Baeza in the fifth round of a twelve-round titular contest. Lorenzo Collaso, 127, easily defeated Nicolas Luaces, 126, in four rounds, and Young Camaguey, 138, beat Rodriguez Vazquez, 136, in a hot six. Rene Avendaño, 100, won from Roberto Villalongo, 100, and Adolfo Mendeza, 125, lost to Conrado Quinto, 124, in four-round contests. Jose Rodriguez, 108, and Bob Silveira, 113, drew in a special six. Kid Oriental lost a six-round decision to Orlando Ramil, 117. Reinaldo Puenti Pi was kayoed by Fermin Lopez in the eighth round, both weighing 135.

Luis Castillo, Mexican flyweight champion, and Kid Espinosita, Cuban flyweight champion, fought twelve rounds to decide the Latin-American flyweight championship. Castillo won by the kayo route in the seventh round, and was awarded a beautiful silver trophy donated by Cuba's President, Fulgencio Batista. Nano Kid, 119, scored a four-round knockout over Benny Acevedo, 115, and Gilbert Preval, 118, drew in a good four with Raul Vaquero, 118. Pedro Otano, 134, defeated Oscar More, 137, and David Plumas, 134, drew with Rayito Del Ring, 134, in a special six.

Lorenzo Safora, bantamweight champion of Cuba, successfully defended his title against Pedro Medina, former king of that division, in twelve rounds at the Cristal Arena in Havana. Eddy De La Torre was too good for Juan Argudin, 125, and Torre scored a knockout in the second round. Adolfo Mendoza, 125, scored a twelve-second knockout in the first round over Raul Sanchez, 124, and Alfredo Boliver was knocked cold in the second by Damaso Collazo, in the flyweight division.

Luis Castillo, flyweight champion of Mexico, scored a twelve-round decision over Mario Morales of Cuba. Morales showed lots of speed. The Cuban lad deserved a draw, at least. Rogelio Aldazabal, 123, won from Juan Pastor, 126, and Rogelio Cespedes, 116, defeated Juan Gonzalez, 116.

Golden Gloves tournament, 1941, was opened at the Cristal Arena in Havana and a large crowd turned out to see the "punch-for-glory" gladiators do their stuff. Aramis Del Pino, in charge of the tournament, deserves credit for his fine work.

Golden Gloves results: Jose A. Gonzalez, 112, beat Rogelio Martinez, 111; Amadro Vaquero, 140, won from Damian Hernandez, 141; Francisco Castellanos, 146, won from Raul Moreno, 143; Carlos Martinez, 96, beat Herminio Gonzalez, 100; Domingo Goya, 121, lost to Evelio Torres, 126; Gilbert Ofarril, 104, won from Tomas Valdes, 106; Liño Garcia, 110, beat Armando Vales, 110; Sergio Prieto, 114, beat Rogelio Martinez, 114; Fco Castañeda, 127, was beaten by Ruben Aldama, 127; Robert Aguilera, 132, won from Jorge Valdes, 132; Amado Vaquero, 144, beat Felipe Cuesta, 142; Normando Diaz, 111, beat Lazaro Prieto, 110; Alberto Porto, 109, beat Raul Dominguez, 112; Sergio Gonzalez, 104, beat Ramon Vallin; Carlos Gomez, 122, beat Jesus Rivas, 121; Jorge Espino, 134, beat Serafin Fernandez, 130; Mario Griffin, 154, beat Juan Naranjo, 162; Cecil Gilbert, 147, won from Emilio Silvero, 147; Pedro Calderon, 125, won from Rene Orta, 124; Fco Salas was kayoed by Felipe Cuesta, 142; Mario Pacheco, 107, won from Angel Garcia, 111; Alberto Pena, 118, won from Angel Herse, 118; Sergio Rivera, 124, beat Evelio Duran, 120; Manuel Navarrete, 128, won from Remigio Lugo, 129; Fco Castañeda, 128, won from Adolfo Mendoza, 126; Sergio Prieto, 113, won from Fco Berrio, 113; Luis Galvani, 100, beat Arcadio Valdes, 99; Rolando Delgado, 112, won from Roberto Tolon, 110; Pablo Rodriguez, 122, beat Armando Perez, 124.

Pedrito Martinez, Cuban sterling ringster, after a three months' rest, came back to the wars and defeated Rene Cantero in a thrilling ten-rounder. Both lads made their debut as lightweights. Eddy De la Torre scored a two-round knockout over Chino Rebassa, bantamweights, and Luis Cantini was defeated by Mariano Arrilla in one round, and Joe Ferrer easily defeated Kid Torano in a fast four-rounder.

Manolo Sanchez, crack welterweight, now under the management of Jose Prieto, upset all the dope by his quick one-round knockout over Almagro Orejitas, who won his last nine contests. Sanchez now looms as runner-up for the Cuban welterweight title now owned by Joe Legon. Pedro Calderon scored an easy six-rounder over Antonio Olivera, both featherweights.

Reynaldo Gutierrez, one of Cuba's most promising ringsters, is out in the mountains preparing for a few bouts signed up by the D.G.N.D., and from reports, Gutierrez is rounding into fine form. Gutierrez has had several offers from promoters in the U. S. A. Gutierrez is a fine boxer and should reach the top before long, in the middleweight or light-heavyweight division.

Jaime Marine, in full charge of Cuban Sports Commission, deserves high mention in this column. Marine has done wonders for Cuban sports.

Santiago Sosa, who recently gave up his 126-pound title on account of weight difficulty, was all set for a ten-rounder with Simon Chavez of Venezuela, but Chavez hurt his left ankle in training and the bout was called off. Sosa's manager, Luis Pincho Gutierrez, has high hopes for his recent addition. Sosa is a sterling performer, and will be heard of in front page stories before long.

GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA
By PVT. JOHN J. RIZZO

BELOW is an account of what boxing is going on with the United States Marines in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. We are just starting to go at it in full swing. Although the real stuff hasn't been displayed because of the inevitable military conditions at present, I believe that we can really develop some very good talent that will be a boon to boxing.

After a couple of smokers, featuring boxing as the main bill, boxing is now a regular program here for the marines. With the presence of the major general commandant, a smoker was held on Saturday, February 22. Elimination bouts were staged and under the scrutiny of 2nd Lt. Rex G. Williams, Jr., former middleweight intercollegiate champion, and Chaplain Michael A. Hally, formidable opponents were found for the former amateurs and professionals here. Among the outstanding fighters here are: Abradi, featherweight; Temes and Carter, lightweights. The heavier boys haven't been too promising. The boys are boxing conscious now and with proper supervision and facilities, they are settling down in preparation for the coming tournaments to decide the champs of the First Marine Division.

Special Sale--Big Bargain

We had on hand at the bindery sufficient sheets to bind an additional 1500 copies of

"GENE TUNNEY

The Enigma of The Prize Ring"

The complete fighting career of the man who, as Lieutenant Commander of the United States Navy Reserves, is now in charge of recreation at the Navy Training Camps in the South, with headquarters at Pensacola.

A story every boy in the service should read.

The story of a determined lad who made good as a Marine, fought his way to the front in boxing as a member of the American Expeditionary Force, then came back to New York to fight his way to the American light-heavyweight and the world heavyweight championship.

A story of American grit—perseverance—courage.

To aid those who are now in the service and would like to read of the fighting career of a fighting man, we are placing this book on sale for three months only at the

Bargain Price of 50 cents

Send for your copy now to

Nat Fleischer,

THE RING BOOK SHOP

307 W. 49th Street,

Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City, N. Y.

De Luxe Edition

Only 12 more left

The Original, beautifully leather bound Edition, limited to 250 copies, autographed by Jack Dempsey and the author.

Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana

More than 100 full page pictures—Collector's Item

***Reduced from $10 to* $6.00**

THE RING BOOK SHOP

Madison Square Garden, New York City, N.Y.

Now Ready

ENDURANCE

By EARLE LIEDERMAN

Regular price—$2.00

Special Price to "Ring" Readers, $1.00

DECORATE YOUR BARS

with Photos of Boxers and Wrestlers—Get them from THE RING BOOK SHOP

307 W. 49th Street, New York City, N. Y.

YOU MEN IN THE TRAINING CAMPS

who are doing their bit for Uncle Sam, perk up on your boxing and wrestling.

Become efficient In the

ART of SELF DEFENSE

Learn how to box

Learn how to wrestle

You'll find both a big help to you as a form of camp recreation, as a means to build up your body and an aid to your popularity at camp.

The RING BOOK SHOP has just the books that can do the trick for you—"Training for Boxing," "How to Box," "Blocking, Hitting and Other Methods of Self Defense" and "Modern Wrestling, Its Methods and Its Holds."

Get on the band wagon now. See The Ring Book Shop Catalogue on the third cover of this issue.

THE RING BOOK SHOP

307 West 49th Street

New York City, N. Y.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH

By RAY M. TODD

OSSIE (BULL DOG) HARRIS dropped the decision after ten rounds to hard hitting Steve Belloise of New York in the top bout of a double windup affair at The Gardens, promoted by the Rooney-McGinnley Corp. Ossie staggered the New Yorker in the second round. Harris weighed 157½ pounds against 152½ pounds for Belloise . . . . The other ten saw Harry Bobo, the "Peabody Paralyzer," get revenge for a beating handed him last year by Wild Bill Boyd of Boston, Mass. The referee stopped the affair after Boyd had been floored four times in the first round and was in a helpless condition after the fourth knockdown. Bobo weighed 204 pounds and had a 19-pound weight advantage . . . . A six-rounder saw Red Cregan trounce Pete Barry, to win the unanimous decision. Cregan weighed 144½ pounds against 147 for Barry. The opening six brought together Jackie Adragna and Ted Prichard with Adragna winning by T.K.O. after 2:24 of the fifth round. Both weighed 152 pounds. The show drew the largest gate of the indoor season, with the gross receipts being $10,884.45, one of the best in the history of The Gardens. A huge success for Art Rooney and Barney McKinnley.

Harry Bobo, our threat for heavyweight honors, stopped Al Delaney of Canada in the eighth round at The Gardens. A left hook to the midsection did the work after 1:15 seconds of the eighth round. Bobo weighed 203¼ pounds and the Canadian came in at 189½ pounds . . . . Red Cregan, 144 pounds, easily outboxed Jackie Adragna in the eight round semi-final. Adragna weighed 153 pounds . . . . Curtis Sheppard of New York stopped Al Patterson in the fourth round of a scheduled eight-rounder. Sheppard weighed 181¼ pounds, against 212 pounds for the Hill district lad . . . . George Silvasy, 148¼ pounds, from North Braddock, won via T.K.O. in the seventh round of the opening eight-rounder over Ziggy Lander, 153½ pounds, of the North Side. A cut eye caused Referee Robinson to intervene . . . . The show drew a crowd of 3146 fans, with the gross being $4,746.05 and was promoted by Art Rooney and Barney McGinnley.

Bad Boy Erv Sarlin has hit his winning stride again. He stopped Lee Oma of Detroit in the first round at Jules Beck's weekly show at the upstairs arena of The Gardens. Sarlin hit Oma square on the chin after 1:34 seconds had elapsed and it was curtains for the 2-to-1 favorite from Michigan, who was out cold. Sarlin weighed 174 pounds, six pounds less than his opponent . . . . Sammy Adragna, local 138-pounder, stopped Joe Doty of Detroit in the sixth round of the eight-round semi-final. A right and left to the chin stretched the Detroiter out for the count. He weighed 140½ pounds . . . . Steve Kulich trounced another lad from Detroit in six heats, Dempsey McPhail. Both weighed 160 pounds . . . . Jimmy Harper of Bloomfield trounced Marcus (Jitter Bug) Lockman of Vesta Burg in the six-round opener.

Mose Brown, the Brown Bomber from McKeesport, stopped a last minute sub in Billy Bengal of Detroit in the fourth round at the upstairs arena of The Gardens, but only after being on the floor himself for an eight count in the third round. It was a very good bout. Referee Red Robinson stopped the affair after 2:27 seconds had elapsed in the fourth. Brown weighed 162½ pounds to 161 for his opponent . . . . Tommy Daniels, 145 pounds, of the Hill and a product of Harry Pittler, trounced Earvin Hicks in the eight-round semi-final. Hicks weighed 143½ pounds. This was his first defeat in ten pro fights . . . . Ira Johnston, a stablemate of Brown from McKeesport, won a six-round decision over Steve Morgan of Indiana, Pa. . . . . Two-Ton Tony Cira, 245 pounds, of Bloomfield, won his second professional fight when he stopped Sam Slatko of Central City, Pa., in the third round of a four-rounder. Slatko weighed 188¼ pounds . . . . Pete Barry of Cecil won a split decision over Irish Pat O'Brien of Braddock. Both weighed 148½ pounds and this was a four-round opener.

Carmen Notch of East Liberty had an easy time winning the decision after ten rounds with Felix Garcia of New York at the Sports Arena. Notch dropped the Puerto Rican for counts on two occasions. Notch weighed 150 pounds against 144 pounds . . . . Freddy Lenn of the South Side trounced Tampa Kid of Clairton in the eight-round semi-final. Lenn also scored two knockdowns. Both weighed 156 pounds . . . . Sammy Parotta bested Popeye Donaldson in a six-rounder. Parotta at 128 pounds was outweighed five pounds. Woody Sweeney of Lawrenceville won the six-round opener from Gigi Carabba of East Liberty in the best bout of the card. Sweeney tipped the beam at 132 pounds and Carabba came in seven pounds less . . . . Despite the bad weather Jake Mintz had a fair sized crowd on hand.

JUST A JAB . . . . Mike Raffa, Ray Foutts' featherweight protege, who has been going great guns in recent months, is one of the first of our leading fighters to be inducted into the army and is located at Fort Thomas, Ga. . . . . Henry Smith, local amateur middleweight, intends to desert the simon-pures very shortly . . . . Roger Beck, son of the well known boxing promoter, Jules Beck, has also been drafted into the army . . . . Billy Nichy is again fighting out of Buffalo . . . . Ray Foutts has a pretty good looking heavy in Big Jim Thompson, whose recent victory over Abe Simon sent his stock sky high . . . . Regis Welsh, Pittsburgh *Press* sports writer, is one of our most accurate and dependable scribes.

MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON

By NATE PHILLIPS

THE Arena A. C., with Fred Squires promoting and Jack Laken doing the matchmaking, presented Bill Poland, New York's promising heavyweight, with that rough and ready veteran from Newark, Joe O'Gatty. Bill was content to box his way to victory, but in the third O'Gatty landed a left hook to Bill's jaw that had him on Queer Street for a moment, but that seemed to wake him out of his boxing mood, and soon he was tearing into O'Gatty with a blazing attack that had Joe groggy at the bell. After this Bill was content on taking it easy to win the unanimous decision over O'Gatty.

The eight round semi saw a very fast bout between Sammy Laporte and Al Brown of Phillie, with Sammy gaining the duke over his rival at the end. The second eight saw Ben Moroz stop Mickey McAvoy in the third. In one set for six, Pete Galiano stopped Tommy O'Grady in the third.

The Arena A. C. showed Sammy Laporte hook up with Al Brown in a main go of ten rounds, and again Sammy was the winner. It seemed that Sambo has the Indian sign on Brown, with two straight wins over Al. At boxing Al had an advantage, but at infighting Sambo was the master and as most of this battle was fought on the inside, which was Sammy's forte, he was declared the winner after another fast fought battle.

In the semi-final of eight rounds, rejuvenated Pete Galiano was declared the winner over Leonard Bennett, in which both boys threw caution to the winds, and hit one another with everything but the water bucket. In a six, Al Blake stopped Bearcat Jones in four, and in another set for six, Earl Mathias stopped Tommy Julius in four.

The Century A. C. presented Mike Belloise and Everette Rightmire in a main go of ten rounds in which Mike used all of his cunning to win the duke over Rightmire. Belloise used his elbows, head, and back handed at will, and was the master at boxing, with Rightmire having an advantage at infighting. Rightmire started in earnest in the eighth but the advantage that Belloise held at that stage was too great to overcome in the remaining rounds. At the end the fans booed lustily at the decision. In the semi-final listed for six rounds, Jimmy Collins won by a T.K.O. over Bobby Woods in the fourth, when the referee stopped the contest on account of a cut left eye. Arthur Dorrell of Texas looked great in stopping Manuel Rosa in the first round of a scheduled six.

The Century A. C. showed that leading featherweight contender Chalky Wright, meet Maurice Arnault in a main bout scheduled for ten heats. In the first Arnault kept bobbing and weaving, until Chalky fathomed a way to get under this defense, which he did at the close of the first round. At the start of the second Chalky went right to work and stopped his foe midway of the round. The loser was badly outclassed. The semi-final, down for eight rounds, saw Johnny Kapovich get the nod over that veteran, Bob Godwin, in which Godwin deserved plenty of credit, to be on his feet at the end, which was his first bout in two years. Kapovich was master at long range, with Godwin having the best of it on the inside. The six-rounder saw Lou Dundee and Phil Inzenga battle through a hard fought fight only to have the official verdict of a draw at the end for their labors. Lou, a son of ex welter champ Joe Dundee, seemed a little stale after a long layoff, and is in need of plenty of work.

At Washington's Turner's Arena, Gene Buffalo and Phil Furr were featured in a main go of ten rounds before a fairly large audience. This fight was in doubt right to the end, with first one and then the other taking the lead. Going into the tenth and final frame, it seemed that Buffalo held a slight edge, but Phil evened things up when he carried off the final round. The official decision was a draw, and these two no doubt will be rematched in the very near future. The semi-final set for eight rounds saw Eddie Wilson of Philadelphia pummel Bill Guy of New York to carry the duke. In the first prelim set for six rounds, Johnny Thomas of Phillie cooled off Buddy Moore of Washington in the second. The secondary six saw Buddy Holmes renew his feud with Buddy Thomas, with Thomas mostly on the receiving end, but when it was all over the verdict was a draw. The opener saw undefeated Carroll Alexander continue his winning streak by pounding out a decision in four over Wayman Stewart.

The writer will answer all correspondence if it will be accompanied with a self addressed and stamped envelope.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

EZZARD CHARLES, Cincinnati middleweight, and Pick Johnson, Portsmouth heavyweight, lead the fistic parade in this section of the country. Charles is handled by the efficient Bert Williams, while Johnson's backing is being accomplished through Wilbur Morgan of Manchester, O.

Charles stepped through with a ten-round decision win over Billy Bengal of Detroit at the Music Hall (a George Nichols promotion) Arena.

At Portsmouth, Johnson halted the winning streak of Slaka Cavrich, the sensational soldier-fighter from Patterson Field, Ohio. Johnson and Cavrich fought a hard draw before one of the largest crowds in Portsmouth boxing history.

Oscar Menachoff's stable of Buddy Knox and Joe Marinelli suffered important losses during the current weeks. Marinelli invaded Youngstown, O., and weighing 128 pounds, Joe dropped a ten-round decision to 129-pound Jackie Wilson of Pittsburgh.

Eight nights later, Buddy Knox hopped up to Cleveland and lost a ten-round verdict to Tony Musto of Chicago.

Despite these defeats, you can still mark Menachoff's nose denters as toppers in their respective divisions. Return matches for both Marinelli-Wilson at Youngstown and Musto-Knox at Cleveland are talked around the rumor foundry.

Two Cincinnati scrappers took a dose of beating on the Cleveland bill. Art Shipley bit the dust in the first round from the fists of Joey Pirrone, and George Costner was knocked silly in session one by Beauford Glover.

Columbus, Ohio—Roscoe Toles, 199, of Detroit, punched back and forth with Buddy Walker of Columbus, 193, with a ten-round draw the final result. These two heavyweights are sure to be rematched in the Capitol City. Final verdicts from critics say Toles should have won, but on the other hand, other critics point out Walker was "robbed." A return meeting will probably settle all.

Promoter George Nichols of Cincinnati, with the cards he has been presenting recently to the local fight public, has an excellent chance of bringing the game back in the Queen City, as it once enjoyed popularity under the capable promotion of Herman Katz. Nichols is trying and his efforts thus far, not real favorable from the financial end of gain, are good, action shows.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Joe "Whitey" Turner, head doorman at the best boxing and wrestling shows in Cincinnati, rates No. 1 as national doorman in this department . . . . whether the crowds be large or small, Whitey proves his efficiency in keeping his crew busy and the crowd moving . . . . Turner also knows the fight and mat games inside out . . . . his regular occupation is clerk in the Hamilton County Courts . . . . Frankie Palmo is still handling the bouncing at Kelly's night club . . . . brother Joey, besides fighting, is working at Schieve 1319 cafe . . . . my fight flashes, results, etc., service is going along fine with repeated new subscriptions . . . . this little service can be had by promoters or managers for only $1.00 per year . . . . complete information through Jimmie Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . this address also for any fighters of all weights who wish to make booking connections . . . . Jimmy Cox is driving a cab, as is brother Lee . . . . Jimmy Harris is a candidate for a local union presidency . . . . rumor has it that Freddie Miller plans to promote outdoor shows this summer . . . . nothing definite to this rumor as yet . . . . Joe French is now booking out of Louisville, Ky., headquarters . . . . Joe is a hustler and real sport.

I would like to hear from anyone connected with amateur boxing in any part of the world . . . . let me hear from trainers, promoters, matchmakers, club officials and the fighters themselves . . . . I believe I have something which will interest you very much . . . . around this part of the country (and no doubt all over) THE RING is the bible of boxing . . . . strip after strip of advance publicity on shows will bear out the mention and fact that such and such a fighter is rated in THE RING . . . . Less Huffman bulletins that he is ready to fight his Jackie Taylor against Joe Marinelli anywhere but in Dayton . . . . Charlie Bell has joined the Huffman colors . . . . this writer is available to handle national, local or state publicity for any boxing manager, promoter or independent fighter . . . . address all information to Jimmie Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

At Indianapolis, Ind., Johnny Denson, the big young local heavyweight, stepped back into the fight photo with a ten-round decision over Bernie Davis of New Orleans. Denson weighed 180 pounds, ten less than his opponent.

Manny Robbins, the Cleveland Arena press man, sent me an interesting letter, from which I quote, partly: "While in Chicago last Saturday night, I dropped in on Barney Ross at his Tavern. If 10,000 Chicagoans knew he was in business there Saturday morning, at least 50,000 knew it before Sunday morning. I hadn't seen Barney for about six months and when he dashed down the stairs and ran smack into me, he was coughing and rubbing his eyes. Before he had his eyes open, he heard me exclaim, 'Boy, what some of you birds won't do to advertise.' He was ready to start punching and opened his eyes and peered at me and started grinning. Now to explain. His place is on the ground floor and the second floor was belching smoke while firemen who had roped off the entire block were pouring streams of water into the place, while thousands of people looked on. Not much damage done. I think he's insured, but if no one knew he was in business before—a lot of firemen and you know now. Regards, Manny."

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By DICK CARTER

THE Golden Glovers—several truckloads of them, some good, some bad, and some indifferent—invaded the Municipal Auditorium for the four-day Tournament of Champions, sponsored by the Kansas City *Star*. Tournament winners from all over the Missouri Valley participated, and a lot of enthusiasm was lathered up by the time the final night rolled around.

The champions: 112 lbs., Joey Aguilar, Kansas City, Kans.; 118 lbs., Charley Jackson, Kansas City, Mo.; 126 lbs., Jackie Haley, Kansas City, Mo.; 135 lbs., Gerald White, Hutchinson, Kans.; 147 lbs., Patsy Ancona, Kansas City, Mo.; 160 lbs., LeRoy Jeffries, Kansas City, Mo.; 175 lbs., Ray Standifer, Hutchinson, Kans.; heavyweight, Al Jordan, Kansas City, Mo.

The finest fighter in the tournament was the heavyweight winner, Al Jordan. A flashy Negro, Jordan is the prettiest heavyweight boxer this department has laid eyes on in years. Mechanically perfect, young Al moves like a welterweight, appears to know the answer to any ring situation, and is a sharp, accurate puncher. At present he weighs only about 182 pounds, but he is expected to grow.

Not quite so brilliant as Jordan, but certainly one of the best amateurs in our memory, was Jack Haley, who won his featherweight title by means of a 26-second knockout. A red-headed Irish youngster, Haley is a good boxer and a pretty fair hitter. He should do well in the professionals.

There is not much that can be said for the other Golden Gloves winners, other than that they are good amateurs. Ancona, in the welterweight division, might develop, but at present is merely a smart amateur in good physical condition. Standifer, the light-heavyweight, is a terrific puncher, but is extremely clumsy and lacks real class.

Tony Ortego, a 122-pounder from Kansas City, Kans., looked like a fair professional prospect in losing his semi-final bout to southpaw Bat Cullison of Coffeyville, Kans., in the 118-pound class. Another youngster who might do all right among the pros is Lou Amayo, a shifty welterweight, who lost by a hair to Ancona in the final round.

Vert Gibson, Negro lightweight of Kansas City, Mo., who lost to the veteran White in the lightweight finals, is also a fine prospect.

Ray "Dynamite" Strickland, a 17-year-old 106-pounder from St. Joseph, Mo., was another who impressed us. Too small to do anything with these rough flyweights, little Dynamite showed that he had been well schooled. Next year he might go right through the tournament. He certainly has the fundamentals needed for a successful ring career.

Deacon Logan, one of the best middleweights in the world, stopped Harry Mills, Kansas City examateur, in the fourth round of the hottest natural this village has had in many a day.

After taking four or five murderous belts on the chin without blinking, Logan tore Mills in two with a right uppercut to the solar-plexus. The time was 1:30 of the fourth round.

In the ten-round semi-final, Irish Dan Dowling of St. Louis engaged a 6 foot 6 inch, 230-pound Texas Negro named Jim Robbins and won in the second round. Al Dorlac defeated Chino Lopez in the 140-pound eight-round special, and the show was opened by a pair of four spots, in which Louie Alcanter beat Gene Driscoll and Elmer Carson kayoed Tommy Melton.

Quentin Terrence Breese, the angelic one-man gang from Manhattan, Kans., whom the Missouri State Athletic Commission has blessed with recognition as leading challenger for Sammy Angott's N.B.A. lightweight title, journeyed to Chicago, where he thumped out a ten-round decision over Jimmy Tygh . . . . From all accounts, Emanuel Murray, lately dubbed Lee Q. Murray by the whimsical Col. Stoopnagle, is pressing Lem Franklin as the very best heavyweight in the business . . . . Emanuel, a St. Louis Negro, is a murderous right-hand puncher . . . . William Thowe, 223 Spencer St., Council Grove, Kans., is on the lookout for two good young heavyweights, a light-heavy, and a pair of middleweights . . . . He says he has an interesting proposition for promising, unattached fighters . . . . Send him your photo, record, and other pertinent info . . . . Your humble correspondent is more modest . . . . All we want is ONE promising young heavyweight . . . . Just ONE . . . . Write us at 628 Sandusky, Kansas City, Kansas.

More for your Money

Brought Up to the Minute

The New, Revised, Fourth Edition Just off the press.

"HOW TO BOX"

The Book that every Beginner, Amateur, Collegian and Pro should study carefully.

Added features in the Fourth Revised Edition contain a special chapter on

"Beginner's Daily Workout"

giving you all the data you require on what to do from the time you get out of bed until your day's work is done and you are ready for bed.

The first time this has appeared in a boxing book.

Also a special chapter on

"Things to Observe by a Beginner"

This chapter tells you the vital spots, explains the type of blows that hurt most, and gives you many other useful hints.

And we still retain all that is to be found in the old edition; including advice by Jack Dempsey, Benny Leonard and James J. Corbett; Hints on Boxing; The Proper Way to Stand and How Best to Land Your Punches. Highly illustrated. A bargain book for the price of only $1.00.

"Training for Boxers"

The Ninth Revised Edition with Many Added Features

Here They Are:

"How to Skip the Rope"
"How to Punch the Bag"
"Your Daily Programme"
"Rubdowns—What to use and How to use it"

Get Your Copy Now

Every Fighter, Manager, Trainer and Second should also possess a copy of

"How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer"

"Training for Boxers" and "How to Box" are used as instruction books by the great Spike Webb, instructor of boxing at Annapolis. What's good for Spike Webb at Annapolis should be good for you amateurs and professionals. Spike has won more championships for his Navy team than any other coach in America has been able to win for his institution.

Each book costs only $1.00.

Fill out the coupon and send your order with a Money Order to

NAT FLEISCHER, THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden
307 West 49th St., New York City, N. Y.

Enclosed find $1.00 ($2.00), ($3.00), for which kindly send me, by return post, copies of "Training for Boxers," with a foreword by Jack Dempsey. New Ninth Edition.
"How to Box," with a foreward by James J. Corbett.
"How to Second and Manage a Boxer," with a foreword by William A. Brady.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State .....

Men in the Service

Learn How to Box

Learn How to Train for Boxing

Get the jump on your comrades in Training Camp by becoming adept in the Science of Self-Defense through

Nat Fleischer's
Universal
BOXING COURSE

Nine Booklets containing nine lessons. Highly illustrated. Written in simple language that every boy should be able to understand.

With this set of Booklets you get one pair of training trunks and one shirt for only $2.50. (Formerly sold for $3.98.)

And Here's Another Offer

If you can get a pal to study these lessons with you and train and practice with you, we will send two complete sets of books, with two pairs of trunks and two shirts, for $4.00. Formerly sold at $6.00.

If you want to train with a pal, and want only one set of books, but two pairs of trunks and two shirts, then the price of this is $3.00. (Formerly sold for $5.00)

Get a pal in camp to go in with you. Have him share the expense—split it two ways. That makes the course quite cheap.

Study Together and Train Together

Boxing skill can best be developed by working out the lessons in actual exercises with a friend.

The Universal Boxing Course contains also special exercises, such as boxers use to keep in trim and to prepare for the strenuous sport.

Now is the time for you to study boxing. It is the Service Man's favorite sport and recreation.

In the Universal Boxing Course, I had the collaboration of

JACK DEMPSEY
The greatest fighter of modern times.

TONY CANZONERI
Holder of three championships.

TOMMY LOUGHRAN
The Marvel of Modern Scientific Boxing.

Fill out and mail with a Money Order $3.00 for one set of books and 2 trunks and 2 shirts; or $4.00 for two sets of books and 2 sets of trunks and shirts; or $2.50 for a set of nine Universal Boxing Course Books with one pair of trunks and one shirt.

We also sell the nine booklets without a set of trunks and shirt for $1.50.

Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course
Madison Square Garden, 307 W. 49th St.,
New York City, N. Y.

Name ..... (Print)

Company .....

Camp .....

City ..... **State** .....

Size of Trunks ..... **Pal's Size of Trunks** .....

Size of Shirt ..... **Pal's Size of Shirt** .....

IN MINNESOTA RINGS
By DARWIN GOMER

FISTIC GOSSIP—Minnesota has a fighter by the name of Billy Colbert now. He's six feet three and weighs only 160. He punches hard. My Sullivan has taken young Colbert under his wing. He's still a novice even at this amateur business, but St. Paul fans think a lot of the boy from the Frogtown neighborhood.

Doug Miske, brother of Billy, a light-heavy, has left for Los Angeles, where he will fight under Jack Davidow . . . . Harold Espensen, 26, amateur boxer, brother of professional Don, says he will leave for Canada within a few days to join the Royal Canadian Air Force as a civilian pilot. He expects to join pilots ferrying American-made planes to England . . . . Marv Wason has "hung 'em up" again, perhaps for good . . . . Likeable Karl Ogren is still promoter in Duluth. Mike Collins, former editor of *Boxing Blade*, manager, promoter and matchmaker, has been hired to make the matches for the Duluth club.

Jack Tierney is handling Ray Isaacs . . . . The Ace of Spades, top-notch Negro middleweight about five years ago, and Webster Epperson, Sioux Falls colored heavy, take care of most of the local colored boys . . . . Dick Delaney, clever St. Paul lightweight, 1938 G. G. champ, is boxing instructor at the St. Paul Y.M.C.A. headquarters . . . . Young Donald Wolf of Ligonier, Ind., is 100% RING fan . . . . Dodo Durant, newly-crowned city (Minneapolis) amateur bantamweight champ, is known as "Little Conn" because of his facial resemblance and cleverness to Billy Conn . . . . Johnny Tillman, great lightweight of years ago, is a deputy boxing commissioner . . . . Tony Yates, Minneapolis welter, is working for the Hires Bottling Company . . . . In his last three fights, Wayne Armstrong has fought a former Missouri Valley A.A.U., former Northwest A.A.U. champ, and a semi-finalist in the National A.A.U. 160-pound class; a former N.W. Golden Gloves 160-pound champ ('40); and a former N.W. Golden Gloves 147-pound champ ('39)!

St. Paul A.C.—Floyd Hagen, 138, hard-hitting St. Paulite, won a close three-round main event exhibition decision over clever Booker Ellis, 132, Red Wing Negro G. G. lightweight. Bob O'Hara and Emmett Yanez were also on the card of four bouts.

Duluth Shrine Auditorium—Beginning the state title light-heavy eliminations, the veteran Jerry Hayes, 164½, Milwaukee Negro, pulled an upset, scoring a T.K.O. over Billy Gillespie, 184, Hayward, Wis., in the eight-round headliner. Kelly Ward, 168, lanky Minneapolitan, rang up his sixth straight win by whipping heavy-hitting Johnny Stevens, 176, St. Paul, in the six-round semi. Jimmy Collins, 180, hefty Minneapolitan, beat ever-losing but tough Ted Morrison, 173, Fort Snelling, in six. In the fours, Dave Nins, 139, clever Duluth Negro, again met Ray Isaacs, 138, Minneapolis veteran, and in winning piled up his sixth straight win in as many starts, breaking Isaacs' string of seven straight. Mike Valentine, 120, Duluth, kayoed Artie Bell, 125, Sioux City, in the first. In the opener, Bud Tibbetts, 143, Rosemount slugger, again beat trial horse Howard (Pug) Barron, 143, St. Paul, who lost his eighth straight bout!

SHORTS—Sid Steinberg, former Duluth co-promoter, is said to have lost over $5000 in his last few shows . . . . Upon the suggestion of yours truly, state title-holders are being determined by Pat Carr . . . . Bobby Marshall, Negro light-heavy, Minneapolis city ruler, plans to turn pro in the spring . . . . Brother Billy is city welter champ . . . . Murray McLean's South St. Paul middle, Johnny Dragisch, lost in the St. Paul District G. G. . . . . Billy Colbert, St. Paul amateur, is working at the Ford plant . . . . Gene Connolly, 1933 G. G. featherweight champ, says his amateur, Wally Holm, last year's G. G. 135-pound king, can lick any lightie in the state . . . . Leo Ryan, a grand fellow and former ringster of many years ago, is a deputy boxing commissioner . . . . Gene Connolly works for Bell Telephone Company.

Minneapolis Armory—Paul Hartnek, 186¼, Kenosha, Wis., Minnesota state champ, knocked out the comeback plans of hard-hitting Frank Androff, 193, tough Anoka veteran, in the first of a ticketed ten-round bout. In the six-round semi, aggressive Solly Stark, 171, Deadwood, S. D., crowd-pleasing slugger, returned to local wars with a four-round T.K.O. win over game Ted Morrison, 173, Fort Snelling, in a good fight. In the five-round special, classy George De Gidio, 124½, Minneapolis, floored Mike Valentine, 119½, Duluth, three times to win by a one-round T.K.O., his second straight one-round win and sixth straight kayo since turning pro. De Gidio, in winning, won the state featherweight title and trophy presented by Pat Carr. In the fours, Wayne Armstrong, 155, Newcastle, Nebr., slipped inside the left hooks of game Tom Shaughnessy, 151½, undefeated St. Paul Irishman, floored Tom three times in the third for nine-counts with a beautifully executed right-hand uppercut that handed Shaughnessy his first knockout loss, the sleeper coming in the fourth. Tony Yates, 149, Minneapolis, landed some hard punches but received only a draw with aggressive Bud Tibbetts, 143, Rosemount slugger. In the opener, Pug Barron, 142, St. Paul, lost his ninth straight, losing to the other veteran, Ray Isaacs, 138, Minneapolis, in a dull fight. Wayne Armstrong has put up a whale of a fight every time here, stealing the show.

At Eau Claire—Bud Tibbetts, 143, Rosemount, beat Johnny Monroe, 144, New Orleans Negro speedster, in six. Buck Goben, 146, St. Paul, beat Richie Dick, 150, Bismarck, N. D., in six.

Farmington, Minn.—Promoting his own show, Bud Tibbetts, 142, fast-hitting Rosemount lad, kayoed Dick Lancette, 145, St. Paul, in the third of a ten. Webster Epperson, 189, Sioux Falls Negro, whipped Johnny Stevens, 178, St. Paul, in the semi six. Pug Barron, 142, St. Paul vet, and Buck Goben, 148, St. Paul, drew in six.

At Neenah, Wis.—Johnny Stevens, 176, St. Paul, and Speedy Schaefer, 164, St. Louis Negro, drew in six. Jackie Simmons, 138, Kansas City Negro flash, beat Bud Tibbetts, 143, Rosemount, in six. Bobby Creed, 140, Milwaukee Negro, handed Ray Isaacs, 138, Minneapolis vet, the first kayo loss of his career, in the fourth. Johnny Block, 145, Menasha, beat Lloyd (Buck) Goben, 146½, from St. Paul's Frogtown, in four. Johnny Roszini, 155, Milwaukee, kayoed Pug Barron, 142, St. Paul, in three of four, Barron's twelfth straight loss!

Duluth Shrine Auditorium—Fighting his first main go, Kelly Ward, 165, lanky Mill City comer, left-jabbed his way to a six-round win over Jerry Hayes, 164½, Milwaukee Negro. This is Ward's third win over Hayes and seven wins in a row. In the semi, Gordon Palmer, 167, Minneapolis, continued his fine work, winning his sixth straight, Jimmy Collins, 184, porky Minneapolis Irisher, the loser in six. Collins was down for a nine-count. In fours, Wayne Armstrong, 155½, Newcastle, Nebr., staggered comebacking Cliff Coons, 161, rough-tough Superior, Wis., vet, in the third to win the nod. Floyd Hagen, 138, St. Paul, T.K.O.'ed Buck Goben, 146½, St. Paul, in the first, while weaving Mike Valentine, 122, Duluth, again trimmed the aged Jack Nitti, 127, St. Paul, Nitti losing eight straight.

Minneapolis Armory—Tony (Cianciola) Martin, 154½, fast-punching middleweight contender from Milwaukee, knocked out the veteran Henry Schaft, 162, Minneapolis, in the first round of a scheduled ten-round fray. Two lightningslike rights turned the trick after 1:52 had elapsed. In the six-round semi, Solly Stark, 170, tough and stocky Deadwood, S. D., youngster, floored his foe six times to win by a five-round kayo over dancing Don Espensen, 158, Minneapolis. Espensen was dropped several times in the first, but his fancy stuff carried him on. Billy Smith, 134½, speedy Minneapolis southpaw, won a close six-round decision over Ray Isaacs, 135, Minneapolis, to win the state lightweight crown. George De Gidio, 121½, fast and accurate-punching Mill City Italian, rolled up his seventh straight T.K.O. since turning pro. Georgie stopped the tough vet southpaw, Arne Kilcoyne, 121, Rochester, in the fourth of a six, to defend his state feather diadem. Ralph Leslie, Eau Claire, Wis., veteran, was suspended for running out of his match with Wayne Armstrong, so Pug Barron and Johnny Flaherty were substituted. Barron, weighing 140, from St. Paul, came out of his losing streak to batter out an easy win over Johnny Flaherty, 139, Minneapolis, in four.

Minneapolis Auditorium—Approximately 250 amateur champs and runners-up from 25 Northwest districts clashed in a four-day punch fest to decide the Minneapolis *Star-Journal's* twelfth annual Golden Gloves Northwest champs for the year of 1941. Johnny Kleber, 181, Melrose's terrific-punching blond, scored a three-round T.K.O. over Max Albers, 230, of the fighting heavyweight Albers brothers from Glencoe. The next day Kleber was ruled out because of a hernia attack, due to one of Albers' low blows, thereby eliminating the heavyweight favorite. Kleber is a St. Cloud bartender when not fighting.

The eight survivors who will make the Chicago trip are: 112, Norm Mastrian, Minneapolis; 118, Last year's 112-pound champ, Jackie Graves, Albert Lea southpaw; 126, Bill Leary, Rochester; 135, Wally Holm, clever Minneapolis repeater; 147, Walter Diedrich, St. Cloud K.O. artist; 160, Henry Strand, Minneapolis; 175, Johnny Gates, rugged veteran Wahpeton, N. D., Indian-Italian; heavy, Tom Partridge, Minneapolis. The light-heavies were the class. A crowd of 8500 saw the finals.

At Clearwater, Fla.—Fighting his first main go, a ten, Peter Filippi, Keewatin welter, was stopped in two by Jimmy Maddox, Oklahoma Indian. Maddox fought a draw with Jenkins, beat Jorge Morelia and Don Eddy.

At Omaha—On the Franklin-Vinciquerra card, Johnny Fonfara, 169, promising Omaha lad, whipped Johnny Stevens, 180, St. Paul, in six. In fours, Jack Fickler, 172, Omaha, trimmed Ted Morrison, 170, St. Paul, while Wayne Armstrong, 155, Newcastle, whipped Levi De Cora, 158, Winnebago, Neb., Indian prospect. In the opener, Jesse Salzar, 118, Omaha, a former Golden Gloves champ, decisioned the aged Jack Nitti, 123, St. Paul, who lost his ninth straight.

EVERLAST!

The Sign of the Best in Boxing

STRIKING BAGS $4.95

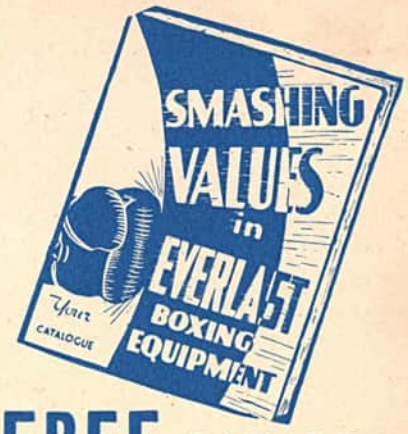
Fight Promoters—Managers—Boxers

Get Your Boxing Equipment from the New York firm that caters to champions.

Quarter of a Century of Efficient Service

We make only the best

Gloves for Every Championship Fight staged by Madison Square Garden and Mike Jacobs have had



FREE CATALOG!

Send your name and address for a copy of this free list of bargains in boxing equipment. Or ask us to include one with your order.

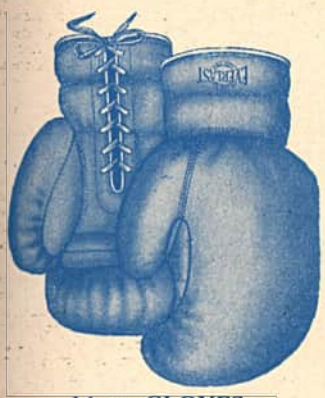
SOLID COLOR TIGHTS 59c

The Everlast Label on them.

Speeding up production to meet the National Defense demands gives us a chance to cater to our patrons at prices within the reach of everybody.

Gloves for Amateurs—Gloves for Professionals

In addition to every variety of equipment for the boxer and the wrestler. Compare our prices with those of others and note the big Saving. Get your equipment either direct or through THE RING office.



14-oz. GLOVES
Finest leather, $13.00

BOXING SHOES $3.25

NOTE THE STRIKINGLY LOW PRICES

JSR	Skipping Rope	Regularly	$ .75	SPECIAL PRICE	$	.39
SR	Skipping Rope	"	2.00	"	"	1.39
R20	Boxing Shoes	"	7.00	"	"	4.25
R160	Boxing Shoes	"	5.00	"	"	3.25
RKWP	Knuckle & Wrist Protector	"	10.00	"	"	6.95
RHB	Handbandages	"	1.00	"	"	.59
R4	Striking Bag Gloves	"	2.00	"	"	1.25
R3	Striking Bag Gloves	"	3.00	"	"	1.95
RB 60	Striking Bag	"	6.00	"	"	3.45
RB 10	Striking Bag	"	8.00	"	"	4.95
5710	Speed Bag	"	11.00	"	"	7.45
1596	Striking Bag Bladder	"	1.00	"	"	.59
R 1	Earguard	"	4.00	"	"	1.95
RH2	Earguard	"	5.00	"	"	2.95
R 30	Training Jerseys	"	5.00	"	"	2.95
RBU	Sweat Shirts	"	1.50	"	"	.79
E 39	14 oz. training gloves	"	22.00	"	"	13.00
JD1	12 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	14.00	"	"	7.95
JD2	10 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	10.00	"	"	5.95
RBGT2	Gene Tunney Boxing gloves	"	8.00	"	"	4.45
	Everlast "Official" Foul-proof cup—Leather protected	"	12.00	"	"	8.50
REB	Supporter elastic	"	.50	"	"	.29
RS	Athletic Training Shirt	"	1.00	"	"	.37
RST	Boxing Trunks—all colors	"	1.50	"	"	.59
	Official Boxing Trunks—Blk & Red—Purple & Blue	"	4.50	"	"	2.50

NO DISCOUNT ALLOWED FROM THESE SPECIAL PRICES

ALL C.O.D. orders must be accompanied by a deposit of 35% of the amount of order.
Add 10% to cash orders for postage.

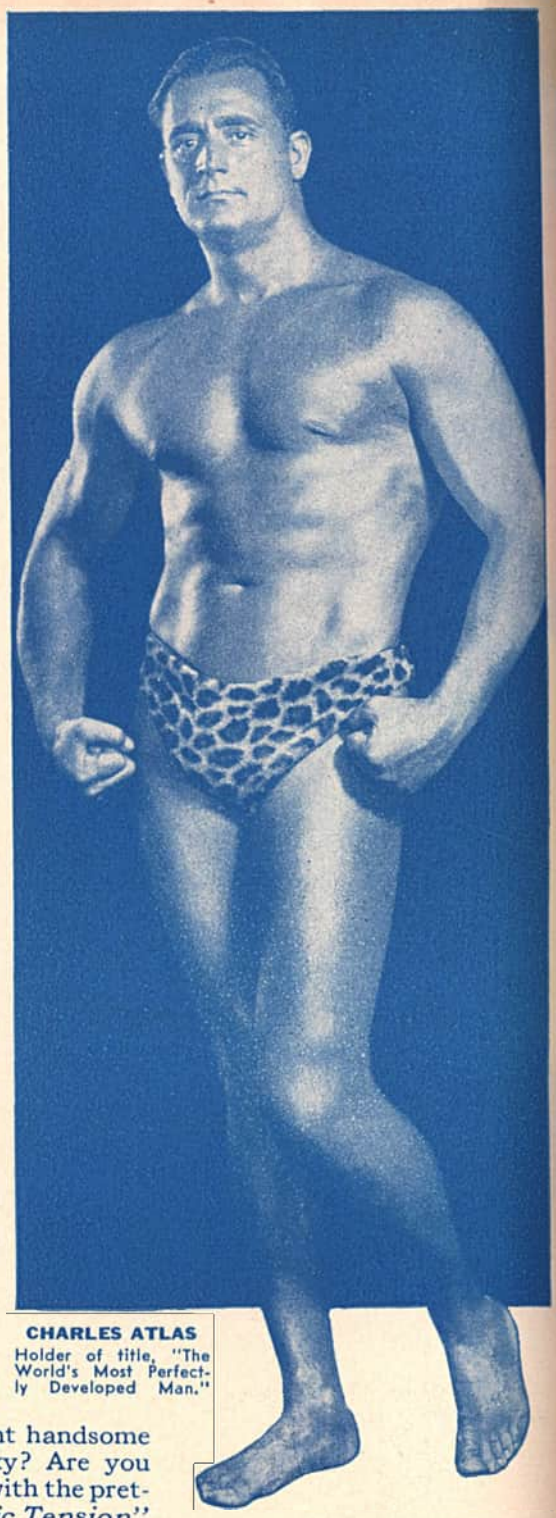
29 W. 14th Street **EVERLAST** New York City

The 97 Pound Weakling

Who Became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll Prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN!"

—Charles Atlas



CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered *"Dynamic Tension."* It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system *"Dynamic Tension"* transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that *"Dynamic Tension"* is what you need.

No "ifs," "ands," or, "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about *"Dynamic Tension"* and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun, *"Dynamic Tension"* does the work.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 80E
115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of *"Dynamic Tension"* will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—and full details of your TRIAL OFFER.

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my *"Dynamic Tension"* method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 80E, 115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.